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## **C O N T E N T S.**

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- I. THE SUFFERING AND THE SALVATION OF INFANTS.**
- II. AMERICANISMS.**
- III. THE LATIN RACES IN AMERICA.**
- IV. WHEDON ON THE WILL.**
- V. VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES.**
- VI. BEWARE OF THE TROPICS.**
- VII. THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.**
- VIII. THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY RECENT EVENTS.**
- IX. NOTICES OF BOOKS.**

## Publishers' Notices.

The April number of the SOUTHERN REVIEW has been unavoidably delayed a few days. It is considered by all who have examined its contents decidedly the best number ever yet issued. It will be found, we trust, happily free from typographical blunders, and in all other respects, as to paper, type, and mechanical execution, will compare favorably with any publication in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Dr. Summers, with his characteristic delicacy in his notice of the January number, justly remarked that the very liberal and expensive outlay of the Publishers, should have protected such a superb REVIEW from errors of typography. We felt profoundly grateful to our friend for this kind and considerate immunity. For ourselves it is proper to say, that at the time, that number was passing through the press, we were from home, engaged in presenting its claims to the attention of our friends in the South. From the table of contents our readers will be able to form some idea of the rich intellectual and spiritual treat which the present number furnishes. The Theological element, according to the conditions of the General Conference, is under the supervision of an Editorial Committee appointed by the Bishops. The Committee consists of Bishop Doggett, Professor Frank H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, and the Rev. Alpheus W. Wilson of Baltimore. Such names will give additional weight and character to our incomparable Quarterly. We again congratulate ourselves, and the friends of Southern Methodism, upon the beatific vision which will be realized, in having the REVIEW published under the auspices of our House at Nashville. Dr. Redford has already made for himself an imperishable fame by his almost superhuman efforts during the last five years. The results of his far-reaching sagacity, indomitable energy and self-devotion, against the most untoward circumstances, have no parallel, and the Church owes him a debt of gratitude which can never be canceled.

BALTIMORE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.

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### To the Patrons and Friends of the Southern Review.

It has already been announced that an arrangement has been made to publish the REVIEW at our Southern Publishing House, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. We had indeed hoped that this would have been effected at the General Conference in Memphis. But the Book Agent and

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

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Publishing Committee could not at that time see their way clear to assume its publication. The Bishops and General Conference, however, with extraordinary unanimity, endorsed and recommended the REVIEW as 'Our Quarterly.' Notwithstanding we gave to the enterprise our most earnest support and invoked the best influences to secure its adoption by the General Conference, we had not the remotest idea of assuming the responsibility of its publication. When appealed to on this subject, we frankly confessed that we did not see how it was possible for us to afford the relief which Dr. Bledsoe sought. The Publication and Editorial management of the EPISCOPAL METHODIST devolved upon us as much labor and responsibility as we felt ourselves able to bear. It was not until every appeal had been made in vain by the distinguished Editor, and the fear that the boon vouchsafed to the Church would be lost forever, that we consented to afford the desired aid. The peculiar circumstances under which we assumed the task are given in a former number by the graphic pen of Dr. Bledsoe.

With the hearty support of the Bishops, ministers, and members of the Church, together with the favor extended to the enterprise by the press and people of the South, it has had a success far beyond our most sanguine hopes. From the original subscription list, which was very small, (and since much reduced by many withdrawals,) we now publish *Three Thousand Copies*, and number over twenty-five hundred subscribers. We congratulate the Church and the whole people of the South upon this result, and invoke the continued favor of Divine Providence in behalf of the enterprise.

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N. B.—It is proper to say, that our subscribers will be regularly furnished with the remaining numbers of the REVIEW either from Baltimore or Nashville for 1871. We shall in either case carry out our contract in good faith. P. & R.

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### Special Notice.

All subscribers to the SOUTHERN REVIEW will be regularly supplied by us, with the July and October numbers for 1871, and they will remit the amount of their subscriptions to us at 49 Lexington st., Baltimore. Those who desire the back numbers for January and April will immediately advise us at this office, or address Dr. Redford at Nashville.

All subscriptions due for 1871, must be paid to Rev. John Poisal, Baltimore.

# SOUTHERN REVIEW ADVERTISER

FOR APRIL, 1871.

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THE  
SOUTHERN REVIEW,

VOL. IX.—No. 18.

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A. T. BLEDSOE, LL. D., EDITOR.

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APRIL, 1871.

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## CONTENTS OF No. XVIII.

---

ART.		PAGE.
I.	THE SUFFERINGS AND THE SALVATION OF INFANTS.	249
	1. History of Doctrines. By K. R. Hagenbach, Dr. and Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. In two volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke, George street. 1846.	
	2. Lectures on Christian Theology. By George Christian Knapp. Translated by Leonard Woods, Jr. In two volumes. New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill, No. 108 Broadway. 1831	
	3. An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles, Historical and Doctrinal. By Edward Harold Browne, D. D., Lord Bishop of Ely. First American for the Fifth English Edition. Edited with notes, by J. Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. New York: H. B. Durand, 49 White street. 1865.	
	4. An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. By Gilbert, Bishop of Sarum. A new Edition. London: T. T. & J. Tegg, 73 Cheapside. 1833.	
	5. The History of Baptism. By William Wall, M. A. In four volumes. Oxford: The University Press. 1844.	
II.	AMERICANISMS: A STUDY OF WORDS AND MANNERS.	290
	1. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. 2d Edition. Boston: 1859.	
	2. An American Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL.D. Springfield, (Mass.) 1855.	
	3. A Collection of College Words and Customs. By B. H. Hall. Cambridge. 1856.	
	4. The English Language in its Elements and Forms. By Wm. C. Fowler. New York. 1855.	
	5. Language and the Study of Language. By William Dwight Whitney. New York. 1867.	

## CONTENTS.

6. *Curiosities of American Literature.* By Rufus W. Griswold. New York. 1856.

7. *A Diary in America.* By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York. 1839.

8. *Lowell's Poems.* ('The Biglow Papers.') Boston. 1858.

9. *Breitman's Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia. 1869.

10. *Leaves of Grass.* By Walt Whitman. Brooklyn. 1856.

11. *A Cyclopædia of American Literature.* By Evart A. and George L. Duyckhinck. New York.

### III. THE LATIN RACES IN AMERICA. 320

1. *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By James Cowles Pichard, M. D. London.

2. *The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races.* By Count A. De Gobineau. From the French, with an Analytical Introduction and copious historical notes, by H. Hotz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

### IV. WHEDON ON THE WILL. 347

1.—*The Freedom of the Will, as a basis of Human Responsibility and a Divine Government, elucidated and maintained in its issue with the Necessitarian Theories of Hobbes, Edwards, the Princeton Essayist, and other Leading Advocates.* New York. Carlton & Lanahan.

### V. VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES. 381

1. *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K. H., M. A., D. C. L., F. R. S., &c., &c. New York: George Rutledge & Sons. 1869.

2. *Cosmos: A Sketch of the Physical Description of the Universe.* (Vol. II.) By Alexander Von Humboldt. New York: Harper & Bros. 1857.

3. *History of the Inductive Sciences.* (Vol. III.) By William Whewell, D. D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: J. W. Parker.

CONTENTS.

VI. BEWARE OF THE TROPICS.	409
1. Speech in the Senate of the United States, on the Mission to Domenica. By Hon. Carl Schurz.	
VII. THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.	437
1. The Athenæam: a Journal of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts. London: John Francis. No. 1912, the Article on 'A Theodicy: or, Vindication of the Divine Glory as manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World. By A. T. Bledsoe, LL.D. London: Saunders, Otley & Co. 1864.'	
VIII. THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY RECENT EVENTS.	460
1. Constitutional Monarchy in France. By Ernest Renan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.	
IX. NOTICES OF BOOKS.	

# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XVIII.

---

APRIL, 1871.

---

- ART. I.—1. *History of Doctrines.* By K. R. Hagenbach, Dr. and Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. In two volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke, George street. 1846.
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4. *An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England.* By Gilbert, Bishop of Sarum. A new Edition. London: T. T. & J. Tegg, 73 Cheapside. 1833.
5. *The History of Infant Baptism.* By William Wall, M. A. In four volumes. Oxford: The University Press. 1840.

In our last article, under this head, we promised to consider the various hypotheses which have been invented by learned theologians, and ingenious men, to reconcile the horrible dogma, (i. e. the doctrine of the punishment and the damnation of

infants,) with the dictates of reason and conscience. We shall now proceed, at once, to redeem this promise.

The divine goodness itself demands the punishment of moral evil, in order to prevent the ravages and disorders which it naturally tends to introduce into the world. Hence, there is no difficulty in reconciling the existence of natural evil, or suffering, with the goodness of God, in so far as it may be regarded as the punishment of sin. But there are many instances of suffering in the world, which do not appear to be the punishment of sin: such, for example, as the suffering of infants. They frequently endure very great pain and calamities before they are capable of transgression. Why, then, do they suffer? Why are such dreadful calamities permitted to fall upon them? Are they sent as a punishment for sin, or to serve some other purpose in the wise economy of Divine Providence?

This question presents one of the most deeply interesting problems in the science of theology. The various solutions which have been given of it, by learned and ingenious divines, have long seemed to us to form one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of the human mind. We invite the attention of the reader to a brief examination of these solutions or hypotheses. This, it is believed, will be not only instructive in itself, but it will also enable us to arrive at clear and consistent views respecting the great problem to which these hypotheses relate.

The great fundamental principle which pervades one class of these hypotheses is, that there can be no suffering or natural evil under the good providence of God, except such as is a punishment for sin. It is contended, that all the suffering which even infants are made to bear, is inflicted by the hand of the Almighty as a punishment of sin *existing in them*. Thus, says a celebrated and learned divine,<sup>1</sup> in relation to infants: ‘Pain and death are evils, and when inflicted by the hand of a just God must be punishments; for although the innocent may be harassed and destroyed by the arbitrary exercise of human power, none but the guilty suffer under His administration.’ The same doctrine is held by President Edwards: ‘We may

<sup>1</sup> Dick’s Lectures on Theology. Vol. I., p. 461.

argue from these things,' says he, 'that infants are not sinless, but are by nature the children of wrath, seeing this terrible evil comes so heavily upon mankind at this early period. But besides the mortality of infants in general, there are some *particular cases* of their death attended with circumstances, which, in a peculiar manner, give evidence of their sinfulness, and of their just exposedness to divine wrath.' Dr. Bates, in his *Harmony of the Divine Attributes*, is equally explicit: 'How many troops of deadly diseases are ready to seize on them immediately after their entrance into the world, which are the apparent effects of God's displeasure; and therefore argue man to be guilty of some great crime from the womb.' The same principle is laid down by President Dwight: 'We are compelled to one of these two conclusions; either that infants are contaminated in their moral nature, and born in the likeness of apostate *Adam*, a fact irresistibly proved so far as the most unexceptionable analogy proves anything, by the depraved moral conduct of every infant: or that God inflicts these sufferings on moral beings who are perfectly innocent. I leave the alternative to the choice of those who object against the doctrine'; that is, the doctrine of a proper sin in new-born infants. Calvin also says, that 'infants themselves, as they bring their condemnation into the world with them, are rendered obnoxious to punishment *by their own sinfulness*, not by the sinfulness of another. For though they have not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, yet they have the seed of it within them; even their whole nature is as it were a seed of sin, and therefore cannot but be odious and abominable to God. Whence it follows, that it is properly accounted sin in the sight of God, because there can be no guilt, (i. e. liableness to punishment,) without crime.'<sup>2</sup>

This principle, that all suffering must needs be a punishment, is said to be derived from revelation as well as from the light of nature. 'The Scripture abundantly teaches us,' says President Edwards, 'to look on great calamities and sufferings which God brings on man, especially death, as marks of his displeasure

<sup>2</sup> Institutes. Book II., Ch. I.

for sin, and for sin belonging to them who suffer.’<sup>3</sup> ‘The very light of nature, or tradition from ancient revelation, led the heathen to conceive of death as in a peculiar manner an evidence of divine vengeance. Thus we have an account, That when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on Paul’s hand, they said among themselves, no doubt this man is a murderer, whom though he hath escaped the seas, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.’<sup>4</sup>

The difficulty is solved, then, by the assumption that all who suffer deserve what falls on them. Infants are ‘justly exposed to divine wrath’, on account of some great crime of which they ‘are guilty from the womb’. But here the question arises, are infants really guilty of any great crime? are they justly exposed to the wrath of God? If we answer these questions in the affirmative, we shall, indeed, see why they suffer, and the great difficulty will be solved. But the very doctrine which is employed to remove the difficulty, may be attended with still greater difficulties of its own; and if so, we shall have gained nothing, except additional perplexity. It may be more difficult to conceive, how it is possible for infants to be sinners, or to deserve punishment, than it is to determine, why they suffer; and if so, we may well say, with President Edwards, that it is an ‘odd way of solving difficulties to advance still greater in order to it’.

God would not be just, it is said, if he permitted the innocent to suffer. No such cruel and tyrannical thing as the suffering of the innocent ever takes place under his perfect administration. Infants, then, must be sinners, and deserve all the frightful calamities to which they are exposed. But how do they come by this sinfulness, this desert of punishment, this just exposedness to divine wrath? The hypotheses which have been invented to answer this question, or rather that have been *employed* to explain it, are exceedingly discordant and conflicting. Let us briefly examine them, and see if we may not extract the elements of harmony from these discordant theories.

#### THE FIRST HYPOTHESIS.

The first theory on the subject is, that infants are sinners,

<sup>3</sup> Original Sin. Part I., Chap. II.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.



and deserve punishment, because they were present in Adam and sinned in him. 'All the posterity of Adam', it has been contended, 'were, in the most literal sense, already *in him*, and sinned in him,—in his person; and that Adam's sin is therefore justly imputed to all his posterity. This hypothesis has its ground in the opinion, that the souls of children have existed either in reality, or at least potentially, in their parents, and this as far back as Adam; and that in this way, the souls of all his posterity participate in the actions done in his person, although they themselves were never after conscious of such action. This was the doctrine of the *Traduciani*, which Tertullian also professed. And it was upon this ground principally, that the strict doctrine of imputation was maintained in the Latin Church; even Ambrosius placed his defence of it upon this basis. But this doctrine was argued with the greatest zeal by Augustine in opposition to Pelagius, and after his time was generally received in the Western Church; although Augustine himself was often doubtful in respect to *Traducianism*. What Paul had taught in a loose, popular way, was now taken by Augustine and his followers in a strict, philosophical, and logical sense.'<sup>5</sup>

This scheme of thought was not confined to Augustine and his followers. It was maintained by Arminius himself, as well as by his adversaries in the Synod of Dort. In relation to the transgression of Adam, Arminius says: 'The whole sin is not peculiar to our first parents, but is common to the whole race of their posterity; who, at the time when they sinned, were in their loins, and afterwards descended by natural generation from them. *For all sinned in Adam*. Whatever punishment, therefore, was inflicted on our first parents, has gone down through, and still rests on, all their posterity; so that all are children of wrath by nature, being obnoxious to condemnation, to death temporal and eternal, and to a destitution of original righteousness and holiness. To these evils they will remain eternally subject, unless they are delivered from them by Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever.'

That such a theory should ever have obtained in the Chris-

<sup>5</sup> Knapp's Theology. Vol. II., Art. IX., § 76.

tian world, is certainly a most impressive and instructive historical fact. It does not deserve, and, at the present day, it does not demand a serious refutation. But there was a period, when it extensively prevailed, and, having secured the authority of great names, especially that of Augustine, it was made the very test and standard of orthodoxy. All were deemed heretics who would not consent to bring their minds into this dark cell of orthodoxy; but that time has passed away. Traces of this absurd hypothesis may, indeed, be still found in the writings of some of the most admired authors of modern times; they exist, however, only as the receding shadows of the night before the advancing glories of the day.

The hypothesis in question, is not one whit less wild and chimerical than that of the preëxistence of the soul; which was adopted by Plato, and other ancient philosophers, to account for the natural evils of the present life. Indeed, it is little more than a modification of that ancient dream, for it supposes that an infant suffers now, because its soul existed in Adam six thousand years ago, and in that preëxistent state transgressed the law of God! It is true, that those who maintained this doctrine did not rest on philosophical proofs of its truth; they adopted the word of God, taken in its literal and strict, but not in its true, sense, as their guide.

‘As the theory of Augustine’, says Dr. Knapp, (Vol. II., pp. 48–9,) ‘rests upon a baseless hypothesis, it does not need a formal refutation. It was the prevailing theory among the schoolmen, and even throughout the sixteenth century, and until about the middle of the seventeenth, when it was contested by the French Reformed theologians, Joshua Placæus, and Moses Amyraldus; who, however, were violently opposed. In England, too, it was contested by Thomas Burnet. The advocates of this theory endeavored to defend it by means of the theory of *Spermatic animalculæ*, which arose about the middle of the eighteenth century. When by means of the magnifying glass, these spermatic animalculæ were observed, the thought occurred, that they were the causes of impregnation. And some then affirmed, that the souls of all men were in Adam, had their seat in these invisible animalculæ, participated in

everything he did, and consequently sinned with him.' Alas! that men, that rational and immortal beings, should resort to such dark and desperate absurdities, rather than relinquish their hold on the hypothesis of the great Augustine! as great, surely, in the magnitude of his errors, as in the magnificence of his powers. How truly has it been said, that 'God has written on his works, as plainly as in his word, the great lesson—*Cease ye from man!*' Augustine truly was a great man; but Time is greater than Augustine. For Time, says the Master of Wisdom, is 'the great author of authors and of all authority.' At this moment, at this last 'syllable of recorded time', the very least in the kingdom of heaven is, in knowledge of Christian doctrine, immeasurably greater, in many respects, than was Augustine himself.

#### THE SECOND HYPOTHESIS.

'Others', says Dr. Knapp, 'endeavor to vindicate the divine justice by a reference to the *scientia media* of God, or from foreknowledge of what is conditionally possible. The sin of Adam, they say, is imputed to us, because God foresaw that each of us would have committed it, if he had been in Adam's stead, or placed in his circumstances'.<sup>6</sup> It is well added, that 'it is a new sort of justice, that would allow us to be punished for sins which we never committed, or never designed to commit, but only might possibly have committed under certain circumstances.' Such a view of the divine justice can never satisfy the human reason; it necessarily leads to the most monstrous consequences. If we were placed in any one of ten thousand situations, in which others have sinned, we might have committed sin; God would have foreseen that we would commit it; and if his justice could punish us for such imaginary offences, then he might justly cause us to suffer for a greater amount of transgression, than any created being could possibly commit. Yet this theory, wild as it is, has been maintained by eminent theologians. 'Even Augustine,' according to Dr. Knapp, contends, 'that the sin of Adam is imputed *propter consensionem*, or *consensum præsumtum*.'<sup>7</sup> But this hypo-

<sup>6</sup> Knapp's Theology. Vol. II., p. 50.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

thesis, instead of vindicating the divine justice, only augments the difficulties it was designed to remove.

Though an arbitrary hypothesis may be adopted, because it is demanded by the exigencies of an untenable system; yet the human mind can never find complete repose in it. On the contrary, it will frequently depart from such an hypothesis, and even embrace views inconsistent with it, in order to sustain the same system. The truth of this remark is illustrated by the course pursued by Augustine. If he had felt that the first hypothesis above mentioned was sufficient for the purpose of its adoption, he would have had no occasion for the second; but, as it was, he favored both of these contradictory suppositions or theories. If all men sinned in Adam, this would have been a sufficient justification of this dogma, that all men are punished for his transgression. But whatever force the mind may put upon itself, and however desperately it may struggle to break down and demolish its fundamental convictions, it cannot train itself to rest completely satisfied in so monstrous a dogma as that the first act of rebellion was actually common to Adam and all his posterity. Hence, although Augustine embraced this dogma, he sometimes had recourse to the other hypothesis, which is inconsistent with it: that is to say, instead of continuing to maintain that all mankind were present in Adam and sinned in him, he resorted to the supposition that *if they had been in his place they would have committed the same sin!* Such unsteadiness in one's position, such fluctuation in one's views, is the necessary consequence of subjugating the mind to the dominion of arbitrary dogmas, instead of keeping it free and open to the clear and steady light of truth.

#### THE THIRD HYPOTHESIS.

It has also been contended, that the moral qualities of Adam have been transferred to his descendants; and hence God is just in the punishment of them. The sin of the first man, it has been supposed, has been actually transferred to the mind of others; and, consequently, the goodness of God is not violated, since it is just to hold them responsible for it; as if it were as easy to transfer a moral quality, or act, from one person to an-

other, as it is to transfer an account from one book to another. This theory has had its day. It took its rise in the dim twilight of philosophy, when the human mind was filled with dark and confused notions with respect to the nature of moral agency, and the true grounds of responsibility. It is now universally rejected. It is repudiated by Edwards as well as by Dwight; by Dr. Wilson no less than by Dr. Beecher; and by the Theological Seminary at Princeton as earnestly as by that at New Haven. It may, therefore, be considered as perfectly effete. We have mentioned it here, merely with a view to illustrate the desperate straits to which the mind of man has been reduced, in its hopeless efforts to find a platform on which to justify the doctrine that infants are justly punishable, and are actually punished by the Father of Mercies.

#### THE FOURTH HYPOTHESIS.

‘Many have inferred the justice of imputation from the supposition, that Adam was not only the *natural* or *seminal*, but also the moral head of the human race,—or even its federal head.’<sup>8</sup> This theory is set forth in the *Westminster Confession of Faith*; and it is still believed by many learned and pious divines, though some of the most enlightened ministers of the Presbyterian denomination do not hesitate to declare their dissent from that portion of the confession which teaches this doctrine. In relation to this doctrine, *The Christian Spectator* says,—‘Mr. Barnes frankly acknowledges that as he understands that formulary, he *has* departed from the confession of faith.’<sup>9</sup> And again, it says, ‘The *Larger Catechism* declares, that “all men SINNED *in* him (Adam) and FELL *with* him in that first transgression.” This is the doctrine of *imputation* as held by the old Calvinists. The meaning of the passage is perfectly plain. No language can declare more expressly, that Adam’s *act* with its *ill-descent*, were truly and properly that of his descendants.’<sup>10</sup> From the manner in which the *Spectator* has spoken of this part of the formulary of the Presbyterian Church, and especially from the manner in which it has emphasised its words, it seems that it considered that formulary as teaching the first

<sup>8</sup> Ibid.

<sup>9</sup> The Christian Spectator, for June, 1831.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid.

theory above mentioned, or that which maintains the actual presence of Adam's posterity in him, and truly sinning in him. Indeed, where hypotheses are so arbitrary, and so destitute of any clearly defined boundaries in the nature of things, it is very difficult to keep them from running together in our thoughts and language.

According to this hypothesis, the posterity of Adam are made to participate in his sin, to become liable to the punishment denounced against it, in consequence of a divine constitution by which he was appointed the federal head of the human race. According to the theologians who hold this hypothesis, Adam was appointed 'to stand as the moral head of his posterity', and so they were 'treated as *one* with him, as standing or falling with him.'<sup>11</sup> This 'arbitrary constitution', says Edwards, was 'not injurious' to Adam's posterity; but, on the contrary, it 'truly expresses the goodness of its Author towards them.'<sup>12</sup> Let us see how this is attempted to be shown.

It expresses the goodness of its Author to men, says Edwards, 'because there was a *greater tendency* to a happy issue in such an appointment, than if every one had been appointed to stand for himself; especially on two accounts. (1.) That Adam had *stronger motives to watchfulness* than his posterity would have had; in that not only his own eternal welfare lay at stake, but also that of all his posterity. (2.) Adam was in a state of complete manhood when his trial began.'<sup>13</sup>

First, the constitution for which Edwards contends, is an expression of the divine goodness; because *it presented stronger motives to obedience*, than if it had merely suspended the eternal destiny of Adam alone on his conduct. The eternal welfare of all his posterity was staked on his obedience; and, having this stupendous motive before him, he would be more likely to preserve his allegiance to his Maker, than if the motive had been less powerful. The magnitude of the motive, says Edwards, is one grand circumstance which evinces the goodness of God in the establishment of such a constitution. If this be true, it is very easy to see how the Almighty might have made a vast improvement in his own constitution. He might have

<sup>11</sup> Edwards on Original Sin. Part IV., Chap. III. <sup>12</sup> Ibid. <sup>13</sup> Ibid.

made the motive to obedience still stronger, and thereby made the appointment or covenant still better. Instead of suspending merely the eternal destiny of the human race on the conduct of the first man, he might also have staked the eternal fate of the universe upon it. According to the principle of Edwards, what a vast, what a wonderful improvement would this have been in the divine constitution for the government of the world!

Again, the scheme which Edwards advocates, is condemned out of his own mouth. If this scheme was better than another, *because its motives are stronger*, why did not God make it still more worthy of his goodness, by rendering its motives still more powerful and efficacious? Edwards admits, nay, he insists, that God might easily have rendered these motives perfectly efficacious and successful. He repeatedly declares, that if God had pleased, he could have prevented sin from rising in the breast of the first man, 'by giving such influence of his Spirit, as would have been absolutely effectual to hinder it.' If the goodness of a constitution, then, is to be determined by the strength of its motives, as the argument in question says it is, then are we bound to pronounce that for which Edwards contends radically defective, and, as such, unworthy of the benevolence of the Deity. And if we are not to judge of its goodness, according to the strength of its motives, then the argument of Edwards is false. In one word, the followers of Edwards must either condemn the constitution he advocates, or they must cease to advocate it on the ground of the superior strength of its motives.

The same thing may be very clearly shown from another point of view. Let us suppose that God had established such a constitution, that if Adam persevered in obedience, then all his posterity should be confirmed in holiness and happiness, and if he fell, he should fall only for himself. Would not such an appointment, we ask, have been '*more likely*' to have been attended with a happy issue', than that for which Edwards contends? Let us suppose again, that such a constitution had been established, as to secure the obedience of Adam and all his posterity, which Edwards admits might very easily have



been done; would not this also have been 'more likely to have been attended with a happy issue'? Nay, would it not have made certain of a more happy result? Why, then, was not such a constitution established? It would, most assuredly, have been an infinitely clearer and more beautiful expression of the divine goodness. If we are to judge of the goodness of a constitution, as Edwards does, from the antecedent probability of its being followed by a happy result, his philosophy easily furnishes an unspeakably better constitution than that which he ascribes to God. The truth is, that the advocates of such a scheme should never venture before the tribunal of reason at all; they should never bring their system into contact with the divine Goodness. It will not stand such a test. Their only safe policy is to insist, as they usually do, that we do not know what is consistent, or what is an expression, of the divine attributes, in its arrangements for the government of the world.

The vindication of the divine goodness by Edwards is, we think, exceedingly weak. All it amounts to is this, that his scheme is an expression of the goodness of God, because, in certain respects, it is better than a scheme which the Supreme Ruler of the world might have established. He does not show it is the best possible scheme; but, on the contrary, his philosophy shows that it might be greatly improved in the *very respects* in which he supposes its excellency to consist. In other words, he contends that God has displayed his goodness in the appointment of such a constitution, because he might have made a worse! This is not to express, but to deny, the absolute infinite goodness of God. It is not to manifest its glory to the eye of reason, but to shroud it in clouds of darkness.

Edwards also says, that 'the goodness of God in such a constitution with Adam appears in this:—'That if there had been no *Sovereign gracious* establishment at all, but God had proceeded only on the basis of mere *justice*, and had gone no further than this required, he might have demanded of Adam and all his posterity, that they should perform *perfect perpetual obedience*, without ever failing in the least instance, on pain of *eternal death*; and might have made this demand *without* the

*promise* of any positive *reward* for their obedience.' (The italics are all his own.) On this passage, we have to remark, that it is built wholly on unfounded assumptions. It is frequently said, we are aware, that if it had not been for the redemption of the world by a '*Sovereign gracious*' dispensation, the whole race of mankind might have been justly exposed to the torments of hell forever. But we have never seen the proof of such a doctrine. For aught we know, if there had been no salvation through Christ, as a part of the present system of the world, then would there have been no other part of such a system. We are not told, and we do not know, what it would have been consistent with the justice of God to do, in relation to the world, if there had been no remedy provided for its restoration. Perhaps it would never have been created at all. All that we *know* in relation to the matter is, that the whole constitution and government of the world is precisely such as God has established. What changes His attributes might have made in other parts of the system, on the supposition that a great integral portion of it had been omitted, *we do not know*, and therefore we should not presume to determine. The work of Christ is the great sun and centre of the system, as it actually exists; and if this had been struck out of the original grand design, we cannot say that the planets would have been created only to wander in eternal darkness. We shall require evidence, both clear and strong, before we can be made to believe, that the justice of God, to say nothing of his goodness, could permit him to create man, foreknowing that he would transgress his law, and yet, for a single act of disobedience, doom him and all his posterity to eternal death. We do not like those vindications of the goodness of God, which consists in drawing horrid and black pictures of his justice, and then assuring us, that his infinite mercy has warded off its terrible inflictions. Such goodness may be brighter in its manifestations, than the gloomy pictures of a world sunk in eternal ruins, without hope and without remedy; but it awakens no glad response in the human soul. It leaves all its chords untouched, save by the wailings of despair.

This is not all. The most astounding feature in this vindi-

cation of the divine goodness still remains to be noticed. Edwards tells us, that the constitution in question was good, because it was more likely to have had a happy issue, than if each and every man had been appointed to stand or to fall for himself alone. But when this constitution was established, by the sovereign will of God, the conduct of Adam was perfectly foreseen by Him. At the very time when He established this constitution, he foresaw, with perfect and absolute certainty, what would be the conduct of Adam. He knew that the great federal head, so appointed by his good pleasure, would transgress his law, and, by virtue of that constitution, bring down the curse of eternal death on all his posterity. Amazing goodness! to promise eternal life to the human race, on a condition which He foreknew the federal head and representative would certainly not perform! Wonderful goodness! to threaten eternal death to all mankind, on a condition which He foresaw would certainly be fulfilled!

This view cannot be evaded, by asserting that the same difficulty attaches to the fact, that God created Adam foreseeing that he would fall. His foreknowledge did not necessitate the fall of Adam. It left him free, as God had created him. Life and death were set before him, and his fate was in his own hands. He had the power to stand, and he had the power to fall. He could have no right to complain of God, if, under such a dispensation, he should choose to rebel, and incur the penalty of the law. But, if the scheme of Edwards be true, the descendants of Adam did not have their fate in their own hands. It did not depend on their own choice. It was forced upon them, it was necessitated, by that divine constitution which had indissolubly connected their awful destiny, their temporal and eternal ruin, with the transgression of one man. And this constitution, inseparably binding such awful consequences to an event which was perfectly certain to the divine Mind, is called 'a true expression of the goodness of its Author' towards the human race! It may be a true manifestation of predestinarian justice; it is certainly not a very striking exhibition of perfect goodness.

Let us suppose, that a great prince should promise his sub-

jects, that on the happening of a certain event, *over which they had no control*, he would confer all the favors in his power upon them. Let us also suppose, that he should at the same time declare that if the event did not happen, he would cast them into prison, bind them in chains, and inflict the greatest imaginable tortures upon them during the remainder of their existence. Let us suppose again, that at the very time he was thus making known his *gracious intentions* to his subjects, he knew perfectly well that the event in question would not take place. According to his certain foreknowledge, the event fails, and the penalty of the law, of the 'arbitrary constitution', is inflicted upon them. They are cast into prison; they are bound in chains; and they are perpetually tormented with the greatest of all imaginable evils. Not because they have transgressed the law, or the sovereign constitution, but because an event has not taken place over which they had no control. Who would call such a ruler a good prince? Who could conceive of a more odious and dreadful tyrant? But we submit it to the candid reader, if he be not a fair image and representation of the Author of the constitution, whose goodness has been so highly commended to our admiration.

#### THE FIFTH HYPOTHESIS.

The last hypothesis proceeds on the supposition, that a creature may be 'justly exposed to the wrath of God' on account of what it brought into the world with it, and in regard to which it possessed no knowledge, had exercised no agency, and had given no consent. It is not strange, that every attempt to establish such a dogma on a basis of reason, should give rise to wild and fantastical devices. Nor is it at all surprising, that the human mind should be able to find repose in none of the means, which have been adopted to explain what is really so inexplicable.

As reason advances, all such hypotheses seem destined to recede. Some of them have already vanished, and the clouds attending all of them have gradually melted away before the slow, but irresistible, progress of Christian light and knowledge. The theories which have been more recently employed, in order

to explain the condition of the infant world, are far more intelligible than those which we have noticed ; and, consequently, they are far more easily combatted. And besides, they have admitted elements of truth into their construction which destroy their coherency, and impair their strength. The intelligence of the Christian world, in rising above the dark element of feeling in which the foregoing hypotheses originated, has caught a glimpse of great truths which have gradually disengaged it from their influence.

This is easily illustrated. Edwards maintained the *imputation* of Adam's sin to his posterity ; but he did not suppose that infants, being innocent, were punished for the sin of another. He supposed them to bring an evil nature, a corrupt disposition, into the world with them, which *deserved punishment*. He declared that they participated in Adam's sin, by reason of the constituted *oneness* established between him and themselves ; but he did not justify their punishment on this ground alone. He felt the necessity of finding a sin in infants themselves, before he could justify their sufferings. Hence, he has said, ' I am humbly of opinion, that if any have supposed the children of Adam to come into the world with a *double guilt*, one guilt of Adam's sin, another the guilt arising from their having a corrupt heart, they have not so well conceived of the matter.' The *guilt* a man has upon his soul at first existence, is one and simple, viz : the guilt of the original apostacy, the guilt of the sin by which the *species first rebelled against God*. This, and the guilt arising from the depraved disposition of the heart, are not to be looked upon as *two things*, distinctly imputed and charged upon men in the sight of God.'<sup>14</sup> This language, it seems to us, must appear dark and unintelligible to most men. We come into the world with the guilt of the original act of apostacy upon our souls, and with the guilt of a corrupt nature within us ; and yet they are not two, but only one and the same guilt ! What arbitrary meaning may be forced upon such language, in order to render it clear and intelligible, is difficult to conceive. If they are not distinct, but one and the same, Edwards might certainly have set forth his doctrine in a

<sup>14</sup> Original Sin. Part II., Ch. III.

far more simple and comprehensible form. He might have said, that the sin which is imputed to us, and for which we are punished, is the corrupt nature of the heart. He need have said nothing about our guilt, or, in other words, about our liability to punishment, on account of the first act of rebellion. If instead of *seeming* to keep up the idea of a *double guilt* in his language, he had uniformly confined himself to *one guilt*, is it not evident, that his statements would have been far more clear and satisfactory? We think this will be conceded, for such is the course pursued by his followers at the present day. In the work of Dr. Woods on 'Native Depravity,' we hear of only one guilt; and that is, the guilt which arises from the inherent depravity of the heart. This is clear and intelligible. The idea of a mysterious union between Adam and all his posterity is dropped; and we are no longer perplexed with the cumbrous machinery, not unlike the cycles and epicycles of the old astronomy, which Edwards employs to explain the government of the moral world. We thank Dr. Woods for the clearness and precision with which he has set forth his views. The trumpet no longer gives an uncertain sound, and we know precisely how to prepare for the battle.

The fifth hypothesis, concerning original sin, will illustrate this remark, that the views of its author and its advocates are becoming more distinct, and consequently more comprehensible. We have said, that certain elements of truth have more clearly infused themselves into the old theories, and destroyed their coherency. But old prejudices are not easily abandoned. Hence, the mind has merely adopted new hypotheses in order to reconcile its old dogmas with its new convictions. Let us mark its course, and watch the origin and nature of its convictions.

A necessary sin is a contradiction in terms. We can never be justly punished for that in regard to which we have exercised no agency, and given no consent. Sin must be *voluntary*, or it cannot exist. It is of the very essence of sin, that it be an exercise of the will, or a habit of the will formed by repeated exercises. A principle so clear and undeniable as this, however it may be obscured by false systems for a while, cannot be for-

ever excluded from the human mind. Accordingly, it has manifested itself in the bosom of the old theology, and caused its power to be felt. It has been seen, that nothing can be a man's sin, or that for which he deserves punishment, unless it originate in his own will.

But how is this new idea, or rather this *renewed* idea, to be reconciled with the old dogma, that infants are justly exposed to the wrath of God? This venerable and awe-inspiring dogma must be maintained, under the fearful pains and penalties of heresy; and yet it cannot be denied that sin must be *voluntary*, that it must depend on the will of the sinner. How are these elements of thought, then, seemingly so discordant, to be reconciled and made to hang together in the same mind? Shall we be told, that the sin which the unconscious infant brings into the world with it, is a voluntary thing, and therefore justly punishable? Yes, we shall be told even this, or anything else, before the mind will consent to relinquish the dogma to which it has been so long attached. We shall not only be told, that 'the great crime of which infants are guilty from the womb', is a voluntary offence, but this will be demonstrated by a process of logic. Thus, says the distinguished divine who has found infants 'guilty of a great crime,'—'This corruption, though natural, is *yet voluntary* and culpable.' What! is common sense dethroned? Is the light of reason extinguished? No, a process of reasoning has merely usurped its place. This original wickedness, we are told, 'is voluntary in its effects, in the numberless actual sins proceeding from it: and *if the acts that freely flow from these principles are voluntary, the principles must be of the same nature.*'<sup>15</sup> It is thus, that original sin is proved to be 'voluntary,' and therefore 'culpable.' It is thus, that a truly learned and pious divine would reconcile the tenet that infants, on account of what they bring into the world with them, are justly exposed to the displeasure of God, with the truth that all sin is voluntary in its nature!

#### THE SIXTH HYPOTHESIS.

But to descend to later times. The great truth, that sin is

<sup>15</sup> Bates on the Divine Attributes. Chap. III.



an *actual* transgression of the law of God, is beginning to be universally recognized. It has found an entrance into some of those minds, which firmly believe that infants are justly punished for their ill-descent. 'Sin', says one who maintains this doctrine, 'is something which has a *positive* existence.' 'I know of no sin in the empire of Jehovah except this. When we say that men are sinners, we mean to say, they are the *doers* and *perpetrators* of this foul *deed*.' Are infants, then, the *doers* of the foul *deed* of wickedness? Yes, we are gravely told, 'infants make themselves sinners as really as adults.' They are the *doers* of wickedness. But how is this possible? Can they actually sin, or transgress the law of God, as soon as they come into the world, and before they are made to suffer? Certainly they can, says this learned divine; they possess that sin which 'consists in a supremely *selfish* spirit.' He finds their sin in 'those internal *operations* or *emotions* of the mind, which can be compared with a *rule of nature*.' Those little ebullitions of passion, those little bubbles of emotion, which are supposed to arise in the infant mind at the very instant of its creation, are what constitutes its actual transgression of the law of God! It *must* be so. For 'if every human being possesses at birth an immaterial and immortal soul, he is *at the very instant of his creation*, capable of possessing a *moral character*, and is from *nature* a moral and accountable being, *under a law which he either obeys or transgresses*.' 'If infants belong to the *children of men*; if they have a *heart and soul*, then from the moment they are *human* and descendants of Adam, they are sinners.'<sup>16</sup>

In all this, the author agrees with President Edwards, that every being endowed with the powers or faculties of a moral agent, must possess some moral character from the moment of its creation. It must possess either a principle of true holiness, or of true sinfulness. There is 'no medium' between the two. Thus, according to Edwards, Adam was endowed with a principle of true holiness, which constituted him righteous in the highest sense of the word, at the very moment of his creation. But while Dr. Spring holds that all moral agents must either be holy or sinful, at the very first moment of their existence,

<sup>16</sup> Dr. Spring, of New York.



he places this necessity on a very different ground from Edwards. If infants are the 'children of men', says he, 'then are they from *nature* under a law *which they either obey or transgress.*' He does not relish the idea of a created sinfulness, and hence, in order to render infants punishable, he sets them to the commission of actual sin as soon as they come into existence! What they bring into the world with them, is not their sin, but then they begin to sin the very instant they are created! 'Upon this principle', he boasts, 'there is no difficulty as respects infants' physical depravity.' No, truly, this difficulty is certainly escaped. He is no longer straitened by the great difficulty of maintaining an uncreated sinfulness or holiness. But has he not escaped from the difficulty of his position, merely by running from one absurdity into another?

There is no sin, says he, nothing deserving of punishment under the universal government of Jehovah, except an actual transgression of the law. What, then, is the conclusion to which he comes? Does he not see the necessity of abandoning the dogma, that infants are exposed to divine wrath? By no means. It would be an awful heresy to release the poor little creatures from the fearful doom which a self-styled orthodoxy has prepared for them. Rather than do this, he makes the discovery so long concealed from the universe, that infants actually transgress the law of God at the very instant of their creation! They are justly exposed to divine wrath, not because they sinned in Adam, not because God foresaw that they would have sinned if they had been in Adam's place, not because the moral turpitude of Adam was transferred to them, and not because Adam was their federal head and representative; but because they do actually and knowingly sin before their eyes are opened on the light of day or the law of God! Such are the hypotheses, which even learned men will embrace rather than admit a doubt of their own orthodoxy, or incur the awful suspicion of a taint of heresy. Such is the wild fancy, the dark incoherent dream, to which even gifted minds will surrender themselves willing captives, rather than forsake the monstrous abortions of night and darkness, which a sectarian spirit and a sectarian training, heightened by manifold associations, and

confirmed by a variety of interests, has rendered sacred to them, and, to their flaming zeal, made more glorious objects of contemplation, than the pure great light of reason itself, or the holy guidance of God's word.

#### THE SEVENTH HYPOTHESIS.

In the year 1845, an *Essay on Native Depravity* was published by Dr. Woods, Professor of Christian Theology in the Seminary at Andover. The premium which had been offered for the best essay on the subject, was awarded to this production by three distinguished Presidents of different colleges. It is, perhaps, as able a defence of the doctrine of the sinfulness of infants, as held by the school to which the author belongs, as could be constructed. We shall bestow a brief examination on this work, in so far as it attempts to reconcile the goodness of God with the suffering of infants.

The able and learned author is evidently perplexed, and sadly perplexed, with the idea that there must be an actual, positive sinfulness in infants, in order to justify the awful *punishments* which, according to his system, are due to them. He can discover no mode of escape from the difficulties of his position, except the adoption of the theory that infants, from the very first, possess a moral character which consists in an opposition to the divine law, and which, therefore, renders them justly obnoxious to the infliction of the divine wrath. On this subject, he shall be allowed to speak for himself.

‘To suppose that children are in some small degree’, says he, ‘moral agents from the first, and have incipient moral emotions, agrees best with the general representations of Scripture, and the general aspect of things in divine providence; both of which indicate that the offspring of human parents are human beings,—beings of the same nature with their parents, belonging to the same race, under the same moral administration, and possessing the elements of the same character. All these indications of the word and providence of God would seem quite incongruous, if human beings, for a considerable time after the commencement of life, were totally destitute of moral qualities, and of all present relation to a moral government. But if they are considered as having, from the first, some *feeble beginning* of

moral affection, and of course the beginning of moral character, then the representations of Scripture and the conduct of divine Providence appear perfectly consistent and just. This view of the subject would at once *relieve the difficulty which is generally thought to attend the fact that infant children suffer and die*. Some suppose they suffer and die as irrational animals do, without any reference to a moral law or the principles of a moral government. A strange supposition, indeed, that *human beings* should for a time be ranked with beings which are not human, that is, mere animals! Children are represented in a very different light in the word of God. Now this strange supposition is made on the assumption, that *infant children are capable of no unholy feelings, that they have no personal depravity,—nothing in any degree of the nature of sin*. For if they have this even in the lowest degree,—if the eye of God sees in them any emotions, however feeble, which *are in their nature wrong, and so are the commencement of a blame-worthy character*; then they *suffer as other human beings do, on account of sin*. And so the affirmation, that “by the offence of one all are constituted sinners,” and that “death comes upon all men because that all have sinned,” are to be taken in the most obvious sense, *without excepting any part of the human race.* Here, as well as in various other places, we are told, that the affections we bring into the world with us, are sinful, and justify the sufferings of infants. They show these sufferings to be just, and therefore not inconsistent with the goodness of God. But if there is any sinfulness in these in-born affections, as they are called, it is certainly an absolutely necessitated sinfulness. We could no more have avoided it, than we could have avoided our own creation. How, then, can we be justly punishable for it?

In reply to this question, Dr. Woods says, ‘The fact is, that moral good and evil, virtue and vice, lie in the affections or moral acts themselves, considered in their own nature. It were easy to prove that this is the case, and that on any other principle there can be no such things as virtue or vice, holiness or sin, in the universe. But this has been so fully proved by Edwards and others, and is indeed so perfectly obvious to our own

consciences, that I shall take it as a settled matter.' <sup>17</sup> Again, he says, that Edwards, in his work on the Will, has shown that if we deny this principle, it would exclude all virtue and vice from the world. 'His reasoning on this subject', says he, 'is a very striking example of the *reductio ad absurdum*. No one can resist the force of his argument in any other way than by refusing to consider it.' <sup>18</sup> Now, it is very true, as Edwards says, that the essence of the virtue and vice of dispositions of the heart, and acts of the will, *lies in their own nature*. No one can doubt that the essence of virtue and vice consists in their own nature; and we needed no demonstration to convince us of the truth of a proposition, which, as Dr. Woods says, is 'so perfectly obvious to our own consciences', or rather consciousness. The nature of virtue and vice, it is most true, consists 'in their own nature'. This is as perfectly clear to our reason as it was to that of Dr. Woods. But what is this *nature*? We answer, that for one thing, *it must be voluntary*. If anything is necessarily caused in us, it cannot be our virtue or our vice; we can neither be justly rewarded nor punished for it. The very nature of virtue and vice, then, is denied, when it is asserted, that they may be created in the mind, or necessarily produced by agencies over which we have no control. <sup>19</sup>

Edwards says, that 'the whole of his proposition is exceedingly important, on account of the *negative* part, or incidental proposition it contains, viz: The *essence* of virtue and vice lies *not* in their cause.' It is also perfectly true, that the essence of virtue and vice lies *not* in its cause. The *essence of everything lies in its essence*, and not in its cause. What, then, is the scope and design of this most extraordinary proposition? It is obvious. The essence of virtue and vice does not lie in their cause; and hence, we should not consider their cause, in order to determine their essence. We should simply look at their nature, and ask no questions about their origin or cause. No matter how we come by our dispositions and acts, yet they may be our

<sup>17</sup> Essay, p. 159.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid., p. 157.

<sup>19</sup> This doctrine of Edwards is discussed in Bledsoe's *Theodicy*. Part I. Chap. III.

virtue and vice! Adam had true virtue and holiness created in him; and all his descendants come into the world, with a true sinfulness absolutely and unconditionally produced in them! The obvious design is, then, to shape and mould our ideas of virtue and vice, so as to agree with the scheme of necessity. And if the views of Edwards be correct, they are perfectly conformable to the most absolute fatality of which the mind can form any conception. He strains his idea of virtue, to make it agree with the creation of it in the first man, by the hand of the Almighty; and his idea of vice, to bring it into a conformity with the dispositions necessarily produced in all his descendants. Thus, he supposes, that good or evil dispositions are planted in the hearts of men by nature itself; and what, he truly says, 'is natural is undoubtedly necessary, nature being prior to all acts of the will whatever.'<sup>20</sup> Thus, instead of adapting his scheme of necessity to the ideas of virtue and vice, holiness and sin, he has made these conform to an absolute scheme of fatalism. It was, as we have seen, the great fundamental error of his philosophy, that it recognized and adopted a necessary holiness and a necessary sin.

It is a great mistake to suppose, that Edwards saved the interests of virtue and a moral government, by teaching a modified form of necessity. It is said that he does not use the term to *produce* in connection with the causation of human volitions and virtue; and that he did not suppose they could be really produced in us. Most persons have supposed, that if God produced the whole of an *act* in us, it would not be our virtue, nor even our act, but a mere passive impression; in other words, that a necessarily produced volition or virtue, is a contradiction in terms. Hence, it has been a great difficulty with them, how far the divine agency could go in the production of our acts, without destroying our free-agency. But Edwards labored under no such difficulty. He could easily conceive, that an act might be wholly produced in us by God, and yet be our act and virtue. 'In efficacious grace', says he, 'we are not merely passive, nor yet does God do *some*, and we do the *rest*. But *God does all, and we do all*. God *produces all*, and we *act all*.'

<sup>20</sup> Inquiry. Part II., Sec. 4.

For that is what God produces, viz: our own acts. God is the only proper author and fountain; we are the only proper actors.'<sup>21</sup> He should rather have said, that God is the only *proper* actor, and we only the theatres in which his power is manifested.

The leading idea of Dr. Woods is by no means a novelty. Since the time of Augustine, it has been argued that the nature of infants is sinful in the true sense of the word, because they manifest sinful passions and emotions. Augustine says, 'I have seen a child that could not speak, full of envy, and turn pale with anger at another that was suckling along with it'. . . 'I sinned in my infancy, and although I do not remember what I then did, I learn it from the conduct of others at the same age.' Now, are these passions, or emotions, sinful in their spontaneous workings in the breast of infancy? Augustine, Calvin, Edwards, Woods, and many others belonging to the same school, allege that they are really and truly sinful, and consequently deserving of punishment. Surely, then, the amiable affections, the sweet beaming smile of infancy answering to the tenderness of a mother's love, will be permitted to furnish some slight indication of a virtuous disposition. Surely, some of those attractive natural qualities of the young ruler mentioned in the Gospel, which induced our Saviour to love him, will be permitted to partake of the nature of true virtue. We shall be disappointed, if we expect any such admission, or any such consistency. If we speak of the amiable and lovely qualities of human nature, as partaking of the nature of true virtue, we are always answered by these divines, that these are mere instinctive principles,—natural affections,—which are purely spontaneous and involuntary in their operations, and are, therefore, not at all virtuous in the true and proper sense of the word. We believe this position to be perfectly correct; and for the very same reason, that we deny the natural affections of an infant to be virtuous, do we deny its angry passions to be sinful. Both are instinctive—both are spontaneous—both are natural and not acquired—and both are destitute of any moral character whatsoever. We could as soon believe that the fury of a

<sup>21</sup> The Works of Edwards. Vol. VII., p. 466.

wild beast is sinful, as that the angry passions of a little infant, to whom God's law is necessarily unknown, could expose it to the awful penalty of eternal wrath.

It is very common for those, who set out from unsound premises to sacrifice their logical consistency in order to save their feelings from too great a shock. This is very often the case in relation to the doctrine of original sin. Thus, although Dr. Woods maintains the position that natural depravity is really sinful, and that which reconciles the sufferings of infants with the goodness of God, he yet shrinks from the idea that they are actually punished for it. He has evidently not succeeded in reconciling his scheme to his own goodness. He admits, nay, he insists, that they deserve punishment; but he is not so clearly satisfied of this, that he can see it inflicted on them without being disturbed. Hence, he endeavors to effect a union and harmony between the harshness of his doctrine and the gentleness of his heart, by resorting to the hypothesis, that although original sin deserves punishment, yet God never punishes it, except in so far as it is manifested in the conduct of the actual transgressor. 'In the divine government', says he, 'disposition is a fact treated as morally wrong, only as developed in *action*, and as thus made visible to those who are the subjects of that government. We cannot doubt that a government which is addressed to conscience must be administered in this manner.'<sup>22</sup> This native disposition is wrong, sinful, and really deserves punishment; but as moral government is addressed to conscience, it must treat this sinful disposition, not as it is in itself, but as it is developed in *action*. Otherwise, it would deal with an invisible sin, which would not come home to the conscience of mankind, and show the justice of the divine wrath that is pointed at it. Is it not evident, that the doctrine of Dr. Woods is inconsistent with the dictates of his own conscience? He pronounces the native depravity of infants to be really and truly sinful, but he cannot exactly acquiesce in the punishment of this sin as it is in itself; this would not bring the justice of the divine government home to the conscience of man; and hence, original sin must be developed in action, before

<sup>22</sup> Essay, p. 210.



the punishment of it can commend itself to 'every man's conscience in the sight of God.'

It is admitted by Dr. Woods, that sin is a transgression of the law; for this is the language of revelation itself. But he says that the word *avopua*, here rendered *transgression*, 'has not so exclusively an *active* sense, as is sometimes thought'.<sup>23</sup> Suppose it has not, it is sufficient that it sometimes has an *active* sense. It *may mean*, says he, not only *actual, positive* transgression of law, but, as our Catechism well expresses it, a want of conformity to law. If we are destitute of anything which we should have in a state of perfect conformity with the law, we are chargeable with *avopua*. Now what is the meaning of the expression, almost universally adopted by Christian divines, that man is *born destitute of holiness*? Holiness is conformity to the divine law. And if man is naturally destitute of holiness, he is destitute of conformity to law. But this cannot with any propriety be said of one who is not in any sense under law. And if one is under law, and is destitute of holiness, he is *ανομος*, a sinner. Such is the argument of Dr. Woods.

We might very well say that there are many living creatures in the world, which are destitute of a conformity to the moral law, and yet are not sinners. But it would be replied to this, that such creatures are not under a moral law, and therefore they cannot be sinners; whereas infants are under a law, and therefore may be sinners. If they are under a moral law, and a law which, in the sense of the Apostle, they have transgressed; why should they not be punished for such transgression of the law? Dr. Woods says they are punished for this very transgression, for this *avopua*, even before it is developed in action; and on this principle he reconciles the suffering and death of the smallest infants, without any exception in the whole human race, with the goodness and justice of God.<sup>24</sup> That is, they are actually punished for this inborn *avopua*. But he cannot stand up to this doctrine; and hence, he tells us on another page, 'that there can be no such thing as reward or punishment *actually* dispensed to a moral being, *whose heart is not devel-*

<sup>23</sup> Essay, p. 189.

<sup>24</sup> Ibid., pp. 172-181.



*oped* in some kind of exercise'.<sup>25</sup> . . . This *avopia* 'can never be recompensed, aside from its outgoings in action.' It is, then, actually punished with suffering and death in the very youngest infants, before it is developed in action; and yet it never can be *actually* punished in them, until their hearts are developed in action! Can we, with Dr. Woods, call these different, but not conflicting, views of the same subject? We shall, then, leave this transgression of the law, which is actually punished, and yet cannot be punished! which is a transgression of the law, and, as such, justly exposed to its penalty, and yet can never be justly punished until it breaks out into a transgression of the law!

The argument of Dr. Woods proceeds on the principle of Edwards, that there is no medium between sin and holiness in those who are created under the moral law. If they are not conformed to the law, they *are sinners*. If they are destitute of holiness, they are chargeable with sin. We have already refuted this doctrine;<sup>26</sup> and we shall, in this place, offer only one additional remark upon it. It is this: If this doctrine be true, then if God does not create moral agents with a principle of holiness in their hearts, he must create them with a principle of sin; if he does not endow them with a holy, he must endow them with a sinful, nature. But God does not endow infants with holiness; and hence, according to the doctrine in question, he must create them with a sinful nature.

But the great principle of Dr. Woods, and that in which he seems to triumph with the greatest confidence, yet remains to be noticed. 'The nature of the disposition', he has over and over again declared, 'is determined from the nature of the exercises and actions to which it leads'.<sup>27</sup> 'Who can think', he explicitly demands, 'that an act is wrong when *the disposition* from which it proceeds, is not wrong'?<sup>28</sup> This *avopia*, this inborn transgression of the law, '*produces and develops itself* in action;' and we cannot look upon the sinful actions caused by it, without conceiving it to be sinful in its own nature. Large portions of his work are based on this great principle, as he esteems it; and they are, no doubt, by far the

<sup>25</sup>Essay, p. 206. <sup>26</sup>See *Theodicy*. Part I., Ch. III. <sup>27</sup>Essay, p. 198. <sup>28</sup>Ibid., p. 197.

most plausible and taking portions of it to those who are not accustomed to close and accurate thought.

Every virtuous act of the mind, then, must be produced by a virtuous disposition or propensity, and every vicious act by a vicious disposition or propensity. This principle, it is true, is laid down by President Edwards in his great work on *Original Sin*; and he there claims for it, the approbation of the common sentiment of mankind.<sup>29</sup> But Edwards himself has exposed its fallacy in another connexion. Let us see, if this cannot be clearly shown.

We have, at present, to do with only one branch of the principle in question, namely: that every sinful act of the will must be produced by an antecedent sinful disposition or propensity. Is this true? No, says Edwards, in his great work on the Will. A vicious act of the mind, says he, consists in its own nature, and *need not be ascribed to any thing vicious or faulty in us, as its 'origin or cause.'* If we must suppose the existence of 'something faulty' in us, in order to account for our faulty or vicious act; then, by parity of reason, he says, we must suppose the existence of some other antecedent vicious thing, in order to account for that vicious cause; and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus, he concludes, 'we must drive faultlessness back from step to step, from a lower cause to a higher, *in infinitum*; and that is thoroughly to banish it from the world, and to allow it no possibility of an existence any where in the universality of things.'<sup>30</sup> Such is the consequence, which Edwards deduces from Dr. Woods' great principle of common sense, that every vicious or sinful act of the mind must be *produced* by a sinful disposition or propensity, by something faulty in us as its origin or cause. Does Dr. Woods like the argument of Edwards? He seems, in another place, to be delighted with it. It shows, says he, that his opponents 'would exclude all virtue and vice from the world';<sup>1</sup> and so it does, but it shows this, by reasoning from the great principle of Dr. Woods, that every sinful act must have a sinful origin or cause. 'His reasoning on this subject', says Dr. Woods, 'is a very striking example of the *reductio ad absurdum*'; and so it is, but then it deduces

<sup>29</sup> Part II., Ch. I., Sec. 1. <sup>30</sup> Inquiry. Part IV., Sec. 1. <sup>31</sup> Essay, p. 157

this very striking absurdity from the great principle of Dr. Woods himself. 'No one can resist the force of his argument', says Dr. Woods, 'in any other way than by refusing to consider it.' This may be very true; and if so, should not Dr. Woods strike out all those portions of his work on *Native Depravity*, which are founded on the principle so triumphantly and unanswerably demolished by Edwards?

Dr. Woods agrees with President Edwards, that Adam was created with *true* holiness in his heart. 'Is not a *disposition* to holiness something which belongs to man in a state of moral rectitude? Did it not belong to Adam at the beginning of his existence? Did it not belong to Jesus from the first? No intelligent, moral being can be destitute of such a disposition without being morally depraved—without being virtually a sinner.' Adam, then, was created with a holy principle or disposition in his heart. This supposition is indispensably necessary, according to the philosophy of Edwards and Dr. Woods, in order to account for the entrance of virtue into the world. For, say they, every virtuous act must proceed from an antecedent virtuous principle or disposition. Deny this, and you 'exclude all virtue from the world.' But this is not all. It is equally true, says Dr. Woods, that we cannot conceive of a sinful act of the mind, except as proceeding from a sinful disposition or propensity. Every sinful act must proceed from a sinful propensity. How, then, did the first sinful act of Adam find its way into the world? Did God plant a sinful disposition in his nature? No, we are answered. Did the sinful propensity, which is necessary to account for this first act of sin and to render it conceivable, arise from the first sinful act of Adam? Certainly not; it is manifestly absurd, to suppose the first act of sin to proceed from a sinful propensity, and that sinful propensity itself to proceed from a sinful act. This would be to have a sinful act before the first sinful act, which is a contradiction. It would be to present the moral spectacle of two things, each of which brings the other into existence. Since, then, all this reasoning is sanctioned by President Edwards and Dr. Woods themselves, how are we to account for the first act of transgression? How did sin first find its way into the world?

To this question, Dr. Woods answers, 'I cannot tell'. But he has gone too far to make his escape, by putting in such a modest plea and confession of ignorance. For, if an act of sin must proceed from an antecedent sinful disposition, then, it is perfectly evident, that Adam could not have sinned at all. It is no wonder, that Dr. Woods could not see how sin found its way into the world; for, if his philosophy be true, it is very easy to perceive, that it could not possibly have found its way into the world *any how*. Hence, we are absolutely bound, either to reject the great principle of Dr. Woods, or else deny the existence and the possibility of sin.

We have now said enough, we think, to 'demonstrate', (if we may adopt the style of others,) that there must be an element of error in the logic of those who advocate the doctrine of the true and proper sinfulness of infants. This element of error has already been brought to light; but, as the subject is one of great importance, we shall exhibit it in a still more direct point of view. It is this: that 'man loves sin for its own sake'.<sup>32</sup> This position, which is assumed by Edwards in his work on the Will, is also occupied by Dr. Woods. He everywhere speaks of a *propensity to sin*; as if we loved and sought sin for its own sake; as if we had, properly and philosophically speaking, a love of sin in our hearts. Indeed, he does not hesitate to speak of a 'love of sin', and to reason from it as if it were a constituent principle of man's fallen nature. This mode of speaking may do very well in a popular discourse, which has only practical ends in view; but it is not an accurate expression of the true nature of things. We do not speak with philosophical precision, when we say, that we have a love of sin in our hearts, or love sin for its own sake. When we erect a theory out of such popular use of language, which does not correspond with the true nature of things, we only deceive ourselves, and darken counsel by words without knowledge.

Depraved as men are, they do not love sin; in other words, sin is not the direct and specific object of any affection of the human mind, and no such supposition is necessary to account for our manifold transgressions. The intelligence of man, the

<sup>32</sup> Essay, p. 157.

inherent faculty of the mind by which he thinks, is not his sin ; it is implanted in him by nature itself. He is not to praise for it ; he is not to blame for it. The same remark may also be made with respect to his will and his sensibility. No principle derived from nature is his sin. But when he comes into contact with the world around him, various appetites and desires are awakened in the bosom of his sensibility. In so far as these are necessarily developed, and are not produced by an exercise of the will in relation to the world without it, they cannot be his sin. But he may voluntarily fix his mind on forbidden objects, and thereby awaken unhallowed desires. This is wrong ; this is sin. It is the pure doctrine of the Gospel, that if any man look upon a woman to lust after her, he is guilty of adultery in his heart. But he is guilty, because there has been a *voluntary* looking, a prohibited exercise of the will itself. The man is accountable for this exercise, and for its consequences. But in this case, it is not sin that a man loves ; it is a particular external object. He may go still further ; and put forth many acts of the will in order to gratify some desire which has been unlawfully awakened in his heart. Such acts, however, do not proceed from a love of sin, strictly speaking, but from *the will itself*, which is not a love of sin. They proceed from *the will*, which President Edwards and Dr. Woods always confound with the sensitive part of our nature, to the infinite confusion and darkening of the great subjects discussed by them. They proceed from the will, adopting those means which are pointed out by the intelligence, in order to gratify the dominant desire. The mind does not love sin ; *it does not desire sin*. It simply desires some external object, (which object is certainly not sin) ; and seeks that object though it be forbidden by the law of God. It does not love the disobedience or the transgression, nor does it desire to transgress ; it simply desires the object before it. It loves this ; it seeks this ; it takes this. And in taking this, it is guilty of sin, not because it loves sin, but because it has loved and taken that which the moral law forbade it to touch. This is the plain truth of the matter, and it is so obvious, as well as so simple, that we cannot but wonder that it should be so often overlooked by the builders of systems, or ‘the architects of words’.

It was necessary for President Edwards to contend, that men love sin *for its own sake*, and not merely for the pleasure it affords. For, according to his scheme, God decrees sin, and, designedly, arranges and disposes 'the state of events in such a manner, that sin, . . . if it be permitted and not hindered, will most certainly and inevitably follow!'"<sup>33</sup> This proposition is laid down, not merely with reference to sin in general, but to certain great sins in particular. 'So that', says Edwards, 'what the murderers of Christ did, is spoken of as what God *brought to pass or ordered*, and that by which *he* fulfilled his own word'.<sup>34</sup> But, while contending that God 'orders and brings sin to pass', Edwards insists that He does not choose sin *for its own sake*, but only for the sake of its providential consequences. Hence, if men choose sin, not *for its own sake*, but only for the pleasure it affords, then, after all, there is no very great difference between the character of the sinner and that imputed to God. Accordingly, it becomes necessary to blacken the character of the sinner, in order to show that he does not imitate, or resemble, the God of predestination; to represent him as plunging into the depths of iniquity, not because he is 'a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God', but because he loves sin itself, for its own native, naked, and horrible deformity. God decrees sin, and brings it to pass, 'for most excellent ends and purposes'; whereas man,—the vile sinner,—loves and seeks it for its own sake, and not on account of its consequences. What, then, becomes of the great principle of Edwards, that 'the will is always determined by the greatest apparent good'? Surely, if this great principle, if this foundation of his whole philosophy of the will, be true; then man loves and chooses sin, not for *its own sake*, but because, in his eyes, it is 'the greatest apparent good'; or, in other words, because the pleasure of sin outweighs its wages.

But if God, as the absolute sovereign and ruler of the world, as the supreme disposer of all the actions and volitions of men, permits only so much sin as is for the good of the universe, and, 'for most excellent ends and purposes', brings precisely so much, and no more, to pass; then why should not man coöp-

<sup>33</sup> Inquiry, p. 246.<sup>34</sup> Ibid.

erate with this design? Why should he not commit all the sin, which he finds himself permitted to commit, since God himself decrees and designs its commission for the good of the universe? Need he fear,—poor blind worm of the dust!—that he will go beyond the decree of God, and frustrate his high and holy design? Most assuredly not. Why not, then, avail himself of the permission of God, and coöperate with his providence in bringing all possible sin to pass, in order that his ‘most excellent ends and purposes’ may be fulfilled? The truth is, that however exalted the genius and the piety of Edwards, we are constrained, by a regard for the honor and glory of God, to pronounce his whole doctrine of predestination perfectly horrible; and no part of it more so, than that which misrepresents the relation of God to the sin of the world. The incest of Absalom, says Calvin, ‘was the work of God’. According to our ‘heresy’, as it is called, the incest of Absalom was the work of the Devil; or rather, the work of Absalom himself, instigated and moved thereto by the Devil, and not by the ever blessed and holy God.

But, returning from this short digression, we proceed with the suffering, and the supposed sin, of new-born infants. Much of the reasoning of Dr. Woods, is based on a total rejection of the clear and simple light of nature, and on a dark use of a popular phraseology. To select only one example from many, he says: ‘See how the case would stand, if we should take the opposite ground. According to this, a man has a disposition to *do wrong*, but his *disposition is not wrong*; a disposition to *envy*, but his disposition is *not envious*; a disposition to *revenge*, but his disposition is *not revengeful*; a disposition to commit *theft*, but his disposition is not at all thievish; a disposition to acts of piety, but his disposition is *not pious*;—and finally, a disposition to commit sin, but his disposition is not at all sinful. The same appears in regard to the word *propensity, inclination, heart, or nature*. Thus a man<sup>35</sup> has a strong propensity to *avarice*, but not an *avaricious propensity*; an inclination to *do wrong*, but not a *wrong inclination*; a

<sup>35</sup> A man! Suppose he had come to the point, and said a new-born infant, how would all this attempt at logic have sounded? for ‘a man’ put *new-born infant*, and then read.



heart to *disobey* God, but not a *disobedient heart* ; a nature to *sin*, but not a *sinful nature*. A man governed by common sense, will pronounce all this to be a series of self-contradictions. And so it is in fact.' The man who is really governed by common sense, or rather by the fundamental laws of reason, will never suppose, (if we too may speak with confidence,) that either a true holiness or sin can be implanted in the nature of man, for which he may be justly rewarded or punished. It does seem to us, that if we may not say, that we cannot be to blame for what we have actually received from nature, and over which we had no more control than over our own creation ; then we have no right to talk about common sense or reason at all. The denial of such a position, necessarily tends to shake all the fundamental laws of thought, and to flood the human mind with the darkness of universal scepticism.

One great error of Edwards and Dr. Woods consists, as we have already had occasion to say, in the adoption of a false psychology. By merging the will in the sensibility, they were bound to find a good principle in this, in order to account for the existence of good, and an evil principle, in order to explain the existence of evil. A good feeling was virtue, and a bad feeling was vice. They placed moral good and evil in the sensibility, as their original centre and primal seat, whereas they should have sought and found them in the will. By thus keeping these two faculties distinct, and finding the origin of good and evil in the will, they might easily have accounted, as we have seen, for the rise of virtue and vice in the world, without supposing the existence of an antecedent virtuous or vicious principle. But, as it is, all their attempts to throw light on the problem have, as we have seen, involved them in irrecoverable contradictions and inconsistencies. With such a psychology, it is impossible to form a clear and satisfactory view of the structure and government of the world : it is a distorting medium through which the divine work cannot be seen in its own beautiful proportions, and invested with its own intrinsic glory. We must come out from this false psychology, then, if we would have a clear and bright vision of the world as God hath made it. We admire the learning and the genius of an Edwards, as



profoundly as they are admired by Dr. Woods himself. But yet deep is our conviction, that we must lay aside the checkered fabric of his speculations, in which the golden threads of divine truth are interwoven with the dark web of an atheistical philosophy, if we would clothe our minds in those garments of pure light, which have been woven for them in the loom of heaven.

Before we pass from the Essay of Dr. Woods, there is one other portion of it, to which we would invite the attention of the reader. He endeavors to reconcile his view of native depravity with the conviction of the human mind, that we must be conscious of having done wrong, or transgressed the moral law, before we can blame ourselves for any thing in us. He states his objection to his doctrine in these words: 'We never blame ourselves for any thing of which we are not conscious, and we are conscious of nothing but the exercises of our own minds'.<sup>36</sup> To this he replies: 'It may be a serious question, whether *consciousness* does not, in an important sense, extend farther than to intellectual and moral exercises. Who doubts that we are conscious of *existence*? And yet is not our existence something different from exercise or action? Does it not *precede* action? How, then, do we become conscious of existence? We become conscious of it, only *as it is developed in action*. Who doubts that we are conscious of the faculty of thinking, remembering, loving, willing, &c.? And yet it is manifest that we are not conscious of these faculties, except as they are brought to view by their exercise. It is very common to speak of our having a consciousness of a *power* or *ability* to do this or that; though we are conscious of having the power only by its exercise. It is very suitable to speak of *consciousness* in such a case, though it is not *immediate* or *direct* consciousness. Why should consciousness be thought any the less real, because we come to have it by means of exercise?'<sup>37</sup>

Here we are asked, 'who doubts that we are conscious of existence'? We answer, there are many great and sound philosophers who doubt it. Dugald Stewart for one, has very clearly and explicitly said, 'We are conscious of sensation,

<sup>36</sup> Essay, p. 188.

<sup>37</sup> Essay, pp 180-191.

thought, desire, volition; but we are not conscious of the existence of mind itself'.<sup>38</sup> According to this philosopher, we are only conscious of the phenomena of our minds, and by virtue of a fundamental law of belief, we are necessitated to believe that there is something which thinks, and wills, and feels. The same view was taken of the subject by Descartes. His celebrated *enthememe*, *cogito, ergo sum*, which has been so often misunderstood, was merely intended to express this idea, as we are clearly told by Descartes himself. 'I do not beg the question', says he, 'for I do not suppose any major. I maintain that the proposition: I think, therefore I exist, is a particular truth, which is introduced into the mind without recourse to any more general truth, and independently of any logical deduction. It is not a prejudice, but a natural judgment, which at once and irresistibly strikes the intelligence'.<sup>39</sup> The same doctrine is also maintained by the great philosopher of France, M. Cousin, from whose psychology we have copied the above extract from Descartes. In relation to the process by which the existence of the mind is revealed to us, he says, 'This process is not, according to Descartes, *reasoning*, but reason itself, one of those pure, immediate, and absolute conceptions which, a century after Descartes, were rendered celebrated by Reid and Kant'. The truth is, that we are only conscious of thinking, and feeling, and willing; and we are so constituted, that we cannot help believing there is something which thinks, and feels, and wills. We know that we exist; but we are not conscious of existence. In taking this for granted, as an undisputed and indisputable principle, Dr. Woods certainly labors under a mistake.

We are conscious of a vicious act, when it exists; but does this act necessarily imply the existence of an antecedent vicious principle from which it proceeded? We have already seen, that it implies no such thing. It merely implies the existence of a moral agent, that is capable of knowing the law of God, and, under certain circumstances or temptations, of putting forth an act of the will in opposition to it. There can be no act,

<sup>38</sup> Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Vol. I., p. 36.

<sup>39</sup> Cousin's Psychology. Note C C.

without an actor. There can be no good or evil act, without a power and a motive to do good or evil. But it does not necessarily follow, that this power must be either good or evil, before it can put forth good or evil acts. Hence, the analogy which Dr. Woods has endeavored to establish, is merely fanciful and deceptive.

The origin of this mistake is obvious. We are accustomed to say, that the moral character of actions are determined by the principles from which they proceed; that it depends on the nature of the motives or intentions of the agent. This remark is applied to external actions; and in relation to them, it is perfectly true. Hence, the great plausibility of the same mode of expression, the same form of words, when applied to our internal acts, or volitions. It is a great misfortune, that in speaking of things so totally diverse in their nature, we should be compelled to use precisely the same mode of expression; for it is exceedingly difficult for the mind to shake off the influence of those forms of speech to which it has long been accustomed. The whole doctrine of the will has been greatly darkened, by the single circumstance that the term *action* has been uniformly applied to the external motion of the body, which is purely passive, as well as to the internal volition of the will, from which we derive our very idea of active power and activity.

This is not all. It is one of those natural illusions which Lord Bacon calls the 'idols of the tribe', that leads us to conclude that every cause must possess the same nature with its effect. Hence, we very naturally conceive, that a vicious act must have a vicious cause, or, in other words, must be 'produced' by a vicious disposition. This is only a particular application of a false principle. A cause need not, in every case, possess the nature of its effect. A volition, for example, produces motion; but there is nothing in common between an act of the will and a motion of the body. The one is free, and the other is necessitated. The one is a mere *change of place*; the other is simply *an act*. The one is a *suffering*; the other is a *doing*. Again, an act of the will is *voluntary*; but it does not follow, that the implanted principle from which it is supposed to proceed is also voluntary. Indeed, the argument of Dr.

Bates, to prove that original sin, or that which we bring into the world with us, is voluntary, is just as good as the argument of Dr. Woods to show, that original sin is truly blameworthy and punishable. Both proceed on the same principle, that the cause must possess the same nature with its effect, or, to speak more correctly, with that which proceeds from it. We need not multiply illustrations of the fallacy of this principle. The world is full of them. As Mr. Mill has truly said, in his work of logic, 'the *à priori* fallacy or natural prejudice', that 'the conditions of a phenomenon must, or at least probably will, resemble the phenomenon itself', has spread its errors and delusions through the dominions of ancient and modern philosophy.

We might now quit the subject of consciousness, or the moral reason of man, in relation to the character of native depravity. But we have one more remark to offer, which is indispensable to a complete view of the subject. The objection drawn from our moral judgments against his doctrine, has not been fully met by Dr. Woods. It has not been set forth in bold relief, and then combatted by him. If he had seen the full force of this objection, he would have found it far more difficult to escape from its influence. Let us see, then, what is the true nature and force of the objection in question.

'We never blame ourselves for any thing', he says, for his opponent, 'of which we are not conscious, and we are conscious of nothing but the exercises of our own minds.' But this is not all. We never blame ourselves for any thing, unless it be something *we have done in violation of a rule of duty, which we knew or might have known.* It is a judgment of the moral reason of man, that sin is a transgression of *a known moral law, or of a moral law that may be known.* This is the judgment and voice of human reason and consciousness in all ages of the world. You see a furious wild beast, for example, as it tears a man to pieces; but you do not, you cannot say, that the wild beast has done wrong. But let a man, without provocation, do the same external acts of violence; and your conscience is aroused; it flames with indignation. Now what makes the difference in the two cases? Why do you condemn the man, and not the wild beast? 'Ask a child', says Dr. Wayland

‘and he will tell you, because the man *knew* better, and the beast had no such knowledge.’ And he well adds, ‘I do not know that a philosopher could have given a better answer.’ There is, indeed, many a philosopher, who could not return half so good an answer, unless he would first give his philosophy to the winds, and then, like a little child, permit the voice of nature to speak in him and for him.

Now, does the unconscious infant *know* that it has done any wrong? Is not God’s law, indeed, in so far as the infant is concerned, written higher and in a smaller hand than were the famous laws of Caligula himself? Shall it, then, be punished for the transgression of a law of which it had no knowledge, and of which it could not by any possibility have the least glimmering of knowledge? We answer, No! Our moral sense absolutely refuses to see any spectacle so horrid and black in the glorious empire of Jehovah, as the wrath of God revealed from heaven against the world of infants, because they have transgressed the moral law.

But we are told by Dr. Woods, that animals cannot be punished as the *doers* of wrong, (though they suffer,) because they are not ‘intelligent beings’. On the other hand, ‘both the general representations of Scripture, and the general aspect of things in divine providence’ . . . ‘indicate that the offspring of human parents are *human beings*,—beings of the same nature with their parents,—belonging to the same race, under the same moral administration, and possessing the elements of the same character’.<sup>40</sup> True. But suppose it does appear from ‘the general representations of Scripture and the general course of divine providence’, that ‘the offspring of human parents’, are really ‘human beings’,—what follows?—Does it follow, that they may therefore be justly punished by a law of which they can know nothing? This question may, we think, be safely submitted to the unperverted reason of mankind.

In opposition to all the foregoing hypotheses, we assume the position, that new-born infants have no moral character at all. In so far as the transgression of the moral law is concerned, they are perfectly innocent, never having incurred its penalty by

<sup>40</sup> Essay, p. 171.

any thing they have thought, or done, or desired. In the eye of the moral law, infinitely pure as it is, there is no transgression in them. This is our position.

What shall we say, then, to the logic of an Archbishop, who, in the Ninth Article of the Church of England, has taught that original sin, in every one that is born into the world, 'deserveth God's wrath and damnation'? Here it is:—'For when such young babes do not lie softly, or be grieved with thirst, hunger, or cold, *they cry impatiently*. Likewise when we show them any pleasant thing to their eyes, and suddenly again take it from them, *we see them weep*. And these be plain and evident tokens, that infants newly born be given to their own wills and appetites, and *are sinners*, forasmuch as they transgress the commandment—*Thou shalt not desire*'.<sup>41</sup> What shall we say? We are absolutely dumb with amazement; and, accordingly, we have not one word to say, at present, in reply to the overwhelming logic of the illustrious Prelate, by whom the 'Thirty-Nine Articles' were imposed on the Church of England.

It only remains for us to discuss, (as we shall do in our next issue,) the duty of all Christian men, and especially of all Christian ministers, in relation to the awful dogma of the damnation of infants.

<sup>41</sup> The Fathers of the English Church. Vol. III., p. 200.

- ART. II.—1. *A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States.* By John Russell Bartlett. 2d Edition. Boston. 1859.
2. *An American Dictionary of the English Language.* By Noah Webster, LL.D. Springfield, (Mass.) 1855.
3. *A Collection of College Words and Customs.* By B. H. Hall. Cambridge. 1856.
4. *The English Language in its Elements and Forms.* By Wm. C. Fowler. New York. 1855.
5. *Language and the Study of Language.* By William Dwight Whitney. New York. 1867.
6. *Curiosities of American Literature.* By Rufus W. Griswold. New York. 1856.
7. *A Diary in America.* By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York. 1839.
8. *Lowell's Poems.* ('The Biglow Papers.') Boston. 1858.
9. *Breitmann's Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia. 1869.
10. *Leaves of Grass.* By Walt Whitman. Brooklyn. 1856.
11. *A Cyclopædia of American Literature.* By Evart A. and George L. Duyckhinck. New York. 1856.

The subject of American variations from the standard of indigenous English speech, while it has been, on both sides of the Atlantic, made matter of frequent comment in a desultory way, has yet never been elaborately treated in a regular and scientific discussion. Abroad, our general style of speech and writing has met with a good deal of sarcastic eulogy and a good deal of stupid depreciation; at home, the defence has been conducted with a perfervid *acharnement* that is more ridiculous than the cause assailed; the controversy, however, has not been made luminous upon either part by much display of fact or much adventure in argument. The second edition of Mr.

Bartlett's book, cited above, is a fairly exhaustive summary of the subject as it stood at that date, and so far as *words* are concerned, it is a work that should be in every scholar's library, being correct, authoritative, instructive, entertaining, creditable to the author's industry, and showing throughout excellent qualities of taste and judgment. But we have no work—there is none at least within the reviewer's knowledge—which has undertaken to discuss Americanisms, both of words independently, and their choice relatively to style, in the light of what such words must be considered to be:—the reflected images of our physical, social, and mental condition and culture. It is the purpose of the present article to trace in brief outline what we conceive to be the essential features and substantial peculiarities of that relation between life and speech, as it subsists in this country.

The Bibliography of Americanisms is a brief one. Dr. Witherspoon, who came to this country to preside over Princeton College, and who was a competent scholar as well as a very canny Scot, is supposed to have been the first who wrote upon the subject. His essays, a few brief papers in an ephemeral publication, appeared in 1761. Benjamin Franklin, however, a man whom few things escaped, had been observant of the divergences of our speech sometime before that date. In a letter to Noah Webster, he says that as early as 1733 he had, on his return to Boston, noticed the growing use of un-English words, most of them derived from the vocabulary of Cotton Mather and other of the clerical despots of New England. The earliest Yankeeisms, avowedly printed as such, with which we are acquainted, occur in the original song of Yankee Doodle—'Father and I went down to camp'—which was printed in 1775, during the siege of Boston. The vernacular of New England is cleverly hit off in this famous ballad, as, for instance, in this:

' And there we see a swampin' gun,  
Large as a log of maple,  
Upon a duced little cart,  
A load for father's cattle.' <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Griswold's *Curiosities*, &c.



In 1786, Royal Tyler, a notable early wit, wrote and had played his comedy of *The Contrast*, 'the first stage production in which the Yankee dialect and story-telling, since so familiar in the parts written for Hackett, Hill, and others, were employed.'<sup>2</sup> Not much later than this, Noah Webster was inspired by the success of his spelling-book to aim at the production of his 'American Dictionary of the English Language.' His studies preparatory to this work gave him occasion at various times to utter quite a number of preposterous pamphlets and ridiculous books upon topics which he considered to be germane to the subject. In 1816, John Pickering printed his *Vocabulary*,<sup>3</sup> the first considerable attempt to determine and classify Americanisms. This work, though brief, was very suggestive, attracted the attention of scholars, and was commented upon and reviewed by Webster, J. R. Beck, Albert Gallatin, and others interested in linguistic studies. In 1854, Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, in editing an edition of Shakspeare, took occasion to identify the many Americanisms, which, obsolete in current English, were in use in the common speech or in provincialisms at the Elizabethan period. Meantime, the provincialisms of the country, East, West, and South, had begun to be copiously illustrated, and not perhaps unprofitably, in various works of humor which appeared from time to time. Judge Haliburton, Seba Smith, J. Russell Lowell, and many others, gave us Yankeeisms; Mrs. Kirkland, Carleton, Hall, and others, Westernisms; and Judge Longstreet, 'Major Jones,' Thorpe, and several more, the peculiarities of Southern speech. These books, if they were caricatures, were still likenesses, and often accurate to a degree of nicety in their delineations. The latest publications of this sort, the laughable books of 'Artemus Ward' and 'Mark Twain', and the really original and noble tales and poems of Mr. Bratt Harte, have enriched us with graphic specimens of the highly metaphysical broad speech of the rural and mining populations of California and the Eastern and Western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

<sup>2</sup> Duycklinck's Cyclopædia.

<sup>3</sup> A Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America. To which is prefixed an Essay, &c. Boston. 1816.

The second Edition of Mr. Bartlett's book came out in 1859, but the rapid march of events since that date, and the tumultuous passions that have boiled within us during the past decade, have added so largely to our vocabulary, that the book is already well nigh obsolete, and we hope the skilful author will speedily enlarge and revise it. It is not easy to overestimate the value of such collections, and the importance of the studies which can only be pursued by their aid. Within less than a century, philology, from being a mere exercise and pastime of the curious, has leaped into the front rank among the sciences that contribute to our knowledge of human nature. It has enabled us at once to correct, to rehabilitate, and to utilize history, and has given us the means, now for the first time, to employ the great problem of race, with all its wide-reaching formulas, in the interpretation of the laws, and in estimating the scope, of civilization. It would seem no more than reasonable, if the quest after Sanskrit roots and their affinities has been worthy to engage so much of the industry and time of scholars, and has been so fruitful in contributions towards a philosophic insight into the conditions of mankind, that the accurate study of the living and active forms of a speech a people have in daily use, should demand at least a like degree of attention, and promise a corresponding amount of recompense. If language be, as we know it is, one of the most considerable of the intelligent vehicles of historical facts and conditions at our command, if it be 'the outward appearance of the intellect of nations',<sup>4</sup> then certainly, the language of our land and our day must needs engage the close attention of whomsoever would make himself acquainted with the condition of our intelligence and the degree and quality of our enlightenment. And conversely, if we have a culture which, as is claimed, is anywise peculiar and indigenous, our language will reflect that peculiarity, will serve as a proof of it, and a measure whereby to test whether it be excellent or the opposite. There is an architecture of speech just as there is an architecture of houses, and each people has in a greater or less degree its own peculiar style, both of language and of root-tree, to which it is guided and within which

<sup>4</sup> Wm. C. Fowler—*op-cit.*

it is constrained, by the needs of its congenerous instincts, by climate, habits, and idiosyncrasies.

The student of language has not gone very far upon his search for the laws of its origin and its mutations, has not examined very closely the circumstances of its inner life, before he becomes vividly impressed with the conception of how many vital forces are actively at work within it, and how peculiarly a living thing speech is. He does not need to be told that 'it is not a dead *begotten*, but rather a *begetting*; in itself it is not an *ἔργον*, but an *ἐνέργεια*.'<sup>5</sup> He comes at once to feel that while it is a treasure-house and depository of wisdom and experience in things enacted, it is in a still greater degree an operative mint and assay-house, wherein the rude bullion of thought is purified, moulded, stamped and valued for currency in the social mart. It is moreover the autograph registry of our daily condition, as sensitive as an electrometer, as unerring as a chemist's scales. It is the test of a man, and the criterion of a people. As has been said by a master in its uses,<sup>6</sup> 'Language most shows a man: speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech.' The revelation it makes of the individual man, it more than corroborates of the man collective, and society would have no consecutive existence without the intervention of speech.

Being such, so living, so transient in the reflections, so instantaneous in catching the shape and color of every impression, speech must change constantly, and must change, if not for the better, then for the worse. Its growth being unintermittent, if it cannot grow upward it must grow downward; if it cannot spread to the right, it must spread to the left; if it be debarred from the assimilation of good material, it must be suffered to assimilate bad. 'The growth of language cannot be suppressed', says Prof. Fowler,<sup>7</sup> 'any more than can the genial activity of the human soul. Especially in our own country, in "this wilderness of free minds," new thoughts and corresponding new

<sup>5</sup> Willhelm von Humboldt. <sup>6</sup> Ben Jonson. <sup>7</sup> The English Language, &c.

expressions spring up spontaneously, to live their hour or be permanent.' And he adds: 'As our countrymen are spreading Westward across the continent, and are brought into contact with other races, and adopt new modes of thought, there is some danger that, in the use of their liberty, they may break loose from the laws of the English language, and become marked not only by one, but by a thousand shibboleths.' To make frequent and searching inquiry, therefore, into the condition of our speech, and to see wherein it is advancing, and wherein retrograding, should seem to be the duty of every student in the land who is sedulous to preserve, for his own use and for the use of those who may come after him, a proper and adequate vehicle of American thought, a sweet, flexible, dignified, and competent medium for uttering ourselves to one another and to the world. Such is that English language which has been handed down to us, a priceless hereditament, out of the past. Such should likewise be that English language which is to go down from us to the unborn millions of freemen with whom this land shall finally teem.

The first matter in any such inquiry is to ascertain what and how great is the measure of difference between the English language as spoken in Great Britain, and the English language as spoken in America. Is there, essentially, what might be called an *American Dialect*? That is to say, is there in the speech we daily use, such a degree of preponderance of certain determinate idioms, and of certain determinate peculiarities of pronunciation, as to constitute it a specific variety of the English language, such as are the Lowland Scotch, the dialect of Northumberland, Yorkshire, Suffolk, Devon, Cornwall, and the brogue (or rather, *translation*) used by the English-speaking natives of Ireland? To this we must answer, no; there is not such an American dialect. We have a stock of provincialisms peculiar to certain portions of our country which might be considered dialect of the American-English: but the American-English can in no wise be taken for a dialect of the English proper. A dialect is in fact an amalgam, the product of a compromise, the result of the clash and attrition between two languages which are more or less dissimilar. Two tribes sit down

alongside of one another, each having its own speech and its own customs. The demands of intercourse between them causes the necessity for a medium of that intercourse, and that medium, a *Lingua Franca*, is obtained by breaking down some of the peculiarities of each speech, and bringing more closely together their points of contact, until in this way a third rude tongue is constructed, which presently becomes permanent, and is styled a dialect. Sometimes these forms are sufficiently cultivated and distinct to acquire a literature of their own, but ordinarily they have no efficiency outside the region of colloquial use. Such were the dialects of ancient Greece, such are the modern dialects of Italy, Germany, and England. In this way, and before the progress of literature and the increase of culture had made necessary the adoption of a *standard* of correct speech—an arrangement that was brought about either by electing some particular dialect to that position, (as was the case in Italy,) or by the selection, out of all the dialects, of a form of speech embodying the greatest number of excellences, and rejecting the chief imperfections of each, (as it happened in England)—every country had, in addition to its substratum of original speech, an overlaying of foreign and heterogeneous material such as made up a large body everywhere of provincialisms, and everywhere brought about a degree of unintelligibility that vexatiously obstructed free intercourse.

But our language bears no such relation to the accepted mother-tongue as was borne by these dialects. The people who came as settlers to this country, from England as well as from other lands, did indeed bring their particular dialects and provincialisms with them, but were not able to retain them. This land was not settled by tribes, but by individuals. Every hundred in the old colonies might afford instances of the colloquial forms of twenty different dialects, because nearly every hundred had settlers gathered from all of the counties of England. But these dialects, meeting thus upon a common ground, instead of propagating themselves, mutually destroyed one another, and gave to our American speech that homogeneous character which is one of its striking peculiarities. We have no dialect, because our current tongue is in a measure a hybrid

of all dialects. 'Dialects can only be preserved by collective bodies speaking the language which they acquired in their youth; they cannot therefore continue in promiscuous colonies'.<sup>8</sup> Mr. Bartlett, in the Introduction to his Dictionary, seems to think that there are causes at work which, 'in the course of a few generations', will produce dialects among us of a marked character. He supposes that the Dutch settlements in New York, the German settlements in Pennsylvania and the West, the Scandinavian colonies in the North-west, &c., will have the final effect of permanently and materially modifying the English speech of those around them. But evidently he leaves out of his calculation the fact that the nature of our institutions and the state of our societies are such that these languages are treated as aliens and strangers, entertained as casual sojourners only, and never suffered to get a permanent foothold among us. They must die away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them, for they have no ceremonial use, no legal status, and are not kept alive by the force of any hereditary customs. It is possible that A. may require to know German, for instance, in order to do business with B. and his neighbors, who speak nothing else; but infallibly both A's children and B's children will not speak German, nor yet a German-English dialect, but the plain English of our common-schools, and that only. In Canton, the foreign population have to communicate with the natives by means of a villainous sort of bastard *Lingua-Franca*, called 'Pigeon English', an execrable compound of English, Portuguese, Chinese, Dutch, sea-slang, and the cant of 'change. But when the Chinaman comes to America, he learns to speak English 'velly ploppa', or as well as he can, and is never met half-way in his efforts. We are notorious for our national complaisance in many things, but we have far too much conceit—not to speak of patriotism—to be otherwise than inflexible when it comes to the deliberate bodily surrender of our Anglo-Saxon speech. We may cast it away piecemeal with all imaginable recklessness, but will never capitulate to those who demand its subordination. It predominates more strongly now than ever,

<sup>8</sup> Quarterly Review on 'Lilliman's Travels.' (Quoted in Bartlett.)

although four-fifths of the population of the country have other than pure English blood in their veins.

Besides all this, it is unquestionable that a large proportion of the so-called Americanisms with which we are accredited are no more really entitled to be so styled than are the quaint phrases and humorous quotations for which Mr. Richard Swiveller is distinguished to be taken for Anglicisms. They are simply the eccentricities and humors of a few of our speakers and writers, the catch-words of a day, the sudden thoughts of moments of excitement or whim,—taken up on the facile tongue of the mob to which they have been tossed, kept up on the breath of a transient popularity, and then suffered to disappear forever, unless, perchance, embalmed, more or less fragrantly, in the eager pages of some English traveller's note-book.

These facts, however, do not prevent the *Americanese* from differing widely from the current standard of common English. Aside from our numerous and ever-varying colloquial provincialisms, our cultivated language cannot be made to conform to the refined speech of Great Britain. There are many objects of thought peculiar to our country, to express which we have had to devise un-English words.<sup>9</sup> We have borrowed a great many words; we have invented a great many; we have revived some that are obsolete in English; we have changed the meaning of a goodly number; and thus, by coining, and bartering, and transmuting, by divorcing words from old senses and wedding them to new, just as it seemed to suit our occasions, we have brought it to pass that the English of our societies is quite a distinguishable language from the English of Pall-Mall, and the style taught in our high-schools perceptibly different from that of Oxford and Cambridge.

These differences, as we have shown, are not dialectic, nor such as grow out of tribal collisions, but are differences caused by the modifications of culture wrought in us by our outlying circumstances since we have inhabited this continent,—such modifications as are produced by the variations of climate, soil, and the face of the country, by the character and age of our settlements, the character and age of our people, and, generally, by

See Bartlett, Introduction, and Fowler, *passim*.



the necessities of existence which domineer over us. These things, which inevitably mould peoples, mould as well their speech, as that is simply one of the living forces within them. We drop words that are no longer of use to us, or rectify their meanings, in order that they may continue of use to us. We make new words, because we need terms for new conditions and relations. We even modify the pronunciation of words, and rearrange their grammatical construction, in obedience to the subtle influences which are all the time, and without our consciousness, at work within us and upon us. A Mr. Bernard or a Mr. Kennard, after having lived in the East, removes to the West, where, accordantly with the local habit of speech of the people, he becomes Mr. Bernárd, or Mr. Kennárd. His name has changed, not indeed in spelling, but in accent, and is virtually quite another name from what it was originally. John Flint goes from Vermont into the French settlements of Canada, where his surname is translated into Pierre à Fusée. He returns into the country by way of some of the Western settlements, and his name is translated again into English at hazard, and thus, at the second remove, John Flint is translated into Peter Gun.<sup>10</sup> 'When the first schooner was built on the coast of Massachusetts, as she slid from the stocks and floated gracefully upon the waters, the chance exclamation of an admiring by-stander, "O how she *scoons*!" drew from her contriver and builder the answer, "*A schooner* let her be, then!" and made a new English word.'<sup>11</sup> The question of Chinese immigration into California is agitating the country, when a humorous writer sums up the merits of the case in an ingenious poem, and straightway, 'the heathen Chinese' becomes a catch-word of universal acceptation. The 'minute men' of Boston, before the revolution, for purposes of safe and secret consultation, used to meet in Mr. Adams' *shipyard*, and so, got the name of 'the caulkers' club.' This was shortened into *caulkers*', and finally, as *caucus*, has grown to be the mysterious and dreadful synonym for the fountain-head of all sorts of secret political manoeuvre and corruption. In the Western backwoods, one day, a man is wounded by a panther, or catamount. His rough-spoken neigh-

<sup>10</sup> Lieber. 'Stanger in America.'<sup>11</sup> Whitney—*op-cit.*



bor writing to describe as graphically as possible how badly he has been torn and bitten, invents an approximative adjective, and speaks of him as having been 'catawampously chawed up!' A college boy, seeking to characterize a comrade who is conceited, extravagant, and shallow, feigns a Greek derivative, and calls him a *Hyphenute*<sup>12</sup> (ὕψ' ἐν ὅντις.) The epithet attracts, passes corruptly into common speech, and, as *highfalutin*, becomes a general adjective for certain traits injuriously supposed to be 'highly American'. These few examples are instances of the way in which a great number of our words originate. Every sect, every party, every locality, every train of events, is constantly flinging off something of the kind, part of which perish at birth, and part are adopted into our permanent speech.

Thus far with respect to the leading principles controlling our departures in speech from standard English. Of the provincial variations of this speech among ourselves, many curious particulars might be presented. In respect of pronunciation and accent, there is, even among the classes of the highest culture, a marked difference between the people of this country and those of England. There is a constant disparity as regards the pitch and intonation of the voice in enunciating. Our delivery has not the rhythmic variety of the English; it is set to a lower key, and is more monotonous in its flow. We dwell longer upon the vowels, spreading and flattening their sound, and we do not enunciate the consonants, particularly when in combination, near so clearly and distinctly. We have changed the accents of many words, especially names and derivatives, out of complaisance to French and other un-English influences, and in the matter of words more or less directly of classical origin, we are very much in the case of Lowell's school-boys when they blundered through their Scripture genealogies,

'The vibrant accent skipping here and there;  
Just as it pleased invention or despair.'

In reading, we are prone to terminate sentences with the falling instead of the rising inflection,—a peculiarity still more marked at the South than at the North. This is antagonistic

<sup>12</sup> Princeton College word.

to English custom, and is not pleasant, as it contributes to a 'sing-song' habit of speech. In the Eastern States, the vowel sounds, without being shortened, are unduly clipped and attenuated; in the South, on the contrary, they are pronounced with too great roll and breadth. The Yankee drawls, and speaks, with a hard metallic sort of nasal twang, as if he had narrowed the volume of his mouth, in order to keep out the East wind, or make his pork and molasses go farther. The Southerner, on the other hand, does not distinctly articulate consonantal sounds, and doubtless from laziness as much as anything else, mumbles in his speech, and sacrifices his syllables.

These local peculiarities, while in scarcely any case sufficient to form distinctive dialects, are yet marked enough to be very noticeable, especially among those not to the manner born. Our most highly educated persons are not free from them in some degree, and an intelligent observer can always detect the birthplace of a speaker by the cock-crow revelations of his shibboleths.

In the interior and agricultural portions of New England,—a region less disturbed by our chronic upheavals and shufflings than any other, from the fact that, while it supplies emigrants for every part of the country, it offers no inducements to immigrants into itself,—there is a very constant and excessive provincialism of speech. The people of these parts have cultivated the drawl with distinguished success. While they attenuate the vowels in every case, they manage, by dwelling unduly upon them, to give to nearly all of them a species of diphthongal force, as when they say *eend* for end, *dawg* for dog, *Gawd* for God, *teu* for two, too, to, and *keow* for cow, &c. In their vocabulary, the broad sound of *a* and *an* presents insuperable difficulties. Sauce, (which in the South becomes *sass*) in New England is pronounced *sarse*. What is converted into *wut*; and *u* is pronounced *oo*, as in *individooal*. This latter perversion is the more conspicuous from their inveterate fondness for employing 'sure' (*shoor*) upon all occasions, and especially as the climax of an affirmative answer, as, for example, 'Nieu England be the airthly Paradise, shoor!' Our Yankee friends insist upon saying *ben* for been, following the ancient dialect of

Kent. Paid, they make *pahd*; whether, *wutha*; nothing, *nawthin*; kind, *keind*. Many of these sounds have their original in English dialects, and even the New England drawl is claimed to be identical with what is known as 'the Suffolk whine.'<sup>13</sup> When the Yankee would say 'yes', he shortens the quantity of the vowel and then multiplies it into a diphthong. Thus, he does not say *yäas* (as it is usually represented) but *yeh-es*. He says *cahd* for card; *pr'vail* for prevail; *uppinion* for opinion; and *haybit* (*heh-chbit*) for habit. Professor Lowell, in his admirable prefaces to 'The Biglow Papers', has perhaps given us the best summary extant of these various provincialisms of New England. Briefly, his rules are as follows:

'1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r*, when he can help it.

'2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, and *d*, *sg-bein'*—*han'*, for being, hand.

'3. Omits the *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*.

'4. Says *hev* for have; *hendy* for handy; *thet* for that; but *harnsome* for handsome.

'5. Prefixes *e* to *ou* sounds—*au* in such words as *daughter*, he pronounces *ah*. The following passage in Shakspeare he would recite thus:

'Neow is the winta uv eour discontent  
Med glorious summa by this sun o' York,  
An' all the cleouds that leowered upun eour heouse  
In the keep buzzum o' the oshin buried;  
Neow air eour breows bound 'ith victorious wreaths;  
Eour breused arms hung up fer monimunce;  
Eour starn alarums chenged to merry meetins,  
Eour dreffle marches to delightful measures,' &c., &c.

The Southern peculiarities of speech are the more striking by contrast with those of the Yankees. Our Southerner has a total want of respect for the final *r*, and when it is succeeded

<sup>13</sup> 'The dialect of East Anglia has for its most general and prevailing characteristic of pronunciation a narrowness and tenuity, precisely the reverse of the round, sonorous, mouth-filling tones of the Northern English. The narrowness of utterance is in some parts of this dialect, rendered still more offensive to ears not accustomed to it, by being delivered in a sort of shrill whining recitative. This has sometimes been called "the Suffolk whine." Fowler—*op-cit*.

by another vowel in such circumstances that he cannot make his favorite elision, he compromises by modifying the preceding vowel, so as to spare himself as much as possible the reverberant rattle which seems to distress him so much. Thus, he says *do'* for door, *you* for your, *yere* for here, and *whar*, *thar*, *bar* for where, there, bear. In many situations he declines to reproduce the sound *ou*, but substitutes for it a sound not English in its character, but partaking very nearly the sound of the Italian *o chinso*, an intermediate between the *o* in note, and the *oo* in book; as, for example, in the words *house*, *about*. He converts Mister into *Mistuh*, and probably no one has ever been present during the proceedings of a Virginia debating society without bringing away vivid recollections of the vibrant and resonant phrase so frequently heard: 'Thar-fo', Mistuh Speakuh—'. With singular inconsistency, the Virginian inserts *r* in the wrong places as indefatigably as he elides it from where it belongs. He makes *carf* of calf, *Starnton* of Stanton, *arfter* of after, *arnt* of aunt, &c. Horse, he vulgarizes into *hoss*, and by metathesis makes *iurn* of iron, *purty* of pretty, *apurn* of apron. Head, in his more vulgar moments, he calls *haid*, after the practice of the negroes, who, indeed, are responsible for a good many of his defects in pronunciation.

In the same way, *puppus* is put for purpose; *Hopper* for Harper; *pollud* for pollard; *wuk* for work; *drap* for drop; *waw* for war; *effut* for effort; *repote* for report; *bode* for board; *detummined* for determined; *perduce* for produce; *vayus* for various; *Southun* for Southern; and *slippy* for slippery.<sup>14</sup>

It would be an almost endless and altogether useless task to speak of the nondescript errors of pronunciation current among the vulgar throughout the whole country, and of the still more nondescript words they use. These vulgarisms, if patiently traced to their sources, will perhaps disclose a philosophic something perdu behind them, but who has the energy or will to run to earth such game as the *we wus* and *you wus* of the Southern piny woods; the *hand'nt orter done it* of 'York State'; or the *abskize*, *exflunctify*, *funkify*, *slantindicular*, *absquatu-*

<sup>14</sup> See Dr. Bagby's paper in 'Southern Magazine' of Jan., 1871. 'Histroy uv the Waw.'

*late*, and other wild terms in which 'free speech' in the West so strangely rejoices? These words, however, must not be confounded with those we have *borrowed* to supply our actual needs in respect of terms. Thus, we owe the Dutch for many words, such as *stoop*, *boss*, *noodle*, *cooky*; we have gone to the French for such as *bayou*, *barbecue*, *blouse*, *cache*, *crevasse*, *civism*, *department*, *grade*, *levee*, *picayune*, *prairie*, *vendue*, and many military terms, and names of places, besides almost the entire technology of fashionable dress and personal adornment. From the Spanish, we have such as *adobe*, *canyon*, *corral*, *fandango*, *filibuster* (the root is the French *filibustier*) *mulatto*, *mustang*, *ranche*, *stampede*, *vasmos*, &c. The Germans give us *sauerkraut*, *schnapps*, *watershed* (*wasserschied*), *feice* (puppy) *filipina*, and many more; the various Indian dialects contribute such as *alewife*, *hominy*, *hammock*, *guano*, *mananosay*, *moccasin*, *opossum*, *pone*, *sackem*, *skunk*, *succotash*, &c.; the Negro gibberish gives us *banjo*, *buckra*, *fotch*, *shuck*, *truck*, *picaninny*, &c. We have appropriated from the technicalities of trade and barter such words as *balance*, *bulls*, and *bears*, *breadstuffs*, *to clerk*, *a concern*, *drummer*, *easy*, *indebtedness*, *to loan*, *to shave*, *wild-cat*, *shin plaster*, &c. From the technology of politics we get *action* (in its American sense), *bunkum*, *congressional*, *to deputize*, *Gerrymander*, *jeopardize*, *lobby*, *log-rolling*, *lynch*, *mileage*, *non-committal*, *qualify*, *squatter*, *to stump*, &c.; from our various sects, *to approbate*, *association*, *bestowment*, *christianization*, *to fellowship*, *to donate*, *to doxologize*, *to experience*, *to happify*, *to missionate*, *to realize*, *mourners*, *platform*, &c.; from Spiritualism and Transcendentalism, *free-love*, *to inheaven*, *medium*, *metaphenomenal*, *nomological*, *spiritland*, &c.; from the sailors, *chop*, *dove*, (dived) *to haze*, *kedge*, *keel over*, *sky-larking*, &c.; and from thief-cant, such as *coniaker*, *crib*, *cop*, *nab*, *nail*, *mossy*, *spondulicks*, *hook*, *mopus*, *a fence*, *drop-game*, *patent-safe*, &c., &c.

The American people have been sadly berated on account of their names both of places and persons; but these names, to the philosophic observer, are among the most important finger-marks to our history and social condition. The character of the surnames in any certain locality is a sure guide to the

nationality of its original settlers. The New-Englander's line of Exodus can be traced infallibly by the vestigia of Puritanism imprinted upon family given names, by the Jothams, Abihus, Abishags, Zerubbabels and Melchisedechs which betray the hereditary influence of the old-time Scripture-genealogies. The New York name, Paulding, which was originally English—Pawling—occurring in a Dutch settlement, was variously translated into Pauldinck, Paulden, and could only finally compromise with the instincts of association around it by retaining the characteristic *d* of the Dutch, and remaining Paulding. In the same way, the names of Frenchmen and Canadians who came into New England, were forced to break down before the inveterate cacology of the colonial people, and assume something like an English form; so that the brave *Bon Coeur* became Bunker, *Pibandiere* was transformed into Peabody, *Bon Pas* was sunken in Bumpus, and ('O! what a fall was there!') the aristocratic *De L' Hotel* sneaked away in the guise of the mean Yankee Doolittle!<sup>15</sup>

It may be shown, likewise, that even our most strange, hideous, and outlandish names of places, have their origin, and a certain value, in historical association, or are due to some local cause that is distinctly to be traced. The apparently unmeaning *Pen Yan*, which casual observers would take to be an Indian word, is actually an abbreviation of *Pennsylvania-Yankee*, and marks the spot where the New England Exodus met the spread of the Germans and Quakers upon a common ground. The best catalogue we have ever seen of our nondescript Western names of places is embodied in Mr. Elbert H. Smith's great *Epic*,<sup>16</sup> among a great profusion of other rare gems of verse. The list is certainly hard to match:

' Hard Scrabble, Fair Play, Nip and Tuck, and Patch,  
With Catholic, and Whig, and Democrat to match,  
Blue River, Strawberry, and Hoof Noggle steep  
And Trespass, and Slake Rag, Clay Hole deep;  
Bee Town, Hard Times, and Old Rattlesnake  
Black Log, Shingle Ridge, Babel and Stake;

<sup>15</sup> Captain Marryatt's Diary.

<sup>16</sup> Ma-Ka-Tai-Me-She-Kia-Kiak; or Black Hawk, and Scenes in the West. A National Poem in Six Cantos.

Satan's Light House, Pine Hook, and Dry Bone,  
And Swindler's Ridge with hazels o'ergrown ;  
Buzzard's Roost Injunction, and the Two Brothers,  
Snake Hollow Diggins, Black Jack, Horse and others,  
As Small Pox, Buncombe, and Peddler's Creek,  
And Sower Coon, Stump Grove, and Red Dog bleak,  
Menominee, Rat-tail Ridge, may measure out this sonnet,  
With Bull Branch, Upper Coon—pour no curses on it !

Yet, each one of these names is a page from the chronicles of the settlers of those regions. The peculiar physical features of a country, its climate, animals, and vegetable productions, the circumstances of the colonists, their trials, hardships, and misadventures, their religious faith, their patriotic impulses, and all the interests of nationality, find a durable record in the names of places.<sup>17</sup> Even had no history been written of the settlement of the North-west, the linguistic student would be able to trace the French from the lakes to the Gulf simply by the spelling they have given to adopted Indian names, as, for instance, the soft *ch* in Michigan, Chenango, the *ou* in Missouri, the missing *W* in Ouachita, and the accent and elided *s* in Arkansas, Illin<sup>ois</sup>.<sup>18</sup> The curious observer can very nearly trace the period of settlement of the various belts of the country, as well as the character and circumstances of the colonists, by the names that attach to localities. The great and permanent landmarks, the mountains, rivers, lakes, and bays, have retained their original nomenclature, and are almost universally called by Indian names ; but all the improvements wrought by civilization, all political divisions and immediate growth, have names that indicate their history. The counties in Virginia, mark, by a regular progression, the advances made by settlement during the colonial, the revolutionary, and the modern periods. So again, we can almost read the history of the building of Baltimore in the names of its streets.<sup>19</sup> The town was first laid out in 1730, and called Baltimore, in honor of the Lord Proprietary, while the few streets of the original plat were named with a view to existing circumstances rather than in obedience to out-

<sup>17</sup> De Quincey on Style. <sup>18</sup> Noah Webster. Introduction to Dictionary.

<sup>19</sup> See 'The Stranger in Baltimore, by J. F. Weishampal, Jr.'—A valuable Hand-book.



side impulses. Early Colonists, says De Quincey, 'live under influences the most opposite to those of false refinement; coarse necessities, elementary features of peril or embarrassment, primary aspects of savage nature, compose the scenery of their thoughts, and these are reflected by their names.' Thus, for instance, Calvert street had originally a simple local name; Charles street, was Forrest street; and Gay, Bridge street. Then, after nature was a little subdued, colonial patriotism became audible, giving us Yorke, George, Queen, Pitt, Chatham, Frederick, Tammany, and other streets. Presently came the Revolution, and under its stirring influences, the piety and poverty of New Church street were forgotten in the memorable name of Lexington; Indian Tammany and British Chatham were merged in Fayette; Queen became Pratt; George, Water; Saint Paul's, Saratoga, &c. The later crop of the war and its sequel appears in Franklin, Howard, Conway, Barre; in Liberty, Constitution; in Smallwood, Putnam, Pulaski; and in Eutaw, Camden, Cowpens, &c. The feelings of the second war with England, and of the Mexican war, are similarly perpetuated in the names of our streets. And what we have here illustrated from the example of Baltimore, has taken place all over the country; so that he who glances at a county map of the United States may read as he runs something of the history of each locality.

Now, assuming it for a fact that the changes a people have undergone are authentically inwritten in the words they use and the style in which they collocate them, it remains to be determined whether those departures from the received standard of English speech, which are known as *Americanisms*, indicate a change for the better or a change for the worse. We are constrained to say, after a careful examination of the subject, and a zealous endeavor to rid ourselves of prejudices of every kind, that the conclusions we have come to are not at all favorable to our own style of speech. We have found Americanisms to be not only departures from, but perversions of, the best forms of the English language,—perversions not only unlicensed, but indefensible, unseemly, and vicious. We have found that they have not given as a better language than the English, but have



crippled our speech seriously, and made it far inferior to the mother tongue in force, in flexibility, in rhythmic proportion, in precision and correctness, and in idiomatic life and character. The English archaisms which we have retained add nothing to the strength and beauty of our speech. The solecisms we perpetrate do not compensate by increase of force for the loss of grammatical order which they occasion. The barbarisms which we have introduced have been, for the most part, the vulgar efforts of ignorance struggling against incompetency of expression, rather than the untrained exuberance of youth and vitality. The lawlessness of our innovations has broken forth rather in distinctive than in expansive efforts. If we have invented new words, and perverted the meaning of old ones, we have at the same time, and in a disproportionate degree, let drop out of sight, and consigned to disuse and oblivion, many valuable niceties of expression and treasures of idiom, which are still retained in currency and vital force by the parent stock. While we have revelled in slang, and rioted in the utmost extravagance of hyperbole and figurative language, 'picking up wit as pigeons peas,' we have wilfully neglected the principles of perspicuity, and turned a cold shoulder to the precedents of good grammar. We have been like the spendthrift, dilapidating our patrimony at the same time that we have wasted our income in illicit expenses. We have indeed been 'at a great feast of language', but have brought away with us little else besides the heel-taps, and broken scraps of meat.

To be sure, we have the right to claim that there is much less difference in this country than in England between the speech of the most vulgar and that of the most cultivated classes; but this equalization of our language has levelled downwards as well as upwards, and, while it has sensibly elevated the speech of the lowest, it has in at least an equal measure depraved the speech of the more refined. In seeking a medium, we have lowered the standard of excellence, and banished, as an object of aspiration, that ideal perfection of style which ever solicits the ambition of genius.<sup>20</sup> There have been,

<sup>20</sup> 'The ripest scholars among us acknowledge the fact that in the best authors and public speakers of England, there is a variety in the choice of ex-

and still are, men very competent to teach us better; but their influence is weak even when exerted to its full extent, and has been further enfeebled by the characteristic reserve of the American scholar. Our actual teachers, those whom we have admired, applauded, and patterned after, have done us far more harm than good. Superficial scholars who re-hash, without understanding, the results of German criticism; eager politicians; preachers of 'sensation'; authors, floating, true bubbles as they are, upon the plaudits of to-day, 'a moment seen—then lost forever'; editors who make tinsel and clap-trap their deliberate study for the sake of profit; so-called philosophers, who are sedulous only to live elbow-deep 'in the alms-basket of words', and 'to draw out the thread of their verbosity finer than the staple of their argument';—such have been our actual teachers, under whose leadership our eager youth have necessarily gone helplessly and hopelessly astray from the right path, and wandered into horrible wildernesses of barren conceit and ridiculous rhodomontade. We have mistaken ornament for substance, and have fancied that to be richness which was naught but the tawdry subterfuge of poverty. Guided by these false lights,—the mere will o' the wisps of perverted doctrine, blind incompetency, and a barbaric cachexy of revolting vain glory,—we have wasted our periods of useful culture in grasping at a swollen coxcombry of speech that is empty of all true merit, and puffed up with all superfluities of naughtiness; we have skimmed the cauldron when we should have stirred it deeply, and filled our poor bellies with froth and scum instead of bread and meat and 'jolly good ale'. These teachers, while they have seduced us into squandering our sterling patrimony in the hearty English speech, and wandering feebly and helplessly forth from the right acceptation of words, have given us nothing in exchange for such sacrifices but a counterfeit and ridiculous jargon, a '*sermo obstreperus, ventosus et versipellis*', fit

pressions, a correctness in the use of the particles, and an idiomatic vigor and raciness of style to which few or none of our writers can attain. The unfortunate tendency to favor the Latin at the expense of the Saxon elements of our language, which social and educational causes have long tended to foster in the mother country, has with us received an additional impulse from the great admixture of foreigners in our population.'—Bartlett Introduction.

for College debating-societies and Boston Lyceums, but useless for all purposes of right action and creditable progress and development. We have organized ourselves into a 'mutual admiration' club, kept together by the common bond of an immitigable puffery; until at last our soberest diction begins to smack of patent medicine circulars and auctioneers' hand-bills. Dogmatic self-assertion on the one hand, obsequious cringing on the other; here an uneasy sense of ignorance and of treading upon doubtful ground, offset there by an undue and vain-glorious folly of pretension, and an insane prurient itch for conspicuity and parade,—these are the prominent features of our American-English as it marches down to posterity, like an Irish target-company going upon an excursion-trip. Thus our speech is getting to be an English of un-reason, an English run mad. We conceit ourselves to be in debt to all who furnish us new phrases, and consequently every half-baked ass in the community becomes an inventor of words upon speculation. Every outlandish word or phrase, every grammatical solecism or absurdity that is flung off from a crotchety, a crazy, or a designing brain, is eagerly caught up and scattered broadcast by the newspapers, and as eagerly received and embraced by the populace. Crockett or Dickens, Mark Twain or Bratt Harte, Tom Hood or John Chinaman, Parson Beecher or Elder Knapp, it matters not who tosses a word at our heads, so the novelty comes. Nay, we have latterly fallen so low that we have borrowed elements of speech from the indecent librettos of Offenbach, and accepted choice linguistic curiosities culled from the hideous 'flash gab' of Fish, Jr.!

This is not mere assertion. Illustrations of its painful truth abound throughout our whole literature. Every where we see departure from normal English, and every where that departure is proof of degeneracy. One of our most conspicuous sins against the approved standard of English speech, and perhaps the most injurious of any in its consequences, is the essentially unidiomatic character of our style. Our writers are bitten with the same democratic fury that makes our mechanics ridiculous; they have no easy medium: they must either wear broad-cloth or go in their shirt-sleeves. If they seek to be colloquial and

free, they relapse into bad grammar and slang; if they try to preserve their dignity, they are stilted and stiff. Our discursive and argumentative speech betrays an inordinate propensity for 'the long-tailed words in osity and ation'; it reads like a language written by a foreigner, by one not familiar with those natural and graceful turns which are needed to give a springy step and an easy movement to style. Most of our serious writers are like Buffon, who always composed in court-dress and full-bottomed wig, to remind him never to unbend. A good critic has remarked of Dr. Channing's style, that 'one can hardly read more than two pages of his essays at a time, without a sense of weariness. The reason is that he uses no colloquial and easy words to break and relieve his lofty and sonorous periods.'<sup>21</sup> It is in fact the alarmingly active tendency of our author-class to fling away the idiomatic purity of the language, and break down those characteristics which distinguish it from other tongues, by reaching forward towards a so-called uniformity of speech, by fitting regular forms to the conjugations of irregular verbs, by confusing transitives with intransitives, by confounding the two auxiliaries and the preterit and participle, by substituting the preposition instead of the possessive case, and by needlessly using the definite article. We do not feel a proper respect for the real analogies of the language, because, in sad truth, we do not know what they are. In this way, the verb has lost at our hands much of its incisive force and nicety of delicate expression. The subjunctive mood has been almost obliterated, and in fact is scarcely ever employed, even by our best writers, except in a feeble, helpless, uncertain way, that reminds one of the vague groping of a blind man who has come to a doubtful corner in his path. We have made a sad chaos in our management of the participle. 'In our regular verb,' says Professor Whitney,<sup>22</sup> 'there is an entire coincidence of form between the preterit and the participle. The careless speaker reasons—not consciously, but in effect—thus: If I say *I gained* and *I have gained*, *I dealt* and *I have dealt*, why not also *I sung* and *I have sung*, *he drank* and *he has drank*, &c.?'<sup>23</sup>

<sup>21</sup> Parke Godwin.<sup>22</sup> Language and the Study of Language.<sup>23</sup> In Maryland, the common speech of the vulgar is constantly appropriating regular forms to the irregular verbs. These people do not use the prete-

In the same way, we are rapidly losing the distinction between *shall* and *will*, forgetful of the old-time rhyme :

‘ In the first person simply *shall* foretells ;  
In *will* a threat, or else a promise dwells,  
*Shall*, in the second and third does threat :  
*Will* simply then foretells the future feat.’<sup>24</sup>

It is very common to hear people say, and see them write : ‘ It is certain that we *will* fail ’, or ‘ I *would* try in vain to thank you ’.<sup>25</sup> We use adverbs adjectively, and adjectives as if they were adverbs ; we favor *ity* instead of *ness* in the terminations of abstract nouns ; and eschew the old Saxon comparison of adjectives for the ineffective prefixes *more* and *most*. The immediate effect of all this is bad enough, in that it fosters a disastrous dead pedantry of style towards which we are rapidly drifting. But the worst remains behind. The operation of such a culture tends constantly to widen the breach between our written and our spoken language, and to prevent the one from being at once a check upon, and a storehouse for, the other. If our written speech continues to be so stiff and unidiomatic, so empty of life and vigor, so devoid of ease and freedom, we shall never be able to get our children acquainted with it face to face, but must teach it to them like any other dead language, of which they can never acquire more than a hidebound, mummified sort of knowledge, such as the Eton boy gets of his Latin by force of birch, Mair’s Syntax, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum*. ‘ Pedantry ’, says Mr. De Quincey,<sup>26</sup> ‘ though it were unconscious pedantry, once steadily diffused through a nation as to the very moulds of its thinking, and the general tendencies of its expression, could not but stiffen the natural graces of composition and weave fetters about the free movement of human thought. This would interfere as effectually with our power of enjoying much that is excellent in our past literature, as it would with our future powers of producing.’ The bald *niaiserie*s and preposterous absurdities of our so-called humor-

rit of such words as *drink* at all, but formed one of their own, saying *I dranked*, *I have dranked*, &c. The double meaning of *drunk*, *drunken* may, however, have induced this attempt to avoid ambiguity.

<sup>24</sup> Brightland.

<sup>25</sup> Whitney.

<sup>26</sup> Essay on Style.

its, our Crocketts, Slicks, Downings, Wards, Dows, Billingses, &c., are practically no more than an echo caught from the popular protest and reaction against the crystallizing tendency of our written speech. These writers are received and entertained, because in their utterances the people seem to find at least a *simulacrum* of that colloquial ease and freedom which they cannot encounter elsewhere.

The quality of Americanisms is such that it makes open confession to the ignorance and incompetency of our writers and speakers. But no one dares to say so plainly ; for it is our democratic privilege to be ignorant, vulgar, incompetent, and still to make pretence of authorship. Mr. Elbert H. Smith, in his preface to that notable Epic from which we have already quoted such remarkable verses, takes pains to inform the reader that he 'has now in such a variety of styles something that will suit all tastes and classes. He [the author] might multiply reasons for the course he has taken in these respects, if it were deemed necessary, *He might say that Shakspeare did so. That this is a day of innovations on the learning of the past ; and as it was with the Israelites in early time, so has it become with us now—for in those days there was no king in the land, and every man did according to that which seemed right in his own eyes.*' And, therefore, Mr. Smith printed several hundred pages of ungrammatical nonsense, and demanded of us to recognize it as a 'national poem.' There was nobody to prohibit him from doing what Shakspeare did, nor any standard of speech he would acknowledge by which he might be sent to blush for his presumptuous folly and ignorance. We have no standard ; we have no authority save Noah Webster in his Dictionary, which, having been put together, as Edgar Poe once said, upon the plan of being '*plus Arabe qu'en Arabic*,'—of furnishing us a better English than English itself is,—instead of being a guide, is only an obstruction and a stumbling-block. And thus it happens that American Genius is very much in the plight of Mistress Anne Brandstreet's Muse, in which she says :

' My Muse unto a child I fitly may compare,  
Who sees the riches of some famous fair ;

He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,  
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks.'

Bad taste, ignorance, and conceit, our grievous sins, bring in their train an unmeasured harvest of literary wild oats. Our style, with rare exceptions, is a most tawdry instance of manner put above matter, in the preposterous fashion of him who should put up his steeple before he built his church. How much stage tinsel, what a quantity of artificial flowers, in our ornamental parts! How insanely fond we are of trick and clap-trap, caught all the time in our own shallow bird-lime, and eager to be caught again! How our orators fret and froth and fume over their 'sentiments', leaving all the substance of their arguments to perish unnursed! What true pains 'our distinguished writers' are at to make fools of themselves, capering in ridiculous motley and spangles, riding hobby-horses, and dancing like jugglers among eggs! What manufactories of conceit our colleges, our legislatures, our congresses, and our conventions are! What hot-beds of 'reverberating flatulancies' and impious cant our pulpits—what nurseries of bald opinion and inconsequent twaddle our newspapers! Invention of word and phrase is beprized and bepraised, but originality of thought is just simply lost from among us. Neologism is set high above precision, and he who can belch forth a smug aphorism neatly framed in a glittering conceit, may go and steal his ideas where he pleases. How admirably Royal Tyler, in one of his *Colon and Spondee* papers, has hit off our bards' and orators:

'Let loose thy epithets, those days of verse:  
Draw forth thy gorgeous sword of damask'd rhyme,  
And ride triumphant through Columbia's clime,  
Till sober letter'd sense shall dying smile,  
Before the mighty magic of thy style . . .  
Gods! how sublime shall Della Crusca rage,  
When all Niagara cataracts thy page! . . .  
Like some Colossus, stride the Atlantic o'er,  
A leg of genius place on either shore,  
Extend thy red right arm to either world;  
Be the proud standard of thy style unfurled;  
Proclaim thy sounding page from shore to shore,  
And swear that sense in verse shall be no more!'

<sup>27</sup> Address to Della Crusca.



In a literary point of view, we are certainly the most superficial people upon the face of the globe. Our poets are content to ring their changes between Tupper and Longfellow—small beer and panada—or to follow Smith who did as Shakspeare did. Such light coin, it may well be supposed, is capable of ringing many changes, but it always tinkles false. ‘Some things can be done as well as others’, our careless poets say, after Sam Patch, and then they shoot Niagara! ‘I much enjoy making poems’, naively confesses the typical American poet of the new Era,<sup>28</sup> ‘other work I have set for myself to do, to meet people and The States face to face, to confront them with an American rude tongue; but the work of my life is making poems. I keep on till I make a hundred, and then several hundred—perhaps a thousand. The way is clear to me.’ Beyond question, it should be so! Machinery of this sort, so glibly oiled, must have capacity to turn out this kind of ‘paper pellet’ with as much readiness and rapidity as other machinery turns out paper collars. It is a shocking evidence of the ingrained American superficiality, and of our contentedness with things taken at second-hand and upon hearsay, that even so admirable a writer and so conscientious a man as Washington Irving should have been willing to copy his life of Goldsmith out of Foster’s book, and to manufacture his Columbus out of the material stored up by Navarrete. The excellent Prescott’s Histories do not contain an ounce of original research, in spite of the tempting riches of record and monument shelved in Simanicas, or waiting to be examined in the libraries and museums of Europe. They are simply a skilful and highly wrought elaboration of ready-made material. As for Mr. Bancroft, our typical historian, we fear to speak our full thought of that Jack Bunshy vision, which gazes out right and left, with severe impartiality, upon American fact and American fiction, as ‘the mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea,—a look so remote, oblique, inconsequent, so fraught with all the Sphinx-mystery of stony’ staring, that it is absolutely impossible to identify it with the strident voice that sings such obstreper-

<sup>28</sup> Walt Whitman’s Letter to R. W. Emerson.



ous pæans, and is so hoarse with howling forth, in King Cambyses' vein, its dreary iteration of paradox.

We cannot better illustrate the vapidness and flimsy texture of the popular American style, than by instancing a specimen or two. Let us take, for example, a favorite paragraph out of one of the most admired orations of Mr. Charles Sumner, the foremost orator of New England, and

‘ A man in all the new world’s fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;  
One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.’

It is from his speech upon the Barbarism of War, a piece he has often spoken, and which finds a place in all the ‘ readers ’ that are sent out by the Boston book-makers : ‘ Let the bugles sound *The Truce of God* to the whole world forever ! Let the selfish boast of the Spartan woman become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy’s camp. Let the iron belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty ’. What a thin tissue of tawdry triteness all this is, made up of allusions hunted for in Lemprière,—and which have no force, since they are lost upon the mob, and are commonplace to the scholar,—and are scratched together with the anxious cackling eagerness of an old hen that has to make her nest as well as lay her egg. What orator, who feels the nobility of thought and speech expanding within him, was ever known to *chiffoner* thus among the rubbish of the past in search of the *insolens verbum* ? We say nothing in regard to the notion of a complete suit of raiment (except for an opera dancer) being found within the scanty circuit of a cestus ;—some latitude must always be allowed to figurative language ; and, moreover, we must not fail to remember that the Georgia Major deemed himself not only clothed and in his right mind, but equipt for a journey also, when his satchel contained a shirt collar and a pair of spurs.

Again, in one of Mr. Robert C. Winthrop’s orations occurs a passage which is put forward in all the elocution books as a pattern of American eloquence. It is upon the common Fourth

of July theme, the Grandeur of Our Institutions: 'Other nations may boast of their magnificent gems and monster diamonds. Our Kohhinoor is our common school system. This is our "mountain of light", not snatched, indeed, as a prize from a barbarous foe, nor destined to deck a royal brow, or irradiate a Crystal Palace; but whose pure and penetrating ray illumines every brow, and enlightens every mind, and cheers every heart and hearthstone in the land, and which supplies "ornaments of grace" unto the head, and chains upon the necks, of every son and daughter of mankind'. How irremediably clumsy all this is in its feeble conceit, hauled in neck and crop, like a drowned puppy out of a mili-pond—its flimsy ornaments—its weak, ungainly, sprawling construction! The word *irradiate* is not properly used; *but whose*, and *which*, stand about like bashful school boys at a girls' ball; and a feeble sort of ambiguity along down the entire paragraph. These two passages, nevertheless, are from classical orations of our most cultivated speakers, deliberately prepared, and carefully elaborated. Compare them with the current oratory of England, with Trench, Milman, Gladstone, Newman—but no! we will not compare them!

R. W. Emerson, 'the great American philosopher' (and the only one, thank Heaven!) has received much more praise for his original thought and his brilliant style, than for the texture of his argument, and the logic of his conceptions. Of his originality we cannot speak, having no reading in the literatures of the Zend people, nor of Boodha and Brama, but we cannot agree with those who hold his style in such unmeasured admiration. Certainly, it is crisp, pungent, much more idiomatic than the general; it has force, warmth, color, and many qualities of graphic expression; and it is generally condensed, sometimes graceful. But, with these excellences, it conjoins many defects; it is marred by many inaccuracies in the use of the particles, such as a clear thinker would not be guilty of; it is frequently ambiguous and obscure, even where his object is plain and the thought to be conveyed not difficult; it often pieces out the golden statue with feet of clay; is neglectful of rhythm, and injudicious in the employment of qualitatives.

But the writer who is supposed now-a-days to express most clearly and originally the texture of American thought is Mr. Walt Whitman, and we cannot speak of Americanisms without giving a specimen from his luminous<sup>29</sup> pages. It is rather difficult to make a selection from these poems;<sup>30</sup> for the author has as marked a proclivity for filth as the drug beetle has for ordure, and his most ordinary themes are treated with a nastiness that would have made Petronius blush and Martial hang his head. However, we have culled a passage or two, that may pass muster :

‘ Who goes there ! hankering, gross, mystic, nude ?  
 How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat ?  
 What is a man any how ? What am I ? What are you ? . . .  
 I do not snivel that snivel the world over,  
 That mouths are vacuums, and the ground but wallow and filth,  
 That life is a suck and a sell, and nothing remains at the end  
                   but threadbare crape and tears.  
 Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for invalids, conformity  
                   goes to the fourth-removed ;  
 I cock my hat as I please, indoors and out . . .  
 . . . I know I am deathless,  
 I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter’s compass,  
 I know I shall not pass like a child’s carlicue cut with a burnt stick at night, . . .  
 . . . My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite,  
 I laugh at what you call dissolution,  
 And I know the amplitude of time.  
 The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me,  
 The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into  
                   a new tongue.  
 I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,  
 And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,  
 And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.  
 I chant the chant of dilation or pride,  
 We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,  
 I show that size is only development. . . .  
 . . . I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,  
 I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.  
 Press closer, bare-bosomed night ! press close, magnetic, nourishing night !  
 Night of the South winds ! night of the large few stars !  
 Still, nodding night ! mad naked Summer night !  
 Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed earth !  
 Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees !

<sup>29</sup> ‘ luminous ’ as spoilt fish are so : ‘ shining and stinking.’ <sup>30</sup> *Leaves of Grass.*

Earth of departed sunset ! earth of the mountain, misty-topt !  
Earth of the vitreous hour of the full moon, just tinged with blue !  
Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river !  
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds, brighter and clearer for my sake !  
Far-swooping, elbowed earth ! rich, apple-blossomed earth !  
Smile, for your lover comes !

Now, unquestionably, portions of this has great power and tenderness, contain a real and genuine poetry, of a very high order, original thought, and a flush of young imagination. But, aside from the bad grammar, the unbridled license of speech, and taking into no account this vicious animal's bad heart and ribald tongue, what a rough, reckless thing this passage is—the purest, perhaps, and most admirable, of all that he has written ! Yet, this is the poetry of the future,—the culmination of American culture !

In a succeeding article we shall endeavor to set forth the causes of this deterioration of our speech, and show how Walt Whitman became, not only a possible, but an actual hideous Americanism.

ART. III.—1. *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By James Cowles Pichard, M. D. London. 1841.

2. *The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races.* By Count A. De Gobineau. From the French, with an Analytical Introduction and copious historical notes, by H. Hotz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

The use of the expression 'Latin Races' has often been objected to as the invention of Louis Napoleon; but the writer of the *Life of Cæsar* no doubt knew quite as well as his critics, that the countries of the Spanish tongue belong by no means to one nationality, and that the aboriginal Indian element plays there a no less important rôle than the numerous mongrel types. But whether it is really one of the famous *idées Napoléennes* or not, we hold the expression to be perfectly legitimate; for the Latin element alone,—however small it may now be in those lands, however little it may be understood to modify the aborigines of the country,—it still represents there the superior culture and intelligence, and has stamped such an uniformity upon all, that those who study the political institutions of any of the Spanish Republics, will find, with few exceptions, in each of them, the same events, the same tendencies, and the same train of ideas. In brief, if we desired to find a general characteristic, there would be no alternative but to elect between the Indian and the Latin races; the latter of whom, however, occupies a decidedly higher rank than the former, and supplies even at the present day, in spite of its moral deterioration, most of the leading thoughts and measures.

But before we undertake to present a connected, though concise, outline of the events which have taken place in the Spanish American States during the last years, it behooves us to point out the causes which have led to the decay of regions so lavishly endowed by nature. The description of the events.

which follow will thus be more readily understood, and furnish an illustration to the statements which precede them. This arrangement will also enable every intelligent reader to draw his own inferences.

How much nations depend, often unconsciously, in their views, rights, mental and physical modes of life, on the light and the air, on the soil and the vegetable kingdom, on the climatical as well as the geognical conditions of their home, has been admirably shown by Buckle in his *History of Civilization in England*. But it is not these external influences alone, which exert an irresistible influence on men and peoples: the relations of race, especially the admixture of blood, which entails a peculiar disposition and capacity on men, are factors no less important in the life of nations. If to-day we no longer content ourselves with fragmental histories, but seek to pierce the mysterious darkness of causes and their often slowly ripening effects; if we desire to trace the invisible threads of the human emotions to their converging point, and finally extract from the study of history those philosophic conclusions which enable us to judge intelligently of present events;—then we must decompose, ethnologically, the several political bodies into their various ethnical parts, and ascertain how far they attract or repel each other, how far their alternating influences effect their social and political developement.

Without special reference to America, it may be boldly asserted that, as the science of political economy has, in spite of its comparative youth, forced its way into the front rank of the studies indispensable to the statesman,—because without it a correct understanding of liberty is no more possible than the existence of good government without a proper understanding of a people's wants,—so ethnology will shortly occupy a similar rank, since it in many respects, not only supplements the politico-economical conditions, but furnishes the basis for them. Ethnology is therefore a political science; and, claiming this distinction in its behalf, we only express what every reflecting statesman must long have seen and felt. Nor is there any special necessity to go to America to learn this lesson. The admixture of various races and nationalities, frequently under

the same political system, has made ethnology an equally indispensable study in Europe.

The lessons taught by ethnology,—as far as they can be considered settled,—taken in connection with those of history, are however so incisive, cruel, and destructive, that the humanitarians by profession, the numerous genial philanthropists, the men of principle, the ideal dreamers, and all those who affect fine sounding phrases and big words, will probably long repudiate their irrefutable truths, and endeavor to explain them away. But neither they, nor the political parties whose leaders have adopted the equality of race as their battle-cry, can expect to succeed therein. High above sects and parties soar the iron, unchangeable laws of nature, the existence of which can be as little discredited by the denials of the benighted, as the silvery light of the moon is affected by the barking of a dog. Only by consulting ethnology and its laws, can history really become the teacher of mankind. To-day, when the natural philosophical view of the world gains ground more and more, when the metaphysical fits less and less into the frame of our knowledge, when science is stripped more and more of the supernatural, and when the products of investigation in the most diverse fields combine to explain and solve in a natural manner the problems of the physical and intellectual life of individuals and nations,—the manifestations of the macrocosm of the brain's activity,—to-day, we repeat, it is time to meet the negative lessons of history with the same accurate knowledge as the positive ones. History preserves equally the sad story of human errors in what it discloses, as in what it passes over in silence. What is done and what is left undone, must both be taken into account, if history is to be the teacher of mankind. An idea is not to be regarded as objectionable and useless, merely because it has remained partly unexecuted, or has partly miscarried in execution; as little should an idea pass for true, merely because it has happened to be successful. In history, repeated efforts, at different times, have more than once effected what had miscarried at first. When Galileo was compelled to recant his theory of the solar system, the priest-ridden world thought it perfectly right; and the powerful, arbitrary, yet often mistaken, public



opinion of our own day is also found at times arrayed in bitter opposition to the greatest truths of the age.

In America also lies buried a piece of human error. Here also some of the most enlightened and progressive minds have been strangely blind to laws which they should have respected, and all the more because it was out of their power to change them. In the political organization of Latin America not the slightest attention was paid to the ethnological requirements, to the diverse, complicated relations of race, and a state of things was thus brought about which will not soon, if ever, be replaced by a better. The ethnological laws, which were chiefly ignored, may be summed up in a few words; and as the ethnologist has long since ceased to question their correctness, we state them without further explanation and proof, as follows: Man is no cosmopolite; like the plant and the animal, each species of the human family is restricted to certain localities, beyond the limits of which it can only be acclimatized and thrive under the same physical conditions as those to which it had been previously accustomed. Like the plant, man suffers, however, even then, many physical and moral changes, that lead him to differ materially from the parent stock. Transplanted to localities varying in their more essential characteristics from the place of his nativity, he perishes, though he may, according to circumstances, languish on for a longer or shorter period in a state of moral deterioration. The Darwinian struggle for existence, and all its consequences, find the fullest application in ethnology. The inequality of the human races is indisputable. The pseudo-philanthropist and visionary may insist upon the equality of the lower and the higher races of man, and place them on the same level; but these experiments have everywhere resulted in misery, bloodshed, and strife. Here and there trifling modifications have occurred in the course of centuries; but, as a whole, the characters of cultivated and barbarous peoples still remain at this day precisely what they were thousands of years ago. The extent of such changes as have been noted is immaterial, and has never yet sufficed to raise an inferior race permanently into a higher category. It is therefore a grave mistake to believe that it will ever be pos-



sible to educate a lower race beyond a certain stage ; for nature herself has denied to it, not only the physical structure, but the mental capacity, therefor. Under equally favorable climatical and local conditions, the superior race unfailingly supersedes the inferior ; for the contact with the culture of the former is deadly poison to the latter. All the efforts made to render an inferior race accessible for the reception of a higher culture only serve to accelerate its doom. An admixture of two unequal races is therefore a cancer, an unpardonable sin against mankind and against nature, which has launched an ever flaming curse on all such connections ; inasmuch as she lets the mongrels invariably inherit all the vices and evil traits of both races, and rarely, or never, any of the good. Nature absolutely disallows the adulteration of blood ; and herein she shows herself to be an aristocrat of the purest water. Every violation of these laws she visits in the most condign and pitiless manner.

Let us now examine how the Latin races have acted in reference to this natural code ; and endeavor to place, even though only in a superficial manner, the history of their more recent past upon this scientific foundation.

Owing to the abortive attempt lately made to redeem there the Latin element, Mexico has unquestionably excited, in modern times, the greatest interest among all the Spanish American States. The eventful episode of the Maximilian empire is, perhaps, too recent and familiar to require here a detailed recapitulation. At the same time we must occupy our attention with the country itself ; because the number of its population alone constitutes it the leading representative of the Latin races on this Continent. Mexico is a large, powerful empire, favored by nature like no other in America ; but to what account have its people thus far turned these superior advantages ? The answer which every foreigner acquainted with the land will return is—positively none ; the Mexicans have not even utilized the thousandth part of the blessings which Providence has so prodigally showered upon them. The emperor Maximilian might have turned the resources of the country to some account. He certainly possessed the necessary intellectual qualifications, and the disposition to use them for the public good ; but even

had he not perished so early in such a tragic and bloody manner, the Mexicans would probably have become tired of him in the long run, and removed him out of their way by the assassin's dagger. Such, at least, is the conviction of Gerstacker, the distinguished German author and traveller, who visited Mexico a few months after the bloody tragedy at Queretero, and the collapse of the empire. What he says is unhappily but too true. Through half a century of anarchy the cry for Liberty has reverberated far and loud among the Mexican people; but it is a mere pretence, a sham, a cloak, under which they conceal the basest passions. Those who are familiar with the state of the country understand, therefore, the value of this cry for Liberty, not only in Mexico, but in all the rest of the Spanish American Republics. In fact, the people, no less than the government, have long sinned against the laws of ethnology, and they suffer now merely the punishment due to their crime.

If we turn to the piebald population of modern Mexico, with its eight millions of souls, we discover them to consist of 5,000,000 Indians, 2,100,000 mongrels, 1,000,000 whites, (creoles), and about 6,000 negroes. These figures are, of course, only proximately correct; for no regular census appears ever to have been taken in that country. The Indian aborigines constitute, therefore, fully five-eighths of the Mexicans. The creoles are only one-eighth, and even of this portion, whatever it may claim to be, hardly more than one-third is of pure white descent. With the example of the United States before us, where the whites steadily supersede the red man, the same rule has been assumed to govern in Mexico, though there the situation is exactly the reverse. The higher types of the white race, being so numerically few in Mexico, it is the superior, and not the inferior race, which is decomposed and absorbed by the former. Ethnology teaches that man is no cosmopolite, and to the Caucasian the climatic and other conditions in South America are in the same degree unfavorable to him, as they are favorable in North America. The consequence is obvious: in Mexico, as wherever else nature has drawn the impassable lines, the white race has morally and physically retrograded. One of the most profound living ethnologists illustrates the pernicious

ous results which amalgamation produces on the moral and intellectual character of a people by reference to the so-called scientific works published in Spanish America. Not that he denies to Mexico, Peru, Chili, and so forth, the possession of cultivated and even learned men; but he maintains that all their writings display a certain jejune spirit, which bears rather the impress of senility than of promising youth. 'Questions', remarks our authority, 'are still being seriously discussed among South American scholars, which have long since been considered settled in Europe, and even the most profound treatises abound in explanations that betray the want of everything resembling an elementary knowledge on the part of the reading public.'

If experience be worth anything, no fact seems more firmly established than that Indians, negroes, and mongrels, can never become the representatives of civilization. Wherever inferior races make up the bulk of a people, they steadily multiply. In Mexico, for instance, the Indian is the agriculturalist. He leads a settled, plodding life, the very opposite of that led by the Indian nomads and hunters of the United States, who disappear in masses before the fatal European culture. On the other hand, it is the white race which disappears, though more slowly, in Mexico and Central America; and with its decrease the hopes of progress and culture become less. The natural instinct of the Indians has never suffered the whites—even were they as adapted for it as they are not—to secure a permanent mental preponderance over them. And yet the Indian himself instinctively recognizes the higher endowment of the white man: 'no somos gente de razou', says he naively: but his own intelligence is by no means a low one: only it is of a peculiar kind, and has a peculiar direction. The Indian is a being differently constituted by nature, his mental evolutions are not the same as ours; he thinks, feels, simulates, and reasons, not like ourselves; in the recesses of his soul slumbers something which we lack; we should not, therefore, measure him by our own standard, for it is impossible in his case. The Indian is *sui generis*, withal fully conscious of his position, which he nevertheless likes. He desires to know nothing of the culture

which the whites offer, even seek to thrust upon him; all he asks is to retain the right to execrate and curse them for the untold sum of misery which they have compelled him to endure. He wishes to remain an Indian—wholly and fully—not to abate one jot of his hatred for the foes of his race. How much reason he has for this inextinguishable hatred will readily be comprehended by all those who are not entirely ignorant of the history of the remarkable Aztec race. If we add to this the cruelty inherent in the Indian character, no one will wonder that after the ægis of Liberty had replaced the Spanish yoke, the struggle of races should have led to that war between barbarism and civilization, which found a suitable pretext in the war of independence between the tyranny of republicanism and the monarchy. The Indian character has, therefore, always formed an important element in all the civil disturbances of Mexico.

Coming to the mongrels,—this pestilential ulcer in all the States of South America,—we find the laws of ethnology vindicated in the most unmistakable manner. As the great differences between the various branches of the human family are not the result of accident or outward influences, but radical and immanent—because they are rooted in the deepest aboriginal peculiarities of the races—every admixture of blood between races separated by nature herself invariably produces evil consequences, and entails the absorption of one race by the other. The ‘prejudice of color’ is no prejudice at all; but, on the contrary, a very proper, valuable, and natural instinct, whose violation nature always avenges. The people of color evidently feel this themselves. Like the Indian, they are also sensible of their own inferiority, and show it in America,—in the United States as well as in Brazil,—by aspiring to be taken for whites. It is this piebald Mexican rabble which has drawn upon the whole people the reproach of being a nation of thieves, robbers, and cut-throats, opprobiums which the cultivated and intelligent among them are obliged to accept in conscious humiliation. Our own views on this subject have been so admirably expressed by Dr. Bastian, the distinguished Swedish ethnologist, that we cannot refrain from quoting his very words:

‘The farmer who appreciates the value of crossing breeds will only resort to it as a means of improving his stock: but the storms of historical changes often forcibly effect a cross between hostile elements whence spring these mixed peoples, who either rapidly perish in the struggle for existence, or disappear again after an ephemeral life. . . . But it is altogether different where strange heterogeneous elements are thrown suddenly together, as the Spaniard with the Indian in Mexico and South America, or the Anglo-Saxon with the African negro in the United States. We may then predict with certainty from principles which are as firmly established in ethnology as those of stoichismetry in chemistry, that the result will be an abortion, and the sickly existence of the Mulattoes in North America, and that of the Mertigoes in Mexico, furnishes sad evidence of this truth.’

After these explanations, it will be easy to discover a clue to the bewildering, blood-stained labyrinth of Mexican history. By an unrestrained mixture of races the whole people has become demoralized and debased. The Latin race approaches its doom. With the Indian nothing can be done, for he is in this respect even less impressible than the negro, who stands below him in natural capacity; while the Mertigo, who holds a place between the two types, only renders the contrast still more glaring. Thus the antagonisms of race meet in Mexico, and the result is endless anarchy. The interests of race have there assumed a political coloring; human rights and other abstract questions have been put in issue; the sacred name of Liberty has been invoked while tyranny was the aim; all parties having strayed from the moral basis, the struggle soon ceased to be one for the ideal good; and who should rule, or who should obey, became the real object of this gigantic decomposition process. The people, duped by the cry of Liberty, at first rallied eagerly round the banners of the pretended popular leaders; but, discovering that patriotism and freedom were to them empty sounds, and enslaved by those whom they had hailed as liberators, they lost all faith in themselves, and made their coöperation contingent on the greater gratification of their physical wants, on money. The countersign of the Conserva-

tives was the retention of power and the wealth amassed at the expense of the people ; the watchword of the Liberals was to deprive the Conservatives of office and to amass riches for themselves. In this way, the struggle surged for years in this caricature of a Republic. The Liberals knew of Liberty little more than the Conservatives. Like their opponents, they impoverished the land, plundered, robbed, and murdered, when the helm of State was in their hands. With the Liberal party in the United States and Europe, the Mexican Liberals had nothing in common, save a predilection for fine phrases, big words, lavish professions, and visionary, never-to-be-realized aims. They were a most pitiful set, incapable of effecting the least actual improvement in public affairs, and no more choice in their means of attaining their ends than the calumniated Conservatives. It has been the curse of Liberalism in all places and all times, that it never was really liberal, and was ever betrayed into the very faults and excesses of its enemies, and that, too, in an exaggerated form. The French Revolution, the cradle of modern Liberty, with its Reign of Terror, set an unlucky example in this respect, which has found, though in a milder degree, imitators nearly everywhere. The impartial historian, bearing aloft the torch of truth, will always see in Liberty the great end and aim of mankind ; but it must touch him painfully that the so-called liberal, or radical party, should have contributed so much by its own incapacity and shortcomings to retard the era of true freedom. He will have to launch his anathema no less at many of its means, than at the numerous pretenders and hypocrites who have used the hallowed name of Liberty as a mere stepping-stone to place, and power, and riches. And, verily, few of those who have risen in the world have upheld the banner of their former principles. In Mexico none have done so. Torn by decentralization—nowhere applied to a worse purpose than there—into single, nearly independent States, the wide field thus opened to ambition and the worst human passions ruined the few more honest political characters in Mexico. That under circumstances like these no material, lasting progress, was possible, is self-evident. The days of every successive government were numbered beforehand

through its helpless condition; especially through that want in the means of interior communication which has made the rich Mexico poor,—a want which has placed famine by the side of superfluity, and profound peace by the side of a chronic guerilla warfare. An enlightened Liberal, a friend of Juarez Don Robes Pezuele, openly confesses that this want of communication, and the consequent perpetual financial embarrassment, are the main causes of the failure of all Mexican administrations.

Then came the Empire. Had a monarchy under these circumstances been ever so unsatisfactory, it would still have been relatively the best agent of civilization. The principles which the empire represented under another name had long constituted the hinge of the Mexican troubles, and did, therefore, not furnish the nation with a new apple of discord. The old feuds were merely to be fought out under another form,—the monarchy against the Republic. The empire was, however, an ethnological problem, the first serious attempt to reconcile the abrupt antagonisms of race in the land. But there was nothing to reconcile in Mexico, because the obstacles to be removed were, and are, natural, not artificial. The empire was thus *a priori* deprived of its foundation, and had consequently to fall as it did, leaving us only to deplore that this fall should have involved the loss of a life more precious than the lives of many of those admired champions of freedom, who have made this unhappy country what it now is.

Once more a Republic, Mexico must have found it rather humiliating to continue the work on foundations which the empire had laid. Juarez, an educated Indian, despised and hated by his own race for his league with the whites, but regarded abroad as a patriot, whose much praised persistence, as shown in his own acts, is really nothing more than an unappeasable lust of power, had never dared, while at the head of the liberal party, to abolish the peonage, a system of servitude whose iniquity was well known to him. On the contrary, he quietly suffered the evil to flourish, thus clearly exposing the economical ignorance, hypocrisy, egotism, and the corruption of his own party. It was the empire which dealt the first blow at the root



of this species of slavery; and which forced a Republican Congress afterwards to advance in the same direction. Many other laws of Maximilian were also retained, with some unimportant modifications; but otherwise matters remained as they had been before; the guerrilla warfare continued, though perhaps not on the same extensive scale; the construction of railroads retrograded rather than progressed; the old complaints were heard in every part of the country; trade and industry still languished; the Republican bayonets of Juarez played the same part in the popular elections as that for which the French had been so execrated; the fatal policy of levying indirect taxes, the barbarism of domestic custom duties, were not only not lightened, but made more oppressive; ministerial crises broke out just as they had done before; the revenue, in spite of cocked-up budgets, kept on falling short of the expenditure; and of the main desideratum—Liberty—there was neither more nor less than under the empire. Indeed, more would have been of no use, for the cultivated Spanish population itself has yet to learn that the progress of political freedom is synonymous with the increase of individual labor.

What is the future of such a people likely to be? Ethnology predicts with certainty the total destruction of the Latin element in it. Unless absorbed by the United States, the time is not far distant when the red man will recover his former ascendancy in Mexico; and a new Aztec empire may spring up, in which the whites will be but few in number.

We have dwelt at some length on the condition of Mexico; because this country is generally considered to rank highest in intelligence and culture among all the Spanish-American States. From the gloomy picture there presented, a sufficient inference may be drawn respecting the remaining pseudo-Republics of Central America. It seems to be their tragic fate, that they can neither live in a state of rational freedom, nor die under the crushing despotism so often established over them by ambitious military chieftains. Unfit alike to live and to die, each of these countries drags out the existence of Ahasueras,—a revolting spectacle of political impotence and moral decay. Just in that part of the Western hemisphere where nature unfolds her most



lavish luxuriance, where the stately palm towers to the skies, where the mightiest waters flow down to the sea, where the Andes rear their heads in surpassing majesty and loveliness,—where all,

‘Save the spirit of man is divine’,—

there man appears the least worthy of his high destiny. Society, in those singularly favored regions, is ruled partly by a listless yielding to brute force, to unrestrained passions, or a blind, unreasoning impulse. Anarchy is the law, or rather the wild force, by which entire communities are there ruled. The difference between the lawlessness which forms a distinguishing feature in the political and social life of these societies, is merely one of degree,—only the marking of the longer or shorter pauses between the disturbances in the higher spheres. Every sign plainly indicates that Mexico, Ecuador, Bolivia, Columbia, and the other South American Republics, are destined to split into small independent States, similar to those of Central America. Petty commonwealths, like those of San Salvador and Costa Rica, with petty populations and petty territories, seem still to thrive best; though they lack the capacity of resisting the mighty Anglo-Saxon wave which is steadily setting in their direction. Indeed, Clio may already be said to have written on the page of the world’s history, with unerring pen and indistinct characters, the future fate of these South American Republics. They will have to give way before the stronger and more energetic race of the North; and fall as surely and completely, if less bloodily and barbarously, as the feeble Indian communities succumbed before the Spanish invaders three and a half centuries ago. From the day on which Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, crossing the Isthmus Cordillera of Darien, discovered the Pacific, and thereby opened the door to the heroic marauders who followed the fortunes of his companion, Ferran Pizarro, a curse, which will never again be taken off, has rested on those blood-drenched hands. Nowhere have the evil seeds sown by wicked deeds borne such terrible fruits. The wanton and barbarous destruction of all domestic culture, the cruel persecution of the more intelligent natives, the relentless fanaticism with which the Spanish priests hounded their dusky colleagues even

unto the stake, the arrogant intolerance and religious bigotry,—the entire system, in short, enforced both at home and abroad, with an iron hand by the Castilian rulers, from the great First Izabella of the fifteenth century down to the petty Second Izabella lately dethroned,—all this has inoculated the Spanish Creoles and Mestizos with traits that would render them, even without any other causes, unfit for self-government and political progress.

We propose to treat the other Latin-American States more briefly,—only snatching here and there a useful hint, not merely to show that the foregoing picture has not been too highly colored, but that in these communities the laws of nature have also been criminally violated by man.

With the exception of the Antilles, where Hayti and Jamaica present sad examples of the unfitness of the black race for culture, most of the Central and South American States on the Continent have escaped the negro plague. But notwithstanding this decided advantage over the United States, they have remained so far behind them in intellectual development that their history is one tissue of bloodshed, crime, and violence.

At the time of the Conquest, America was exclusively inhabited by the so-called red man,—the aborigine, an original species, particularly with reference to the scale of his intelligence, whose existence dates back to times immemorial. This primeval American had then probably already attained the height of that civilization, which he is generally capable of reaching by natural disposition and capacities. Though one hundred millions may be too high an estimate of the number of Indians who lived in America on its discovery by Columbus, the present estimate of about thirteen millions present a striking contrast with whatever less the original figure may have been. But in spite of this immense decrease, it is the Indian who now has decidedly the preponderance in the population of the five Central American Republics; and there, as in Mexico, he continues rapidly to increase. The statistics still differ; for while some estimate the total population of Central America at not quite two millions of souls, others compute it at 2,108,000 but all agree that the white element constitutes there an insig-

nificant minority, the average proportions being as follows: whites five or six per cent.; mongrels thirty-eight per cent.; Indians fifty-six per cent.; and negroes not quite one per cent. According to this computation, the relative per centage of the Indians would be nearly the same in Central America and Mexico; while the per centage of the whites would be less. But even these figures, so adverse to the whites, would still be considerably reduced by a closer scrutiny into their per centage. Herein, as we have already endeavored to show, the key to the chronic disturbances and civil wars which have afflicted these regions, must be sought. Under the colonial *regime* of Spain there could naturally have been no thought of preparing and training the people for republican institutions; and, when the separation from the mother country came, it was equally natural that only very few should desire a form of government of which they knew little, or nothing. It was therefore not until Central American independence had been firmly established, that the idea of a Republic, after the pattern of our union, was seriously entertained, and then began the discussion and the strife which have continued down to the present day. Here we see again, as in the case of Mexico, how easily an idea, good in itself, may lead to the ruin of peoples and States. Republican institutions, which exhibited such a vitality in North America, languished in the countries of the Latin race, entailed untold misery and suffering upon them, and when, at some future period, the good which the Anglo-Saxon race has done on the one side, and the evil which it has inflicted on the Latin and the native races grouped around it in the new world on the other, are weighed, the scales will, we fear, incline only very little, if at all, in favor of the former. The verdict might, of course, be different, were we to abandon the philosophical standpoint, and look upon all the bloodshed, all the anarchy, carnage, and even the injury to civilization, as a price which we can afford to pay for 'the triumph of an idea'. In fact, here also were two principles, or ideas, arrayed in deadly antagonism:—on the one side was a powerful aristocracy leagued with the higher clergy; on the other, the enthusiasts of an abstract freedom, who desired a Republic in opposition to the moral and

intellectual tyranny exercised by the heads of the church, and the education of the masses wilfully neglected by the leaders of the aristocracy and the clergy. These two parties were respectively known as Serviles and Liberals; and had they represented a civilized people, we should not be at a loss with which of them to sympathize. But in Central America the people were unhappily not a civilized people. At first, the great bulk, the Indians, who number 1,300,000 in a population of 2,000,000, regarded the two opposing political parties with a helpless apathy. In other words, they simply looked on, while about one hundred thousand whites quarrelled among themselves as to which faction should rule the 1,300,000 Indians; who were, perhaps, no more disposed to wear the yoke of the Serviles than to accept the pretended freedom of the Liberals, but who might of all things have preferred to expel and exterminate both. And though both parties, reinforced by the Indian element, fought in the commencement solely for power, the contest was finally changed into one of extermination; for it soon became evident that no compromise or reconciliation between such antagonisms was possible. Such contests have no redeeming feature; and the parties concerned in them all deserve equal execration. Even where the higher moral idea triumphs in the end, the victory is generally purchased too dearly; for it leaves civilization at a lower stage than it was before. The moral gain,—the sense to appreciate which both parties usually lose during the struggle,—then balances so much less the material losses, because they must be largely won at the expense of morality and culture. In Central America also, we find that while the Serviles did not recoil from treason and murder, the Liberals were notorious for venality, moral cowardice, and a want of intelligence, which made their best measures short sighted and impracticable.

There can be no doubt that the Serviles had originally been in favor of an independent monarchy. Their scheme was to establish a Central American kingdom, embracing all the lands which had formed a part of the former Captain-Generalcy of Guatemala; and it is highly probable that the people would have been happier and more prosperous under such a system of

those States; namely, the utter hopelessness of always reconciling the outward form with the inner life of a people. Considerable time elapsed after their independence in 1821, before the actual condition of the country was fully revealed; but what this condition must have been may be sufficiently inferred from the fact, that in the year 1846 *no less than three hundred and sixty-nine individuals could be enumerated who had exercised supreme power over the two millions of inhabitants in these Central American States.* Even at the present day, the aspect of affairs in those regions is quite discouraging. A few men have there succeeded finally in obtaining a firm grasp on power, and reduced the people to quiet and order. But even in these exceptional cases facts must be attested, which are sad to hear, not only for every lover of republican principles, but also for every friend of human progress. Thus, in Guatemala, one of the largest of the five Republics of Central America, Rafael Carrera, a Mestizo, originally a cattle drover, has risen to supreme authority in the State. In contradistinction to Juarez, Carrera adheres strictly to conservative ideas, and has through their instrumentality bestowed on his land that peace and security which Juarez still vainly promises to his admirers and sympathizers. Since 1852, the year in which Carrera was proclaimed President, he has, what is almost unprecedented in Spanish America, maintained himself in office without any serious domestic opposition. Yet, Carrera is an illiterate, coarse, and arbitrary person. As President for life, he is virtually an autocrat. Having at first expelled the Jesuits and confiscated their property, on the ground that they were the enemies of civil liberty, he subsequently recalled them; and, under this 'priestly rule'—strange as it may seem—there is actually more security of person and property, than in any of the other Central American States. There, as in Mexico, and in spite of some exceptions, the lower clergy are the only protectors and educators of the people, especially of the Indians. Upon the whole, it must therefore be admitted that Carrera has judged the character of a people, two-thirds Indian, correctly. Instead of forcing upon them a culture for which, as a race, they were unprepared, if not actually unsuited, he leads them naturally

and by degrees to such a culture as they are capable of attaining.

While the remaining States of Central America—Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador—were involved in incessant domestic broils, and only periodically enjoyed a sullen tranquility under energetic despots, like Santos Guardiola and Barrios. Costa Rica developed quite differently in a normal way. Although not entirely exempt from civil wars and domestic troubles, it has undoubtedly made the greatest progress of all the Central American States, and pursued at the same time a thoroughly liberal policy. In brief, Costa Rica may be regarded as having achieved under republican institutions as much, if not more, than Guatemala has under a clerical and military despotism. Nor does this admission involve a contradiction of our theory, as, on closer investigation, will be clearly seen. Costa Rica is beholden for its superior progress chiefly to two causes: first, to the isolated position of the country, which has enabled it to keep aloof from the fruitless wars of Confederations among the other States; secondly, to the preponderance of the Spanish element. Of its 150,000 population, only 7,000 are Indians, 10,000 mongrels, and 1,000 free negroes; the whites being 88 per cent. Under these circumstances, it is conceivable that the seed of freedom should have taken root in the soil; for no strange antagonistic elements existed there in sufficient quantities to blight it. President Juan Rafael Mora, who deserved the gratitude of the Costa Rica republic for his long and able administration, has however met the fate which befalls nearly all those who do good in Spanish America,—death by powder and lead. Liberal institutions do not appear as yet to have advanced so far, the appreciation of freedom has not yet become so general, in Costa Rica, that its fundamental principles should not be occasionally violated.

The above sketch shows conclusively, however, that the several political systems, unless they are brought into the closest harmony with the higher laws of ethnology, will alternately result in good or evil.

It would appear like carrying owls to Athens, were we to attempt to cast a comprehensive glance into the history, devel-



opment, and condition of the South American States. In their grand total we would find the same convulsive party struggles, the same sanguinary civil wars, the same moral abasement, and also the same motors, as in the other Republics of Latin America already passed under review. The names of the leading actors differ,—but that is all. Three of these States can, however, not be well passed over in silence, and these are Chili, Paraguay, and Brazil.

The fact that of all the Spanish-American Republics Chili is the one where the greatest progress has been made, where consequently the greatest order and security prevail, and where the name of Liberty is not altogether a mockery, appears so generally admitted, that it is often used as an argument to prove that a republican form of government does not necessarily preclude the existence of a real prosperity in Latin-American countries. Irrespective of the circumstance, that no sensible man would think of disputing this fact in the abstract, a closer investigation will show that the causes to which the prosperity of Chili is mainly due are essentially the same as in Costa Rica. First, the isolated position of the country, which, separated by the high wall of the Cordilleras from the Eastern pampa region, extends in a long narrow strip along the sea coast; secondly, the decided preponderance of the white element in the population. Though the official census of Chili (this is the only Latin Republic which has ascertained its population by a real, statistically laid out plan of enumeration) seeks to avoid all occasion for jealousies of race by dividing the inhabitants only into natives and foreigners, it is well known that the governing white race not only greatly preponderates, but that among the present mixed population of white and Indian parentage the Caucasian blood predominates; and is getting still more the preponderance, because the number of pure-blooded Indians has largely decreased in many parts of the country since the conquest, while most of the aboriginal tribes had perished before their emancipation. At the same time, the number of negroes and mulattoes is very small, and is not entitled to be seriously considered in comparison with the other races. As everywhere else in America, so also in Chili, the key to its prosperity

is found in those ethnological and geographical conditions, which lay far beyond the vision of our idealizing, political theorists. But while we may safely venture on a favorable prognosis for the future of the Chilean State, it would be a grave mistake to put Chili already now on a level with the other cultivated States of the world. There remains much more to be done for its culture; for though this is far in advance of that of the other Latin republics, it is, nevertheless, a comparatively low one. Those who will take the trouble to examine the '*Quales de la Universidad de Chili*', the most learned institute in the land, will easily discover this, and a *savan* well known in European circles, Dr. Rudolph Phillipi, of Santiago, who has resided many years in Chili, confesses that he meets with no coöperation whatever in his studies for a history of his adopted country. Matters in Chili are yet far from what they might, or should be; though there exists at least a possibility of improvement, a compliment which cannot be paid to the majority of the other Spanish Republics,—such, for instance, as Mexico.

One of the most remarkable countries, not only in America, but in the whole world, is, or rather was, the Republic of Paraguay. Let us here observe at once that we propose in the following remarks entirely to ignore, as foreign to our present argument, the late war with the allied States of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine provinces.

Paraguay, lying like a South American Mesopotamia between the Paraguay and the Parana rivers, contains about 4,000 square miles, with a population of, say, a million of souls. Of these 718 are Guerani Indians, and one-eighth whites. The proportion of negroes and mongrels is nearly zero. Demesay and Dr. Andree further state in this connection that the pure white element, always small, has become smaller still since Francia's day. The fact that the language in daily use is the Guerani, and that scarcely one-tenth of the Paraguayans understand Spanish, sufficiently indicates the homogeneous character of the population.

The Jesuits, for two centuries masters of the country, and the only missionaries who had any knowledge of ethnology,



achieved much good in their way; though they are indebted for the leading features of their policy to the maxims by which the Peruvian Jucas had conciliated the races subject to them. The Jesuits also prepared the people for the system of government under which it has lived from its independence down to the death of Lopez, and which would have been impossible in any other State save Paraguay. Though that country likewise adopted republican institutions when it ceased to be a Spanish colony, it submitted to dictation in the person of Dr. José Gaspar de Francia, a Portuguese by descent, who made Liberty a sham, and Paraguay a political anomaly. It is a matter of common notoriety that Francia employed the absolute authority usurped by him to isolate Paraguay from the rest of the world. He was unquestionably a pure despot, and his political system, a despotism of the first water, has therefore been aptly stigmatized by some as Francia's 'Thirty Years' Reign of Terror.' If he did not always follow up the mission in which he devoutly believed, and for which he lived, by gentle means, he was nevertheless a man of incorruptible honesty, a bitter foe to injustice, free from rapacity, and as severe in judging himself as he was in judging others. This 'tyrant' certainly possessed all those qualities in which the partizans of the Republic in America were utterly wanting. If it is as yet impossible to pass a just verdict on this remarkable man, and assign to him his proper niche in history, it should suffice, as far as the judgment of Paraguay is concerned, that though his successor in office, Carlos Antonio Lopez, was not able to keep up the Chinese isolation of the country, neither he nor his son, who inherited the Presidency in 1862, after having imbibed liberal ideas in Europe, deviated in other respects from Francia's policy, but governed to the last in the old dictator's spirit. Whatever our own opinion of this system of government may therefore chance to be, it is certain that during the long years of unbroken peace and prosperity to which the neighboring States were strangers, Paraguay thrived like no other country in South America, Brazil alone excepted. Though the land possessed a written Constitution, granted by Lopez II. on the 13th day of March, 1844, Paraguay was a military State, with an army too well disci-

plined, however, to commit any of these excesses in which it could indulge elsewhere with comparative impunity. The enlightened despotism of this military State had thus the rare merit that it preserved its people from the almost incessant revolutionary disturbances of the former Spanish colonies. In spite of the late President's liberal leanings, the Constitution was literally a dead letter. Every measure recommended by the Executive to Congress was sure of being approved unanimously. This model Congress met only once in five years, and even then only for five days. It was during one of these five days' sessions in 1867, that a deputy declared amidst the cheers of the members that the success and prosperity of the country were identical with the welfare of its President. Paraguay has been called the 'caricature of a State'; but the 'caricature of a Republic' would have been a more appropriate designation.

These facts may not be to the taste of those who are in the habit of viewing all things through doctrinary glasses. Much that strikes foreigners as absurd in Paraguay, was there no doubt considered both proper and requisite; indeed, the political system corresponded with the aggregate character of the population, and the Guerani were quite contented with being Republicans in name, but slaves in fact. During fifty years the dictatorship met with no serious opposition at home. Freedom of conscience and of the press were, of course, unknown; the head of the State commanded, and the people obeyed. Paraguay was, however, free from political disturbances, party convulsions, and intestine wars; and afforded, therefore, in this respect, a striking contrast to the adjoining sister republics. Its people were happy and satisfied in their own way,—a way which may not square with our ideas, but to which we have no right to object. They stood to the last to their nationality, independence, institutions, and ruler. The Paraguayans are a people of a peculiar race; and, as the State is the organic manifestation of a people, Paraguay itself had of necessity to be a peculiar State.

The Brazilian empire challenges our attention on the American Continent by its exceptional monarchical form of government, which places it in as anomalous a position in the New,

as republican Switzerland occupies in the Old World. The largest country in South America, second in territorial extent only to the United States, and fourteen times the size of France, it is one of most the magnificent regions of our globe; yet, from an ethnological point of view, it is in a much worse position than any of the other States on the South American Continent; for its population is as mixed as possible; being, like the United States, strongly tainted with the negro element,—an evil which the remainder of Latin America has happily escaped. According to the official returns published in October, 1867, the population of the empire numbers 10,058,000 souls; of which 8,184,000 are freemen; 1,574,000 slaves (mostly African); and 200,000 are Indians. But these figures give us only a very inadequate idea of the actual elements which make up the piebald population of the empire; which may be classified as follows: Europeans, mostly Portuguese; whites born in the country, called Brazilians; mulattoes, descended from whites and negroes; Mamalukes, descended from whites and Indians; Cabacolas, or agricultural Indians; Wild Indians; Free blacks born in Brazil; Emancipated negroes, Mestizoes, or Zambes, descended from the Indians and Africans. Though, as we perceive, Brazil had to contend against greater ethnological difficulties than any of its neighbors, there is no doubt that, excepting the United States, this empire has made the most rapid progress in civilization, and still progresses on the same road with gigantic strides. Brazil enjoys the fullest political liberty. Foreseeing that it would develop more quickly and surely under a monarchical form of government than any other, Brazil alone among all American States retained that form. The Constitution, which still governs the country, is the work of the first emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro I., and was sworn to by him on the 25th day of March, 1824, after it had received the unanimous approval of the people. This Constitution makes Brazil a limited constitutional hereditary empire on a purely democratic basis; and hence freedom has found there a home, in spite of a regular court, a nobility, and orders, as well as other justly derided appendages of the monarchy. Brazil is really free; its press is free; and no one is persecuted for opinion's sake. The

country had its disturbances during a ten years' regency. It has its political parties, once very violent, but now moderate and strictly constitutional; for under representative institutions, where political power is the reward of victory, parties will never cease to exist. During the last two decades, under the rule of an excellent prince, who is a zealous patron of art, science, and literature, Brazil has advanced rapidly in material culture, and displayed in all spheres of civilization and life an astonishing activity. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 has shown that Brazil eclipses the other Latin-American communities so far, that we are tempted to say with Virgil: "quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi." The fact that, in spite of the heavy drain in the public treasury caused by the costly war with Paraguay, the gigantic railway schemes could still be carried on, proves the vast resources of the empire; for, after the United States and Canada, Brazil is the only country in America where the construction of railroads is systematically prosecuted. If we add to this, that the empire enjoys a singularly favorable geographical position, that it is near to all the great sea-routes of European trade; that by the opening of the Amazon and its more important tributaries foreign products can literally be shipped into the very depths of its primeval forests; that the foreign settlements (67 in number) all are thriving and prosperous; then it will be easy to understand why the neighboring republics, whose resolutions, pronunciamientos, and civil contentions, have left them no time for development,—should look with such ill-concealed envy upon the superior political and social condition of the empire.

While the Portuguese colonists in America have thus shown themselves so superior in energy to the Spanish, that they have ever left their mother-land behind them in prosperity, the state of things described above would have been utterly impossible with such a diversity of types among the population, if the monarchical form of government had not assigned to the several elements their natural places; neutralizing thus in a great measure the disadvantages which must otherwise have infallibly resulted from this ethnological chaos. Another favorable feature was that, just as a short time ago in this country, the

greatest part of the blacks lived, and still live in slavery. In this way much of the hostile differences of race was repressed. But even in Brazil, where slavery prevails in its mildest form, —emancipation being encouraged by law and every legitimate pursuit open to the freedmen,—this system has, though in a less degree than in the Union, averted the usual pernicious effects on the slave-holding classes themselves. Brazil has had to combat the very same evils before which the United States have nearly succumbed, and slavery still continues to be a running sore in its body politic. But the Rio government is not blind to the necessity of solving the slavery problem; and has already liberated all its own slaves. At the close of the present century, the system will be abolished by law. *Those who then still own slaves are to be compensated by the State.* In the mean time, all children born of slave parents, are free; children cease to be slaves on attaining their 20th year; and to see these provisions enforced, special tribunals have been established throughout the empire. A fund has also been set apart by the government for the purpose of purchasing annually the freedom of a certain number of slaves, so that most of them will be liberated in the year 1900.

The United States, where this important problem has been solved in a way which both science and history teach us to regard with the most serious misgivings, have taught Brazil a lesson by which it has not failed to profit. To neutralize, as far as possible, the pernicious consequences of emancipation, the Brazilian government seeks to prepare the African for his freedom,—a boon which thus far possesses no other value in his eyes than that he is no longer compelled to work. Brazil leaves time to assert its rights, and takes care not to ruin its agricultural interests by a two-fold blow:—the withdrawal of State labor and the theft of capital; for such the slave represents to the owner. This view of the question may not seem the philanthropic one taken by theorists and visionaries; but it is, nevertheless, the view which harmonizes with both facts and science, neither of which are influenced by sentimental abstractions.

ART. IV.—*The Freedom of the Will*, as a basis of *Human Responsibility and a Divine Government*, elucidated and maintained in its issue with *The Necessitarian Theories* of Hobbes, Edwards, the *Princeton Essayists*, and other *Leading Advocates*. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is, in many respects, a very remarkable work of a very remarkable man. We learn from the Review of which he is the editor, (The Methodist Quarterly Review,) that ‘for terse, clear, comprehensive statements of doctrines, and for just analysis and brief interpretations, *Dr. Whedon is without a rival*. He gives the result of protracted study, and not the studies themselves.’ Now it is not very wonderful, it seems to us, that ‘Dr. Whedon should have given the result of his studies, and not the studies themselves;’ since this is exactly what every author does. But what shall we say to the exalted eulogy that, in such high attributes of mind, D. D. Whedon D. D. ‘is without a rival’?

We shall say, in the first place, that it is a newspaper puff, not of the book before us, but of the first two volumes of his *Commentary*; and is placed under the advertisement of the forthcoming third volume of that wonderful production, which is to embrace ‘*Acts and Romans*.’ We have not, as yet, seen either volume of his *Commentary*; and are, therefore, not entitled to express an opinion whether, among all the great expounders of Revelation, he is really ‘without a rival.’ But we are inclined to imagine, that if the history of all ages and all nations were diligently searched, some *one* expounder, at least, might be found almost equal to Dr. Whedon.

But, if this be a mistake, then we must say, in the second place, that we people of the South have been most strangely insensible to the claims of so unparalleled a genius. It is to be feared, indeed, that we have scarcely been sufficiently sensible of his existence, to say nothing of his vast erudition and

powers of condensed thought. We are the more inclined to this opinion, because when Dr. Whedon asked us, before the war, if he was not 'very much abused down South,' we were compelled to reply that 'we could not tell,' as we had 'never heard his name mentioned in the South.' To remove, as far as possible, this most disgraceful ignorance, we shall proceed to introduce Dr. Whedon to our readers.

*The book is the man.* Surely, if Buffon could say,—'the style is the man,' we may, with still greater emphasis, assert, that 'the book is the man;' especially in the case of a book like the one before us. The book is D. D. Whedon D. D. This is a great name. If any one can doubt this, for a moment, only let him read the first page of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, which consists of notices of itself, and of its renowned editor D. D. Whedon, D. D. One of these notices resounds 'with his rare literary, classical, and theological abilities;' and another declares that 'no man in the Methodist Church has done so much as its editor, Dr. Whedon, to elevate the standard of scholarship among the clergy.' 'In some departments,' says the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, 'this *Quarterly* surpasses all others. . . . A denomination possessing the present resources of men and money enjoyed by this one ought to make (certainly it ought) its chief publication the foremost one in the land. If it is not, we are sure it is no fault of the present editor.' 'We see no reason,' says *The Independent*, 'to retract our judgment that Dr. Whedon is, perhaps, the best review editor there is in this country.' Even the *Pittsburgh Daily Gazette*, as we learn from Dr. Whedon's own *Review*, endorses him as 'an author of high repute and an able scholar.'

Now if, instead of being overwhelmed by so many imposing newspaper authorities, we had only been permitted to form our own calm, deliberate, and conscientious opinion, we should, from the book before us, have come to the conclusion, that Dr. Whedon is a *dull* man. He may be a learned man; but then read, reflect, and say, if any thing could be more offensive than *such* learned dulness. Not learned dulness merely, but dulness assuming the solemn guise of profound and original



thought, and concealing itself, from superficial eyes, under a disgusting pedantry as cold as it is conceited. Such precisely, unless we are greatly mistaken, is the asinine mask which the learning of our author is accustomed to wear.

In the discussion of this question, we shall endeavor to show:—First, that ‘the style is the pedant,’ and not the scholar; secondly, that ‘the book is the pretender,’ and not the philosopher.

We have not gone out of our way in quest of such an antagonist. His book, *The Freedom of the Will*, was handed to us by one of the publishers; and till then we had never received the least intimation of its existence. Having read it, in the discharge of our ordinary duty as reviewers, we shall now, under a sense of the same duty, notice what we conceive to be its gross sins against the purity of the English language, and its flagrant departures from the rectitude of clear honest thinking.

First, then, ‘the style is the man,’ and, in the case before us, the man is a pedant. Why is it, that our author shows an evident terror of plain, simple, pure, good English? Does he fear, that if he uses the good old English of ordinary mortals, he will be taken for one himself, and that, consequently, he feels secure in his exalted position in the world of letters only when he is tricked out in the trumpery of un-English words and phrases? Be this as it may, it is certain that, in point of fact, he shuns the path of ‘good usage’ both in his diction and his style. His whole book, indeed, everywhere bristles with a barbarous jargon, which is to be found in no other writer of cultivated taste, or sound education. Open his book anywhere, and we shall be sure to light on words and expressions, which can be found in no dictionary, much less in any good writer, of the English language.

On page 302, for example, Dr. Whedon says: ‘No moral being ever held command of the *entirety* of his moral nature’, &c. A lawyer may, perhaps, be permitted to speak of the *möity*, or the *entirety*, of an estate. Blackstone is the only author, who has been produced for the use of the term *entirety*; it is entirely out of place in a philosophical discourse. We



should be exceedingly surprised, not to say astonished, to find such a word in the works of Dugald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, Robert Hall, Macaulay, or in those of any writer of good English. We are not at all surprised, however, to find it in the book of Dr. Whedon; it is indeed among the very least of his peccadilloes. This expression, 'the *entirety* of his moral nature', has only one thing to recommend it, and that is, it is less simple than the word,—'the *whole* of his moral nature.' But this recommendation was sufficient for Dr. Whedon. Any man of plain, good sense would have said 'the whole'; and, consequently, the erudite and the profound Dr. Whedon must say,—'the *entirety*'.

Again, on page 57, (we have opened the book at random,) the very learned author says: 'To cognize its necessity requires a pure *intuity* over and beyond the simple perception that it is'. Now, there is no such word as *intuity* in any dictionary of the English language, not even in Webster's. Why he should have preferred this word to the term *intuition*, it is impossible to conceive, unless it was because intuition is a good, old English noun, which has received the sanction of all the best writers, and of all the lexicographers, of the language. Our learned author, indeed, will not allow the mind, in the simple exercise of its intuitive faculty, or reason, to perceive any necessary truth, or existence as necessary. On the contrary, it must 'intuit' it; or else go without this very important part of human knowledge. The noun *intuity* and the verb *to intuit*, do not belong to the English language. They are not Anglicisms, nor Gallicisms, nor even Americanisms. They possess none of those very doubtful characters; they are simply and purely *Whedonisms*. If Dr. Whedon should say, 'directly known by the consciousness', he would talk like other people, and not like a learned Rabbi. Hence, he must say, (p. 81), in genuine *Whedonese*, 'directly known or *intuited* by the consciousness'. He does sometimes, however, in spite of himself, lapse into good English. Thus, on page 232, he actually condescends to say, like other people, that an 'intuitive truth', is 'intuitively seen'. This is not only good English, it is also free from our author's habitual confusion of thought. This is more than we can say

for the expression, to cognize its necessity *requires* a pure intuition', or intuition; since to cognize a necessary truth, requires no such thing. It does not require, *it is itself*, a pure intuition. The necessary, 'intuitive truth', is simply 'intuitively seen'; and this intuition does not require an intuition to clear up its vision. But Dr. Whedon, unless we are very greatly mistaken, requires a great many things, to relieve his learned mental vision from confusion of thought, and reduce his learned jargon to good English.

'A few thinkers there are', says he, (page 238,) 'who abandon necessity, both *causational and uniformitarian*, and maintain that counter choice may *supposably* happen, but nevertheless is an *extraordinary* or a prodigy'. Now this sentence is a fair specimen of *Whedonese*. It is, however, quite refreshing to find in such a sentence, the good old English word '*happen*'; for, in some other places of the same work, events do not happen; they '*transpire*'. In a note to the word *transpire*, Mr. Webster says, 'This sense of the word, which is of recent introduction, is common in the United States, *especially in the language of conversation and of newspaper writers*'; and Dr. Whedon may have learned this use of the word from the *Pittsburgh Daily Gazette*, *The Independent*, or from some other of the newspapers, by which his 'rare literature', and his profound 'classical' lore, are so highly eulogized. 'Its use, however,' as Mr. Webster justly adds, 'is condemned by the critics of both countries'; that is, by the critics of both England and America. Events '*happen*', and perspiration '*transpires*'. We hope that Dr. Whedon will bear this in mind, and hereafter use both words properly, as he has here accidentally used one of them.

But what shall we say to the term *uniformitarian*? This, as we had supposed was known to every scholar, is a *technical* term which belongs to the science of geology, and which has no business in philosophy. But if this long, learned, *technical* term must be lugged into philosophy, it is desirable, one would suppose, that it should be used in its proper sense. It is, on the contrary, used by Dr. Whedon in a sense diametrically opposed to its proper one. According to Worcester, this word is

a noun, and not an adjective, as it is used by Dr. Whedon. According to Webster, it is also used as an adjective, but in a sense directly opposite to that given to it by Dr. Whedon. Thus, he says: 'Uniformitarian, a, (Geol.) of, or pertaining to, the view that existing *causes*, acting in the same manner, and with the same intensity, as at the present time, are sufficient to account for all geological changes. Dana.' Thus, according to Webster, the *uniformitarian* hypothesis in geology, (for he finds the word in geology only,) rests on the very idea of the operation of *causes*; and yet, in the uncouth vocabulary of Dr. Whedon, it is used in opposition to the adjective *causational*!

We learn from the sentence, that an event which never *does* happen, but may only *supposably* happen, 'is an extraordinary'. Now this, it appears to us, is a most *extraordinary* use of an adjective for a noun. We are aware, that some uneducated people use the adjective *human* in the same learned way; saying, for instance, that 'he is a human',—not that a man is a human being, but that he is simply 'a human'. We did not imagine, however, that we should ever find a precisely similar use of language in an author, who is so distinguished for 'his rare literary, classical, and theological abilities.' In the old English poet Spenser, this word is used in the plural,—'All the *extraordinaries* in the world,'—and this, according to Webster, is the way in which it 'is especially used'. But, however strange it may seem, this old *obsolete* word, is used by Dr. Whedon in the singular; who declares that an event which may *supposably*, but never *does*, happen, 'is an extraordinary'. Is he not, then, an 'extraordinary' himself? Or is he merely 'a human'? Or is he, in reality, 'a prodigy' of 'rare literary, classical, and theological abilities'?

So great, indeed, is Dr. Whedon's passion for barbarisms, that no matter how many good, plain English words lie right in his path, he will go out of his way to catch outlandish epithets, and weave them into the woof of his discourse. Thus, for example, on page 388, he has occasion to speak of the necessary relation between the form, the idea, the definition, the conception, or the nature of a circle and 'the equality of its radii'; and yet he uses none of these words. He says neither *form*,

nor *idea*, nor *definition*, nor *conception*, nor *nature*; but—what in the world then does he say? Why, he says that ‘By intrinsic justice, as cognized by the moral intuition, there is a moral relation between responsible crime and desert of penalty as essential, as eternal, as absolute as the relation between the *circularity* of a figure (what figure?) and the equality of its radii’. Now why all these big words? Why could he not say, that, in justice, the relation between crime and desert of punishment, is as fixed and absolute as that between a circle and the equality of its radii? Just because, we answer, this would be to write in a plain, simple way, like common people, and not in the learned, pedantic, and profoundly erudite way of D. D. Whedon, D. D. His justice must be *intrinsic*; and it must, too, be *cognized by the moral intuition*; lest it should not be justice at all, or at least mere naked justice, without a sufficient dress of fine words. In like manner, the crime must be ‘*responsible crime*’; just as if there was any crime for which the criminal is not responsible! Nor is this all; for by ‘*responsible crime*’, Dr. Whedon everywhere means ‘punishable’ crime. His grand proposition, then, amounts to this, that ‘by intrinsic justice’, as ‘cognized by the moral intuition’, there is a fixed, ‘essential’, ‘eternal’, and ‘absolute’, ‘moral relation’ between punishable crime and desert of punishment; or, in other words, between punishable crime and punishable crime! between that which deserves punishment and that which deserves punishment! Who, then, after all these learned words, will venture to say, that a punishable crime is not a punishable crime, or that the crime which deserves punishment does not deserve punishment? If our author had been content to say, in plain, simple English, that crime deserves punishment, (for this, after all, is all his grand proposition amounts to,) every reader of sound mind would have instantly seen its truth, without being told that it is ‘cognized by the moral intuition’. But he was not satisfied, it seems, until he had, by the multiplication of high-sounding words, transformed the expression of a simple truth into a grandiloquent proposition, and, at the same time, reduced its substance to a most insignificant and worthless truism!

But there is ‘the *circularity* of a figure’. What figure? We

suppose he means a circle; since no other figure can be said to possess 'circularity', or have all its radii equal. But if he meant *a circle*, why did he not say *a circle*? Why did he not first lay down the *thing itself*, and then proceed to its properties, as all clear thinkers are accustomed to do? Why, on the contrary, vaguely speak of 'a figure'; and only let us know what he is talking about, or what figure he means, by the use of the barbarous term *circularity*? Above all, why use this term? It is, we think we may venture to assert, to be found in no other respectable writer of the English language. It is certainly not to be found in any of our dictionaries, not even in Webster's. But this, we have some reason to believe, constituted its chief charm in the eyes, or in the ears, of our author. He just goes along, coining new words according to his own sweet will and pleasure, without the least regard, apparently, either to the diction or the dictionaries of ordinary mortals; just as if language has no laws of its own, or just as if it has, then all its laws are as nothing to the higher law of his own capricious will.

Although it is a duty to protect the purity, the sweetness, and the majesty of our mother tongue against the inroads and ravages of the literary Goths and Vandals of the day, it is, nevertheless, the most ungracious duty which is imposed upon us by our position as reviewers. We have, in the present instance, felt it to be our imperative duty; because there seems to be no end to the barbarisms of Dr. Whedon. His book is full of them. *Condemnality*; *necessitatedly*; *alteriety*; *alternativity*; *free-willism*; *freedomism*; *freedomist*; *schematism of conscious free-will*; *ethicalals*; *volitivity*; are only a few of the barbarisms which are to be found in no dictionary of our language, not even in Webster's, and in no really great writer except Dr. Whedon. He freely uses, also, words which are in some dictionaries only to be condemned, as well as many others which have been overlooked, or else despised, (as they ought to have been,) by our best lexicographers. Indeed, if Dr. Whedon expects common readers to understand his work, he should prepare a glossary for their benefit. No dictionary, not even Dr. Webster's, can afford them the necessary aid; and if his barbarous

jargon is to find a place in the English language, the successors of Webster will have to enlarge his immense quarto, in order to make room for it.

So much for the diction of Dr. Whedon. A single specimen of his style must suffice. 'The free, volitional power to sin', says he, 'so far from being a defect, an impurity, an imperfection, implies and *is* a high quality; a condition to responsibility, to probation, to a high, well-deserving virtue or holiness. Not only may it be possessed by a being perfectly pure, but it must be primordially possessed by a being meritoriously pure. No being ever possessed the fullness and height of a moral nature without it. No moral being ever held command of the entirety of his moral nature, or over a lofty probationary moral career of destiny without it. No finite creature ever attained the rewarding plaudit of the Sovereign of the universe without it. Effeminately to strip Jesus of the attributes of which this possibility is an implication, is not only to dehumanize him, but it is to snatch from him the conditions of his high achievements. It destroys the reward by nullifying the struggle. It makes his whole mission an automatic series of movements; a mere organic piece of a mechanical panorama'.

Now in this paragraph, as in most of those constructed by Dr. Whedon, there is nothing new, except the mass of verbiage with which it is so unnecessarily stuffed. The author has occasion to speak of 'a power to sin'; but it seems so utterly impossible for him to say a plain, simple thing, in a plain way, that he must call this 'a free, volitional power to sin'; just as if there could be 'a power to sin', which is not free or voluntary. In Professor Fleming's *Vocabulary of Philosophy*, it is said, that 'A power to do good is, *ex necessitate rei*, a power to do evil'. But if power to do good, as here truly and simply stated, is a power to do evil, then without this power, or 'a power to sin', there could not be the least moral good, or virtue, or holiness. Indeed, this is perfectly evident to every person of plain, good sense; for if one had no power to disobey, or to sin, then there would be no merit, no virtue, no holiness, in his obedience. Or, in other words, then his necessitated obedience, virtue, or holiness, would not be, in the true sense of the word,



any obedience, or virtue, or holiness at all. But if without a power to sin, there were no power to do good, not even in the least degree; then why talk about 'a high, well-deserving virtue or holiness' without such a power? If, without the possession of such a power, there could be no moral agency at all; then why talk about 'the height of a moral nature without it'? Or of 'a lofty probationary career of destiny without it'? Or, if such 'a power' must be 'possessed', before a being can be pure, or good, or holy; then why say it must be '*primordially* possessed', before he can be '*meritoriously* pure'? Is there any purity, or holiness, which is not '*meritoriously* pure', or holy? Again, if without 'a power to sin', Jesus would be, not only 'dehumanized'(!), but effeminately stripped'(!) of the power to do any good, and reduced to 'a mere organic piece of mechanical panorama'(!); then why speak of such a power as necessary to the perfection and glory of his goodness? If, without 'a power to sin', no being has any moral nature at all, much less a command over his moral nature; then why talk about a 'command over the entirety of his moral nature'? The plain, simple truth is, that the power to choose between good and evil, is necessary to the existence of the least moral good, or virtue, or holiness in the world. Then why, in the choice vocabulary of Dr. Whedon, speak of this 'power of alteriety', or this 'power of alternativity', as necessary to 'a lofty probationary career of destiny', and to the 'rewarding plaudit of the Sovereign of the universe'? We cannot, for the life of us, imagine, unless it be to gratify the author's disposition to be always talking, if possible, in tall English, or in stilted gibberish. Surely, if he were to write a natural history of fish, he would make 'the little minnows talk like great whales'. He evidently delights to talk in this way himself; and yet, unless we are greatly mistaken, he is, after all, more of a minnow than a whale. His book is replete with this style of 'fine writing'. But we are tired of such stuff; the 'entirety' of our 'volitivity' is exhausted; and here we must pass from his 'style' to his philosophy.

Dr. Whedon ventures on the great questions of a 'Theodice'. Now this word, by the way, (for a little rest has partly restored



our 'volitivity',) is neither French nor English, but a miserable hybrid or mongrel. If it were French, it would be *Théodicée*; as every one ought to know, who has ever heard of Leibnitz's great *Essais de Théodicée*. If, on the other hand, it were English, then, according to every dictionary of the language, whether good, bad, or indifferent, it would be *Theodicy*. But what cares our learned author for either French or English? In pure, simple *Whedonese*, it is *Theodice*. Blessed be the man who first invented speech! and glory to the man who, in this year of Grace 1871, so boldly contests the blessed privilege and honor with him!

We have heard of a certain genius, who was always trying to be original in every thing, and yet never succeeded in any thing—except his orthography. Now this is not the case with our author. He is as original in his philosophy, as he is in his diction; in the style of his thought, as in the style of his language. In the preface to his work, he lays claim to originality of thought; and we concede the claim. 'The present writer', says he, 'would not offer this treatise to the public did he not believe that even to so ancient a debate he had furnished some *new thoughts*, and brought the difficulty nearer to a solution'. He has, in fact, brought many 'new thoughts' to the very ancient debate about 'free-will, foreknowledge, and fate', as well as many 'true thoughts'. But then, unfortunately, his 'true thoughts are not new thoughts, and his new thoughts are not true thoughts'. Hence, instead of bringing the great 'difficulty nearer to a solution', he has set it back, at least, a hundred degrees on the dial of human progress.

The great difficulty in question hinges, and turns, on our ideas respecting the nature of holiness and of sin. Hence, show us a man's ideas on these subjects, and we will tell you whether he is prepared, or fit, to handle the great difficulties pertaining to a *Theodicy*. If such are his views of the nature of holiness and sin, that he believes them to be necessitated in us by causes over which we have no control; then he can never escape the darkness, the confusion, and the profound entanglements of a Leibnitz and an Edwards. If he believes that God, in the exercise of his omnipotence, is the cause of sin; then he cannot

vindicate the purity of his character, or reconcile his holiness with the existence of moral evil. On the other hand, if his ideas of holiness and sin are sufficiently clear and correct, to render it impossible for him to conceive of them as resulting from necessitating causes beyond our control; then he may, by patient, close, and consecutive thought, reconcile the holiness of God with the existence of moral evil. But in regard to this great fundamental question Dr. Whedon is, as we shall presently see, distinctly and decidedly on both sides of the controversy. It is precisely at this point,—the point on which the whole controversy hinges,—that his originality throws him off the track of truth, and sends him whirling through a chaos of profound originalities.

His great discovery,—perhaps the most original of the nineteenth century,—that there is a sin which does not deserve blame, or punishment, is the original blunder which shatters his scheme, (if scheme it may be called,) and plunges him into an abyss of absurdities. It may seem incredible that any man, much less a philosopher, should have discovered, in the year of our Lord 1871, not only a holiness without merit, but also a sin without demerit,—not only a holiness that is not praiseworthy or rewardable, but also a sin that is not blameworthy or punishable. Hence, in order to remove all possibility of doubt on the subject, we shall set forth this great discovery in the words of Dr. Whedon himself.

‘There may be’, says he, (page 385,) ‘disconformity to law, unrighteousness, evil, moral evil, sin, sinfulness, *all without responsibility, guilt, ill-desert, just condemnality, or punishment*’. Now, surely, this is something new under the sun,—a sin without guilt or ill-desert! a sin that deserves no punishment! But this new thing, is only one of Dr. Whedon’s ‘new thoughts’. Again, he says, ‘Should God create an automatic fiend; a being whose perceptions were, indeed, true, but whose emotions were purely and with perfect intensity, yet automatically malignant; and whose volitions were, with all their strength, automatically bad; we should hate such a being and wish it out of the way. We might still admire its vicious perfection.(?) Yet, when we had indulged our abhorrence of it, and come to remark its

automism, we should see that, though *bad*, it was *unblamably bad*. Its volitions, being as necessitated, are as irresponsible as the springs of a gun-lock. . . . The sum of all which is, *a necessitated depravity*, (the italics are his) *is no responsible or justly punishable depravity.*' It is bad, it is depravity, it is sin; but it is a very innocent sort of sin, and deserves no sort of punishment whatever! Though it is as malignant as hell, it is as innocent as a dove! A fiend—a real fiend—raging with the dire malignity of its kind; and yet not at all punishable! It is bad, horribly bad; but there is no demerit in its badness! And why? Because God, and not itself, is, *ex hypothesi*, the author of its existence, and of all its badness, all its malignity, all its wickedness. If so, then there is no badness in the case, no malignity, no sin, no moral evil, except what is, *ex hypothesi*, imputed to God. We shall, again, have occasion to notice this very innocent fiend of Dr. Whedon.

In the meantime, let us see how he arrives at this great discovery of the nineteenth century. He does not reach it *per saltem*, but by slow and philosophical degrees. As Newton took five steps—each in itself a great discovery—in order to reach the grand climax of all, the most sublime discovery ever made by man; so Dr. Whedon reaches, by a series of approximations, his most wonderful discovery. From the plain, dull level of ordinary men, he travels up the steps of his most curiously constructed metaphysical ladder, till he reaches, at last, the awful abode of his divinely-constituted, and divinely-governed, innocent fiend. Now, we propose to follow Dr. Whedon, Titan though he be, and, marking each step he takes, see whether he really discovers a horribly malignant, innocent fiend, or merely a mare's nest.

His first step is a learned definition of 'an automaton'. The object is, to illustrate the 'distinction between automatic excellence and moral desert'. We have always supposed, that there was a slight *intrinsic* difference between automatic excellence,—the excellence of a machine merely,—and moral goodness, or virtue, or holiness. But Dr. Whedon is of a different opinion. He finds moral goodness, virtue, holiness, in a machine; he only insists that this sort of moral goodness, virtue,

or holiness, is not praiseworthy or rewardable. In like manner, he finds moral badness, depravity, sin, in a machine; but he protests, in behalf of the machine, that its moral badness, depravity, sin, is not blameworthy or punishable. Now, we agree with him in this last half of his proposition; but we cannot swallow the first half. For we shall soon see, that his doctrine is neither Arminianism nor Calvinism, but a miserable hybrid, or mixture, in which the Calvinism spoils the Arminianism, and the Arminianism spoils the Calvinism.

But, meanwhile, we must look at his definition of 'an automaton'. 'An automaton', says he, '*is a machine, constructed sometimes in the human form, whose parts, by force of interior springs, are made to operate apparently like a human system, with self-motion. The movement of the parts is necessitatively caused to take place, in precise proportion and direction of the forces applied. When the whole is artistically framed, we admire the beauty, the ingenuity, and perhaps the imitation, that is, the automatic excellence. But we attribute not to its action or its being the slightest intrinsic quality of moral merit or demerit*'.<sup>1</sup> That is to say, and say truly, that we do not regard the machine as at all meritorious and praiseworthy, or as at all rewardable on account of its excellence. By the terms '*moral merit or demerit*', the reader might, perhaps, suppose that Dr. Whedon means moral good or evil; but he does not anywhere use the terms in this sense. By '*moral merit or demerit*', he uniformly means rewardable or punishable. We admit his plea in favor of the machine, that it is not even rewardable, much less punishable, for its '*automatic excellence*'; that there is no merit, much less demerit, in its '*necessitatively caused*' regularity and beauty. But right here, at this first step, we do, and forever shall, protest that, in the machine, there is no sort of moral goodness, or virtue, or holiness. How great soever its perfection and beauty, or its '*automatic excellence*', it has no moral character at all. This is our issue with Dr. Whedon, and with all his holy machines, as well as with all his innocent '*automatic fiends*' of wickedness.

'The highest order of mechanical or automatic excellence',

<sup>1</sup> Part III., Chap. 3, page 375.

says he, 'is found in a watch. So numerous and nice are its adjustments, so exquisitely adjusted are its forces, and so beautiful is its aspect to the eye, that we gaze on it with admiration. And then, in the pointing of its hand to the figure according to the true time, we behold one of the most wonderful adjustments of mechanism to the demands of mind. *With but slight fancy*, we attribute to it the qualities of *truth and reliability, or of falsehood and fickleness*'.<sup>2</sup> Now, here in playing 'hide and seek' with his great discovery, the doctor is evidently 'getting hot', and begins 'to burn'. But, however slight the fancy, reason pronounces it nothing but a fancy,—a pure fancy,—and a poor metaphor. Whoever supposes or fancies that, in such a machine, there is, in the moral sense of the terms, any 'truth and reliability, or falsehood and fickleness', deserves not the name of a philosopher. Dr. Whedon should beware of his *fancies*.

We proceed to the next step. 'Imagine the automaton', says he, 'endowed with *sensibility* in every particle of its substance; and that it is consciously impressed by every contact, and every force applied, and feels every movement it is made to undergo. Yet it is still an automaton, being moved solely in the proportion and in the direction of the forces applied. . . . It moves only as it is moved. . . . Its operations are the necessitated effects of necessitative causations. It is *guiltless, undeserving, irresponsible*, because it can act no otherwise than it does act. Common sense demands not only sensibility but free self-control. We thence deduce the Law, which is (apart from self-superinduction) universal and apodictical, *that no act can be morally obligatory, responsible, or guilty—no agent can be morally obligated, rewardable, or punishable—unless there be in the agent adequate power for other act than the act in question*.'

Here, again, we are happy to agree with our author. If, indeed, instead of all his words, (only a small part of which we have quoted,) he had at once set out with the plain, simple proposition, that no state of a machine, and no necessitated state of a sensibility, is rewardable or punishable, we should not have

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

hesitated, for one moment, to accept it as true. Nor would any other man of sound mind. Even without the aid of all the author's emphasis of *italics and capitals*, we should have conceded so plain a point at once; and that, too, without being assured that his great Law is both 'universal and apodictical'. We have never had the least doubt—and who ever had?—that the movements of a machine, or the necessitated states of a sensibility, are neither rewardable nor punishable. But here the question is, can such movements, or states, be either morally virtuous or vicious, holy or sinful? Let us follow our author, and see.

He takes his next step. 'Rising', says he, 'from mechanical into *animal* existence, we recognize in the horse, for instance, every combination of both material and mental automatic excellence. Beauty of form, color, and motion, adjustment of parts for strength and speed, balance of forces', &c., &c., &c., &c. But what of the horse? Why, after all, 'being a simple automatic though mental organism, we have not found a particle of moral merit'. True; and if he had declared at the outset, that a horse had no 'moral merit' at all, we should still have said *true*, and been glad to escape his deluge of fine words.

We now pass over, in silence, a whole paragraph of fine words, (which, for the purpose of his argument, signify just exactly *tweedle-dee*, and nothing more,) and proceed to his fourth grand step. 'But', asks our author, 'is the animal Will or action automatic? Yes', he replies, 'as truly as the machine, if it be necessitated. Just as automatically an object strikes the notice, so automatically the perception rises. As automatically the perception, so automatically the highest desire. As automatically the highest desire, so automatically the volition, so automatically the action. So the whole round of impulses and effects are automatic because all are necessitated, and alike necessitated. The volition is here no less necessitated, so no less automatic, than the perception or the desire'. What, then, is the animal, the horse, merely a machine? Certainly, replies our author, if his will, if his volition, 'be necessitated'; and 'necessitated' it is, says he. The horse is then, according to Dr. Whedon, *a machine*.

We must deal gently with this opinion ; because, many years ago, it was entertained by Descartes—one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. But may not the aberrations of genius, in one age, be no better than the blunders of dulness in another age? Be this as it may, we must be permitted to regret, that our author is so little like Descartes, except in his errors—now universally exploded and perfectly obsolete. The conclusion that a horse is a machine, is one of Dr. Whedon's 'thoughts'; but it is neither one of his new, nor one of his true, thoughts.

The next grand step of our author, is what he calls the 'Ethical Interpolation'. Here it is: 'Suppose that, as one term in this series of automatic mental states or operations, there should be inserted a feeling, automatically rising, of right or wrong, of blame or moral approval. Suppose that, after an automatic volition, a consequent feeling of growth or of movement should emerge. The question is, Would this entire automatic organism of intellect, however clear—of sensibility, however acute; of volition, however exact—and of moral feeling, however intense—constitute a moral being, truly capable of blamable and rewardable acts? Common sense can give only a negative answer'. But here another question arises. Is an imaginary spiritual automaton, or machine, capable of virtuous or vicious, holy or sinful, acts? Common sense, if not the sense of Dr. Whedon, can answer *this* question, too, in only one way, and that is, in the negative. The common sense of every man, without the aid of Dr. Whedon's steps and 'Ethical Interpolations', answers that no necessitated state of the mind, not even a necessitated volition, (supposing such a thing to be possible,) can be either virtuous or vicious, either holy or sinful. If it be necessitated, if it be produced by causes over which the mind has no control, then it is neither the virtue nor the vice, neither the holiness nor the sin, of the mind, in which it is necessitated to exist. Now is not this true? We appeal to the common sense and reason of mankind, Is this not true? Is this not so clearly and evidently true in itself, as to be at once recognized as true by any sound mind, without so many elaborate and finely-worded 'aids to reflection'?

'We are as able', says our author, 'to imagine what may



with propriety be called a *spiritual* as a *material machine*. Of a machine nothing stronger can be said than that the causative action of one part upon the other, secures the solely possible result; and that can as truly be said of a mental organism as of a material organism; and as truly of a resulting volition as of a resulting intellectual or of a resulting mechanical material motion. Such a spiritual machine would be made of a conscious center (centre) and sensitive parts. Intellect, sensibility, and Will would be its constituents; just as weights, wheels, and hands are the constituents of a clock. And as the gravitative force may pass from weights to wheels, and from wheels to hands, and may bring the hand to a particular figure, so may the motive force pass from intellect to sensibility, and from sensibility to Will, and bring the Will to a given volition. *The determination of the clock pointer may be no more fixed and necessitated than the determination of a volition*'.

Now what shall we say of this imaginary 'spiritual machine'? Dr. Whedon says, very truly, that it is not responsible for its behavior. 'A *volition*', to use his own words, 'necessitatively affixed to an agent (or "spiritual machine") is no more responsible than any other attribute, event, operation, or fact'. And not half as much so, we may add, as the acts or volitions of *real* moral agents, none of which are necessitated. We may imagine, if we please, the existence of 'spiritual machines'; but the question is, Are there any such things in the moral universe of God? Dr. Whedon does not hesitate to answer this question in the affirmative. 'The human constitution', says he, 'is a compound of a *spiritual machine* (the italics are his) and the *bodily machine*, coöperating in a sort of "preëstablished harmony."' What! the 'preëstablished harmony' of Leibnitz? We had hoped, indeed, that this dream of a great mind had, like the 'animal machines' of Descartes, passed away forever. But, observe, our author only says, 'a sort of "preëstablished harmony"', without condescending to inform us what sort, kind, or description he means. It is, however, a preëstablished harmony between body and soul, like that of Leibnitz, and a free soul acting on a servile body. It belongs to the scheme of necessity advocated by Leibnitz, and has no place in the philosophy of Free Will.

It is certainly the source of some of Dr. Whedon's most deplorable delusions and errors. For, if the necessitated volitions of his 'spiritual machines' are conformed to 'the divine law', then he pronounces them virtuous, excellent, holy, good. If, on the contrary, they be 'disconformed' to that law; then they are vicious, unholy, sinful, bad. 'There can be', says he, 'a created conformity or disconformity to the divine law, (that is, by God); but no created merit or demerit therein or therefor, or desert of reward or punishment'. Such is the *holiness and sin* of Dr. Whedon's 'spiritual machines'. It is a *real* holiness and sin; but, nevertheless, it is not a 'rewardable and punishable' holiness and sin. 'There may be', says he, 'disconformity to the law, unrighteousness, evil, moral evil, sin, sinfulness',—all this,—and yet, wonderful to say,—'without responsibility, guilt, ill-desert, just moral condemnality, or punishment'. Nay, there may be 'a fiend' of wickedness; and yet deserve no punishment for his wickedness!

We should not conclude from all this, however, that our author is wholly destitute of moral sense. For, in spite of his false philosophy, his moral sense sometimes distracts his intellectual vision, and causes him to see the truth 'as in a glass darkly', or dimly and miserably distorted. Hence, although in some places, as in page 385, he speaks positively of a necessitated state as 'wrong, evil, and morally evil'; yet, in other places, as on page 384, he says it 'may be called a *depravity*, or a *sin*, without any *responsibility*, or morally *penal desert*'. That is to say, it is a *sort* of sin, and may be called a *sin*; but it does not deserve punishment! Again, on the same page, he says:—'A created unholiness would also be automatic, (that is, the unholiness of a 'spiritual machine'). It might be automatically excellent, innocent, yet unlovely, hateful, repulsive, perhaps destructive. Yet it is below the conditions of responsibility, desert, probation, judgment, retribution. The being is evil, *perhaps* we may say *morally evil*; but not responsibly or guiltily evil'. Now, as we understand it, it is the conscience of Dr. Whedon which thus reels and staggers under his great discovery, and gives utterance to such a climax of contradictions. Now he is positive, certain, that a necessitated depravity 'is

wrong, evil, moral evil'; anon he says it '*may be called a depravity, or a sin*'; and, finally, '*perhaps* we may say it is morally evil'. Weakness is always wavering. It requires much greater clearness of mind, and power of patient thought, than our author possesses, to plant the Will aright, and enable it to stand, unmoved and unmovable, like the adamantine pillars of heaven and earth.

Dr. Whedon does well, however, to distrust at times the ground under his feet; for, instead of being firm, it is radically rotten. He would do better, if he would only lay aside the false confidence of his positive and certain moods, and raise his '*perhaps*' into a sound principle of philosophy. The great error, the fundamental rottenness, of the philosophy of Dr. Whedon, consists in the false conception, that an act of the will, or a volition may be necessitated. If any state of the mind, be it what it may, is necessitated to exist in us, by causes over which we have no control, then it is a *passive impression* merely, and not an act, or volition, of our own free will. A necessitated volition is a contradiction in terms. A volition is an act of the free-mind, endowed with the power to originate motion, and not merely a *link* in a chain of necessitating causes. A will under the dominion of the great law of cause and effect, and, able to move like a stone or a star, only as it is moved, is no will at all. It is merely the ignis fatuus of a Christian theology, and of an Atheistical philosophy. The Will of an automaton, or a machine, is the climax of all metaphysical absurdities. Whether the machine be *spiritual* or otherwise, yet if it moves only as it is moved, then it has no Will of its own, except to the dark imagination of an unperspicacious mind. If, maugre the *Aids to Reflection*, Dr. Whedon will remain ignorant of this first lesson for beginners, and will not see that a necessitated volition is a contradiction in terms; then we should advise him never again to dabble in the metaphysics of the Will. According to the title-page of his book, he undertook to refute 'The Necessitarian Theories of Hobbes, Edwards, the Princeton Essayists', &c., and to vindicate, for the enlightenment of mankind, 'The Freedom of the Will'; and yet, after all, he himself finds a necessitated Will, and consequently a

necessitated holiness and sin, in heaven and earth and hell! This is the very abyss of darkness from which, as we had supposed from the promise of his title-page and preface, he intended to deliver the human race; and yet he himself plunges headlong into it! No, we beg pardon, he only works his way into it by certain grand steps of original discovery! The advocates of necessity are greatly indebted to his insight and wisdom.

Dr. Whedon has, side by side, an automatic god and an automatic devil. God is supposed to 'create the automatic fiend', or devil; who, by the necessity of his nature, is automatically bad', and horribly 'malignant'. 'Now what shall we say of these two strange beings, who, on one and the same page of the same book, (page 383,) are set before us by Dr. Whedon? 'A god automatically good', says Dr. Whedon, 'might be held excellent. But it would not be meritoriously excellent'. What would it be then? It would be, says Dr. Whedon, 'a blasphemous contradiction'. We 'thank thee for that word'. Then, at least, the automatic devil, supposed to be created by God, is also 'a blasphemous contradiction'. It is not merely an impossibility in itself, not merely the crazy conceit of a weak brain; but it is, both in its nature and its origin, 'a blasphemous contradiction'.

Having discovered that there may be a created sin, as well as a created holiness, Dr. Whedon proceeds, in the light of this great discovery, to offer the following remarkable criticism:— 'The maxim laid down by Mr. Bledsoe in his *Theodice* and used by him with great argumentative effect, that *there can be no created virtue or viciousness*, ought, according to the doctrine of our last chapter, (the one in which his great discovery is made,) to read, *there can be no created moral desert, good or evil*, and so corrected it would lose none of the argumentative efficiency with which his handling invests it. There can be a created conformity or disconformity to the divine law (i. e. a created holiness or sin); but no created merit or demerit therein or therefor, or desert of reward or penalty'. (p. 389.)

Now on this correction, we have two criticisms to offer. In the first place, there is no such thing as a created holiness or

sin; and if there were, the holiness would be praiseworthy and rewardable; the sin, blameworthy and punishable. The one would possess merit, and the other demerit. Maugre the great discovery of Dr. Whedon, we still know nothing of a holiness, or moral goodness, which is not meritorious and rewardable; nor of a sin, or moral evil, which is not demeritorious or punishable. In other words, we know nothing of the holiness or the sin of automaton or machines. Holiness and merit, as well as sin and demerit, are, to our mind and moral sense, as inseparable as a circle, or a triangle, and its proportions. Hence, to our minds, the correction of Dr. Whedon is simply foolishness.

In the second place, Mr. Bledsoe has done, in his *Theodicy*, precisely what Dr. Whedon says he 'ought' to have done. That is to say, he has uniformly concluded, that *there can be no created merit or demerit*; and that if any thing be created in us, be it what it may, we can be neither to praise nor to blame for it. It is neither rewardable nor punishable in us. As the two things always go together, so are they habitually put together in the statements of said *Theodicy*. If Dr. Whedon had only read a little more carefully, he would have seen this, and perceived that his correction was not needed.

In proof of this, we refer to pages 33, 35, 56, 41, 86, 113, 114, 123, 126, 130, 131, 195, 341, 342, and generally to the whole volume. Any one of these pages, selected at random, will show that said *Theodicy* has actually done what Dr. Whedon alleges it 'ought' to have done. Take, for example, page 114; we there find the following words: 'What proposition can more clearly carry its own evidence along with it, than that whatever is necessary to us, (whether by creation or otherwise,) is neither our virtue nor our fault? What can be more unquestionable, than that *we can be neither to praise nor to blame, neither rewardable nor punishable, for anything, over whose existence we have no power or control?*' Now here, as well as in a hundred other places, the book in question actually takes the very ground, which Dr. Whedon alleges it 'ought' to have taken. Would it not be well if, before he lets fly any more of his negligent criticisms, or corrections, he would look into the book against which they are directed?

It is the object of the very first chapter of said Theodicy to show :—that ‘The Scheme of Necessity Denies that Man is *Responsible* for the Existence of Sin. In this chapter, it is everywhere contended, that ‘If a man is really laid under a necessity of sinning, it would certainly seem impossible to conceive that *he is responsible for his sins.*’ Now this, according to our author, is the very ground which the book ought to have taken. Why could he not see, that it is the very ground, which the *Theodicy* in question has actually and uniformly assumed? Hence, *if* God should create an automatic fiend, the fiend would not be responsible for its automatic fiendishness and malignity. This is Dr. Whedon’s own doctrine; which is one of his ‘true things’, but, by no means, one of his ‘new things’. He says it ‘ought’ to have been in the Theodicy in question; he ‘ought’ to have seen that it is there, and everywhere there.

Again, the heading of the second chapter of said Theodicy is, ‘The Scheme of Necessity makes God the Author of Sin’. ‘In the preceding chapter’, it is said, ‘we examined the attempts of the most learned and skilful advocates of this scheme of necessity to reconcile it with the free-agency and accountability of man. We have seen how ineffectual have been all their endeavors to show that their doctrine does not destroy the *responsibility of man for his sins.*’ That whole chapter is, in fact, one elaborate defence of the very doctrine, which Dr. Whedon alleges should have found a place in said Theodicy! Why could he not see?

‘It is the design of the present chapter’, the book continues, ‘to consider the doctrine of necessity under its other aspect, and to demonstrate that it makes God the author of sin. If this can be shown, it may justly lead us to suspect that the scheme contains within its bosom some dark fallacy, which should be dragged from its hiding-place into the open light of day, and exposed to the abhorrence and detestation of mankind’. Now the fallacy here referred to, and afterwards exposed to ‘the abhorrence and detestation of mankind’, is precisely the great discovery of Dr. Whedon; the discovery, namely, that there may be a necessitated volition, a necessitated holiness and sin, and even a ‘created automatic fiend’. It also shows, that *if* such



a fiend were created by God, then God, and not the fiend, would be responsible for its horrible wickedness. Hence, even more truly than Dr. Whedon's 'automatic god', it would be 'a blasphemous contradiction'.

The third chapter strikes at the root of Dr. Whedon's philosophy of the Will; or rather at the great root which he has borrowed from Hobbes and Edwards. 'The Scheme of Necessity', so runs the heading of that chapter, 'Denies the Reality of Moral Distinctions'. 'In the preceding chapters', it says, 'we have taken it for *granted that there is such a thing as moral good and evil*, and endeavored to show, that if the scheme of necessity be true, *man is absolved from guilt*, and *God is the author of sin*. But, in point of fact, if the scheme of necessity be true, there is no such thing as moral good or evil in this lower world; all distinction between virtue and vice, moral good and evil, is a dream, and we really live in a non-moral world'. Hence, according to this chapter, as well as according to the whole volume, Dr. Whedon's 'god automatically good', and his 'fiend automatically bad', are merely dreams, the crazy conceits of a darkened imagination, and not the consistent conceptions of a clear mind. If they are not 'blasphemous contradictions', they are, at least, inherent and utter impossibilities or absurdities.

But, as we have said, there are many 'true things' in Dr. Whedon's book, as well as many 'new things'. Let us, then, consider some of his 'true things'. It is one of the commonplaces of theology, that if Christ had not died to redeem the world, the whole race of mankind would have been doomed to destruction. But our author rises above this dark commonplace, and gives a much more beautiful view of the grand scheme of the moral world. 'What would have been done with them' (the whole fallen race of man) 'without a Saviour? is a question to which revelation furnishes no explicit answer. And yet there are grounds both from Scripture and reason for an obvious reply. The human race would never have been brought into existence under conditions of such misery. In other words, the redemption was the condition of the actual continuity (creation and continuance?) of the race. Redemption underlies



probationary existence. 'Grace is the basis of nature. *And the reply is both a satisfactory and a beautiful theoretical solution of a theoretical difficulty*'. The thought is true; and the author seems delighted with it as also beautiful. But, while this is one of his 'true thoughts', it is by no means one of his 'new thoughts'. It is to be found in the Theodicy, which he has so kindly undertaken to correct. It begins on page 253, and is as follows:—'It is frequently said, we are aware, that if it had not been for the redemption of the world by a "sovereign, gracious" dispensation, the whole race of man might have been justly exposed to the torments of hell forever. But where is the proof? Is it found in the word of God?' No, the answer is emphatically intended to be; there is no proof; and in the Scripture no answer, explicit or otherwise. What would become of them, then, without a Saviour?' Now the reply to this question, as there given, is the same as the one given above by Dr. Whedon. 'If there had been no salvation through Christ, as a part of the actual constitution and system of the world, then there would have been no other part of that system whatever. . . . The work of Christ is the great sun and centre of the system as *it is*; and if this had never been a part of the original grand design, *we do not know that the planets would have been created to wander in eternal darkness*. We do not know that even the justice of God would have created man, and permitted him to fall, wandering everlastingly amid the horrors of the second death, without hope and without remedy. *We find nothing of the sort in the word of God; and in our own nature it meets no response, except a wail of unutterable horror*'. Behold, then, the reply of Dr. Whedon as distinctly and emphatically expressed as possible! Behold, as he is pleased to call it, his 'satisfactory and beautiful solution'! 'How two minds run together!' Both independent and original; and yet both run together in 'a sort of preëstablished harmony'! We gave ourselves some little credit for the solution, and deemed it original, (never having seen it elsewhere,) until we found that Dr. Whedon had hit on precisely the same solution!

Dr. Whedon claims, that he has succeeded, at last, in reconciling 'the foreknowledge of God and the free-agency of man'.

Now, this is something to do; and if Dr. Whedon has really solved this world-famous problem, or difficulty, he deserves great credit. Locke, and Reid, and Stewart, and Campbell, and other philosophers, (if not all,) used to pronounce it 'beyond the reach of the human faculties'. If, then, Dr. Whedon has really solved it, we say, 'honor to whom honor is due'. Let us see, then, some of his 'new thoughts' on this high and difficult subject.

His comparison of God's omniscience to a mirror, which reflects, but does not produce, the future actions of men, seems to us a happy one. It is, so far as we know, a 'new thought', as well as a 'true thought'. 'God's mind', says he, 'according to the "eternal now", is like a mirror, before which I may stand. Every movement of my head, hand, body is reflected with perfect accuracy according as that movement is by me freely and alternately made. *The image in the mirror does not shape or constrain the movements of my choice, but accepts them in all their freedom*, and represents them as they are successively becoming. *My free act causes the reproduction in the mirror, not the mirror a necessitated act*'. The author himself seems to consider the image a fine one; and, so goes on, apparently rolling it 'under his tongue as a sweet morsel'. Now we have said that, so far as we know, this is a 'new thought', as well as a 'true thought'. But we did not say it was new in the work of Dr. Whedon; and, in fact, it was thought out, and published in the aforesaid Theodicy, long before his work saw the light of day. When the thought, or illustration, first occurred to the author of that work, it appeared to him both simple and satisfactory, as well as original. He had certainly never met with it in his reading, nor heard it from any one in conversation.

It occurs in the following passage: 'On this point the testimony of Dr. Dick himself is equally explicit. "Whatever is the foundation of his foreknowledge", says he, "what he does foreknow will undoubtedly take place. Hence, then, *the actions of men are as unalterably fixed from eternity, as if they had been the subject of an immutable decree*". But to dispel this grand illusion, it should be remembered, that the actions of men

will not come to pass because they are foreknown, but they are foreknown because they will come to pass. *The free actions of men are clearly reflected back in the mirror of the divine omniscience; they are not projected forward from the engine of the divine omnipotence.*' The whole passage in Dr. Whedon, (of which we have quoted only a part,) is but an expansion and a dallying with the idea of this one emphatic sentence. 'How minds do run together!' If the original author of the thought in question, derived some little satisfaction from it before he had seen it in Dr. Whedon, he hopes he may be pardoned. If not, he resigns all the glory to Dr. Whedon.

There is another 'very ingenious and satisfactory' thought on this subject, which is to be found in Dr. Whedon. It is this: We should not suppose, as necessitarians usually do, that God foresees the future actions of men *as naked events merely*. He foreknows all about them. He foreknows, not only that they will come to pass, but also *how* they will come to pass. If they will come to pass in the way we call *freely*, or in the way others call *necessarily*; then God foreknows this,—*the way or manner* of their coming to pass, as well as the bare fact of their coming to pass. Hence, if they come to pass, as our experience and consciousness testify they do, in the way we call *freely*; then this their freedom, and our free-agency, were foreknown to God. But if the fact of our freedom, or free-agency was foreknown to him, then his foreknowledge is, and must be, perfectly consistent with our freedom, or free-agency. Nay, then is our freedom, or free-agency, a part of his foreknowledge itself; and, consequently, results, by a logical necessity, from his foreknowledge. In other words, if our freedom, or free-agency, as well as all other things, are reflected back in 'the mirror of the divine omniscience', or foreknowledge; then his omniscience, or foreknowledge, demonstrates, and not disproves, our free-agency.

Now this argument is not only used, and dwelt upon at great length, by Dr. Whedon, but he actually claims it as original with himself. It is one of his 'new thoughts'. 'We may first remark', says he, '*that our view of free-agency does not so much require in God a foreknowledge of a peculiar kind of*

*events as a knowledge in him of a PECULIAR QUALITY existent IN THE FREE-AGENT.* This is a point apparently much if not entirely overlooked by thinkers on this subject.' (p. 271.) Thus, by means of italics and capitals, he not only lays great stress on the above view, but he claims it as his own; as something almost, if not *entirely*, overlooked by former thinkers on the subject of foreknowledge and free-agency.

But there is, at least, one thinker on this subject, who took precisely the same view long before it was taken by Dr. Whedon. Thus, he says, 'If God foreknows that our actions will come to pass *in the way we call freely*, . . . then, as *foreknowledge infers necessity*, our actions are necessarily free. And surely, if the necessity which is inferred from foreknowledge, is predicable of freedom, it cannot be inconsistent with it'.<sup>3</sup> Now, as this writer has shown, the only kind of necessity which may be inferred from foreknowledge, is a logical necessity, or the necessary connection which exists between premises and conclusions. Hence, if foreknowledge proves anything, it only proves that our volitions are, by a logical necessity, absolutely and *necessarily* free. That is to say, on the supposition that God foreknew what we know, namely, that we do act freely. We do know, both from experience and consciousness, that we act in the way we call freely; and hence we conclude, that God foreknew that we would act in this way, and not otherwise. We might give many other extracts from the same work to precisely the same effect; but, for the sake of brevity, we shall merely add the conclusion of the chapter from which Dr. Whedon has so freely borrowed his 'new thoughts'.

'In conclusion', says Dr. Whedon's humble forerunner, 'the necessitarian takes the wrong course in his inquiries, and lays his premises in the dark. To illustrate this point:—I know that I act; and hence I conclude that God foreknew that I would act. And again, I know that my act is not necessitated, that it does not necessarily proceed from the action or influence of causes; and hence, I conclude that God foreknew that I would thus act freely, in precisely this manner, and not otherwise. Thus, I reason from what I know to what I do not

<sup>3</sup> Examination of Edwards on the Will. By Albert Taylor Bledsoe. 1845.

know, from my foreknowledge of the actual world as it is, up to God's foreknowledge respecting it.

'The necessitarian pursues the opposite course. He reasons from what he does not know, that is, from the particulars of the divine foreknowledge, about which he absolutely knows nothing *a priori*, down to the facts of the actual world. Thus, quitting the light which shines so brightly within us and around us, he seeks for light in the midst of impenetrable darkness. He endeavors to determine the phenomena of the world, not by looking at them and seeing what they are; but by deducing conclusions from God's infinite foreknowledge respecting them!

'In doing this, a grand illusion is practised, by his merely supposing that the volitions themselves are foreknown, without taking into the supposition the whole of the case, and recollecting that God not only foresees all our actions, *but also all about them*. For if this were done, if it were remembered that He not only foresees that our volitions will come to pass, *but also how they will come to pass*; the necessitarian would see, that nothing could be proved in this way except what is first tacitly assumed. This grand illusion would vanish, and it would be clearly seen, that if the argument from foreknowledge proves anything, it just as well proves the *necessity of freedom* as anything else.

'Indeed it does seem to me, that it is one of the most wonderful phenomena in the history of the human mind, that, in reasoning about facts in relation to which the most direct and palpable sources of evidence are open before us, so many of its brightest ornaments should so long have endeavored to draw conclusions from "the dark unknown" of God's foreknowledge; without perceiving that this is to reject the true method, to invert the true order of inquiry, and to involve the inquirer in all the darkness and confusion inseparable therefrom; without perceiving that no powers, however great, that no genius, however exalted, can possibly extort from such a method anything but the dark, and confused, and perplexing exhibitions of an ingenious logomachy'.

Now here it is said, as plainly as words can say anything,

that God's foreknowledge includes, not merely 'a peculiar kind of events',—such as the actions of men,—but also 'a peculiar quality in the free-agent' himself,—his free-agency. Hence, as God has always foreknown what we now know, namely, that we are free-agents; so his foreknowledge, instead of disproving, actually demonstrates, our free-agency.

We have expressed our surprise, that two minds, on different sides of Mason and Dixon's Line, should run so exactly together, by 'a sort of preëstablished harmony'. But, after all, the coincidence, or harmony, is not so very wonderful, provided it may be supposed, that one mind has only run after the other, and followed in the same channel. Now has this been the case? We have been *inclined* to think so; because the 'new thoughts' in question occurred to the original author of them, only after he had devoted many years of patient meditation to the great problem of foreknowledge and free-agency; and because when they did occur to him, they seemed to raise him as out of a sleep, and give him a new light on the subject. But, after all, it is *possible* that Dr. Whedon never saw the work in which his 'new thoughts' are found. How stands the *fact*?

It is certain, that a distinguished graduate of Yale College and eminent lawyer, did write, and publish in *The Methodist Quarterly Review*, an elaborate article on the work in which Dr. Whedon's 'new thoughts' are so clearly set forth. But as this was before Dr. Whedon was the editor of said Review, so he may never have seen the article in question. It is also certain, that the writer of it said, that he 'was proud that the work was written by an American', and that he expressed this sentiment with special reference to its solution of the problem of foreknowledge and free-agency. If he had only lived to the present day, he might now be doubly proud; he might be proud that the world-famous problem in question had been solved *by two Americans*. That is to say, provided the second American had never known anything of the labors of the first American; which is the very point now under consideration.

The second American, it is certain, has given his new solution of the great problem in question, without the least allusion to the first American. Shall we suppose, then, that he had



never seen his work; or that a theologian may possibly be a little thievish? The reader may draw his own conclusion. We shall only state facts.

It is a fact, that *The New-Englander*, a quarterly published under the auspices of Yale College, attacked the predecessor of Dr. Whedon. But, in spite of the hostility of *The New-Englander* to the work in general, it admitted that its discussion of the great question of foreknowledge and free-agency had been attended with 'success'. Now this was a great deal for an enemy to admit; that is to say, for a necessitarian to admit that the argument from foreknowledge had, for the first time, been taken out of his hands, if not turned over to his adversary. Is it possible, then, that a solution, which had attracted the attention, and secured the hearty approval, of both friends and foes, should have entirely escaped the notice of so great a friend of free-agency as Dr. Whedon? The reader can decide for himself.

It is also a fact, that Dr. Whedon has, in another portion of his book, condescended to notice, in a foot-note, the work in which he might have found his 'new thoughts', if he had been so disposed. But, as he has noticed it in this obscure way only to bestow upon it a blundering criticism, so we shall conclude, perhaps, that his contempt for the work was too great to allow him to borrow anything from its pages. Be this as it may; it is certain, that his 'new thoughts' are in its pages, and were there for years before his immortal production, on the same subject, ever saw the light of day. Dr. Whedon, if we may judge from the book before us, seems to have read everything on the subject of the Will, except the little volume in which his 'new thoughts' occur.

After all, however, we are not willing to believe, that a theologian can be at all thievish. There must be an *evil intention*, or there can be no theft; and even if Dr. Whedon did borrow a few 'new thoughts' from a preceding obscure writer, who knows but his *intentions were very good*? In borrowing them, he may have intended, perhaps, merely to pay them back, with interest, to mankind; and thereby manifest his magnanimity. Or, in borrowing them from so obscure a writer, and inserting



them in his own immortal production, he may have merely intended to give them a place more worthy of their existence, as well as the sanction of a great name; and thereby cause them, the more conspicuously and the more certainly, to bring the great difficulties of his subject 'nearer to a solution'. Such may have been, we say, his very benevolent intentions; and the humble author from whom he has condescended to borrow his 'new thoughts' ought to be grateful for the honor which the great Dr. Whedon has done him.

We should, however, do injustice to Dr. Whedon, if we failed to suggest, that he may not have been at all aware that his 'new thoughts' were borrowed. 'When the true metaphysics shall appear', says a celebrated philosopher, 'it will be like a reminiscence of what was before known.' It will be so clear and simple, that the reader will be apt to imagine, that he knew it all before. Though the work in which Dr. Whedon's 'new thoughts' exist, had cost its author many long years of patient study, and protracted meditation; yet the highest compliment ever paid it was that of a reader who, having completed its perusal, exclaimed, 'Why, that is just exactly what I have always thought!' Now the same thing, for aught we know, may have also happened with Dr. Whedon; and hence, he may have believed that he only had to put together 'what he always thought', in order to solve the great problem of foreknowledge and free-agency. If so, we must, in a judgment of charity, forgive the offence, on the ground *that he knew not what he did*.

One or two words more respecting the philosopher, Dr. Whedon, and we are done with him. One of the most striking features of his book, is its amazing verbosity. The only point in controversy between himself and the necessitarian is, whether the mind is self-active in willing, or whether its act, or volition, is implicated in the mechanism of cause and effect. Yet the first part of his work, entitled 'the issue stated', occupies no less than seventy-four pages! The fog of words in which he is nearly always involved may serve to increase his own apparent dimensions; it is inconsistent certainly,—utterly inconsistent,—with anything like perspicuity of expression, or clearness and simplicity in the exhibition of truth.

His book opens, very properly, with the three-fold classification of the phenomena of mind into 'intellectives, sensibilities, and volitions'. The *intelligence* is that by which the mind *thinks*; the *sensibility* is that by which it *feels*, and the *will* is that by which it *acts*, or *puts forth volitions*. This three-fold distinction, or classification, is indeed the great stronghold of the cause of free-agency. According to the psychology of Edwards, Hobbes, and the elder necessitarians, there are only two departments of the mind,—'the understanding and will', or 'the understanding and the affections',—the will and the affections being identified with each other. This two-fold classification, or distinction, was the great stronghold of the cause of necessity; for as it is universally admitted, that the states of the sensibility, or the affections, are necessitated, or produced, by causes over which they have no control; so it was only necessary to merge the will,—the only self-active power of the mind,—in the sensibility, or the affections, in order to make its real characteristic disappear, and bring it under the law of cause and effect. On the other hand, it is only necessary to adopt the three-fold distinction in question,—*now universally received*,—in order to extricate the will from the false psychology of the past, and, by showing its true characteristic in the pure light of consciousness, restore it to its rightful position as the self-active power of the mind.

We had supposed that Dr. Whedon intended to do this. We had supposed that he intended to show, that while all the states of the *intelligence* and the *sensibility*, are necessitated, the states or acts of the *will* are free; that is, that they are not produced by causes over which it has no control. But we soon discovered that we were greatly mistaken. For, instead of seeing the unspeakable value of the three-fold classification in question, Dr. Whedon soon loses sight of it altogether, and plunges into the darkness of a necessitated will. He makes, or rather reproduces, the said three-fold distinction, only to lose sight of its value, and fail to apply it in the great cause of free-agency espoused by him.

He begins well. He states, at the outset, that 'all the operations of the first two of these faculties, namely, Intellect and

Sensibility, are universally felt, and acknowledged to be necessary and absolutely caused'. Hence the freedom of the mind cannot be found in them. He also states, that the Will is not necessitated, that its acts or volitions are not produced by causes over which it has no control, or from whose influence it is not free. But, instead of adhering to this position, he abandons this great stronghold of his own cause into the hands of the enemy. That is to say, he admits, (p. 379), that 'the determination of the clock pointer may be no more fixed and necessitated than the determination of a volition'. Thus, after all, he does not see, that a necessitated Will is no will at all, that a volition absolutely caused is a contradiction in terms! Hence, we would advise him to go back, and learn this very first lesson from Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, or from some other manual for beginners. For to say, as he has repeatedly done, that an act of the will may be necessitated, or absolutely caused, is to say that it is a *passive impression* merely, and not an act of the will at all. It is, in other words, to betray the cause of 'The Freedom of the Will' into the hands of the enemy. If Dr. Whedon had only perceived, and borne in mind, the value, or use, or application, of the three-fold distinction which, after Cousin, and others, he has so learnedly laid down at the very opening of his book, he might have been spared this unconscious treason to the great cause he has so zealously espoused.

Every state of the mind, which is necessitated, or absolutely caused, is a *passive impression*, and not an act of the self-active will. But the mind, in willing or in putting forth volitions, is self-active, is free, and not necessitated to act. Deny this, as Dr. Whedon does, and the cause of free-agency is betrayed. Assert, as Dr. Whedon does, that the Will may be necessitated, or absolutely caused, to act, and the great fundamental error of the necessitarian is blindly conceded.

Hence it is, that Dr. Whedon has automaton, or machines, grinding out moral good and evil, holiness and sin! Hence it is, that he has 'a god automatically good', or holy, as well as 'a fiend automatically bad', or sinful! We have heard of the 'mills of the gods'; but never before had we heard that they could turn out moral good or evil, holiness or sin, as other ma-

chinory turns out paper collars, or pewter buttons! This is a part and parcel of the great discovery of the nineteenth century.

We are glad, however, that Dr. Whedon has, in one of his lucid intervals, pronounced his 'god automatically good', or holy, 'a blasphemous contradiction'. We are also glad to believe, that the great God never created a man, or other moral agent, in the image of any such 'blasphemous contradiction'. We rejoice, on the contrary, in the belief, that he created man in his own image; and, *as such*, endowed him with the capacity to act without being necessitated, or absolutely compelled, to act. In other words, we rejoice in the belief, that man was endowed, by his Creator, with the god-like power of a self-active will, and not with the attribute of Dr. Whedon's 'blasphemous contradiction'.

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- ART. V.—1. *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K. H., M. A., D. C. L., F. R. S., &c., &c. New York: George Rutledge & Sons. 1869.
2. *Cosmos: A Sketch of the Physical Description of the Universe*. (Vol. II.) By Alexander Von Humboldt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.
3. *History of the Inductive Sciences*. (Vol. III.) By William Whewell, D. D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John W. Parker. 1847.

We have had, of late, many disquisitions on the physical constitution of the Sun. Why not have, then, discussions also on the physical constitution of the Earth? The sun, it is true, is many hundred thousand times greater and more glorious than the earth; but then a knowledge of the earth, as the planet in which we dwell, comes more directly home to our business and bosoms, than that of any other body in the universe. This

knowledge, too, is more definite and certain, than the knowledge of any other body. With respect to the interior constitution of the sun, or of any planet but our own, we know nothing, absolutely nothing, except its size, its mass, and its density. The other planets, as well as the sun, have been weighed and measured; and, consequently, their masses and their densities are known. But of the kind of matter of which they are composed, we know little or nothing, except by means of its supposed analogy to the material of our own globe. This we can touch, taste, handle. Nay, we can analyze this into its various known elements, and again recombine its elements into their various compounds. We can, moreover, convert the knowledge and power thus acquired into a thousand useful and ornamental purposes; by which the temporal estate of man is alleviated, as well as beautified. Hence, although the sun is so many times greater and more glorious than our little planet; yet is the knowledge of this more important *to us*, than a knowledge of the sun itself.

Again, the physical constitution of the sun, as known to us, relates *almost exclusively* to its gaseous envelope, or atmosphere; that being the only portion of the sun to which our best instruments give us the least access. The physical constitution of the earth, on the contrary, embraces its solid fabric, its great internal frame-work or skeleton, as well as the waters which cover the greater portion of its surface and the air in which it is wholly enveloped. And besides, how very partial and imperfect is our knowledge of the atmosphere of the sun, when compared with our knowledge of the atmosphere of the earth! 'The physical character of the other bodies of the universe', says the illustrious Humboldt, 'is hidden in obscurity; for it is only in our own globe that we can be brought into immediate contact with all the elements of organic and inorganic creation. The diversity of the most heterogeneous substances, their admixtures and their metamorphoses, and the ever-changing play of the magnificent forces called into action, afford to the human mind both nourishment and enjoyment, and open an immeasurable field of observation, from which the intellectual activity of man derives a great portion of its grandeur and its power'.

It is, then, to this 'field of observation', that your attention is invited.

It is indeed not merely a 'field of observation', it is a grand poem, of which God himself is the author; a poem as wonderful in the unity of its design as in the variety of its elements and the vastness of its agencies. This poem, if properly understood and fitly translated into human speech, is, in fact, a sublime hymn of praise to the infinite power, and wisdom, and goodness of God. We can, of course, within the narrow limits of our article, produce only a few extracts, or feeble echoes, from this magnificent hymn of praise to the glory of the high and holy ONE that inhabiteth eternity.

Let us, then, begin with the solid fabric of the earth. The history and the theory of earthquakes will, perhaps, give us the best view of the physical constitution of the earth, as well as of the wisdom and the goodness of God therein displayed, which it is possible for us to gain in the course of the present paper.

All the great forces of nature are silent. The mighty force, for example, which, from time to time, shakes the huge fabric of the earth, and terrifies its inhabitants, is nothing to that unseen, that unfelt, and that almighty power, which rolls the earth itself, with all its continents and seas, with all its mountains and plains, along its vast orbit at the rate of more than a thousand miles in a minute. Yet, how quietly the earth moves! and how softly it sleeps 'on its axis!' More force is exerted, says the great chemist Faraday, in the combination of the elements of a single drop of water, than is manifested in the wild fury of a thunder-storm. How true it is, then, that we overlook the great forces of nature, which represent the silent omnipotence of God, and are startled, and roused to attention only by the noisy paroxysms of their weakness. We tremble before the majesty of God in the thunder-storm; we scarcely think of the still more wonderful display of his power in the dew-drop. We turn pale with dismay, when the solid earth shakes beneath our feet at his touch, and all things seem ready to fall about our heads; while the almighty arm, which upholds and guides all worlds and all systems, is unseen, and, consequently, unfeared by us. We are, indeed, infinitely more affected by the noisy

earthquake itself, than by the silent and even-working deep *cause* of earthquakes, in which the divine beneficence and power are so wonderfully manifested.

The truth is, that the infinitesimal displays of the divine power, are better adapted to take hold on our little infinitesimal minds, than are the silent, but sublime, manifestations of God's omnipotence itself. Let us, then, say a few words about earthquakes; the most terrific, to our little minds, of all the terrestrial displays of his power. Let us say, in true scientific order, a few words respecting:—The *phenomena*, the *cause*, and the *consequences*, of earthquakes.

First, then, as to the *phenomena*, or history, of earthquakes. These are described in the works of historians, of naturalists, and of travellers. Nay, they are written in the rocks, in the great strata, of the solid crust of the earth. Humboldt, and Herschel, and Whewell, and a hundred other great men, have described these *phenomena* for us. It is our design, at present, merely to select, arrange, and combine some of the materials, which have thus been furnished to our hands by the great pioneers and creators of geonomic science.

We have all read of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The first great earthquake of which any very distinct account has reached us, is that which occurred A. D. 63, and which shattered those two cities on the Bay of Naples; though it did not destroy them. The first eruption of Vesuvius on record is that which followed sixteen years later, or in the year 79. Before that time, the ancients had no notion of its being a volcano; although Pompeii itself was paved with its lava. The ground, since the first earthquake in 63, had often been shaken by slight shocks, until at length, in August, 79, they became more numerous and violent, and, finally, so tremendous, on the night preceding the eruption, as to threaten everything with destruction. A morning of comparative repose succeeded. The terrified inhabitants breathed more freely, and hoped that the worst was over. But about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Elder Pliny, who, in command of the Roman fleet, was stationed in full view of Vesuvius, saw a huge black cloud ascending from the mountain, and 'slowly rising always higher and higher';



till, at last, it spread out aloft like one of the flat-topped pines of an Italian landscape. The meaning of such a phenomenon was a mystery to Pliny, and to every one else. We now know, and they soon learned, too well what it portended. For, from that cloud, stones, ashes, pumice, were rained down; and the cloud itself, lowering down upon the surrounding country, involved both sea and land in profound darkness, and shot forth flashes of fire more vivid than lightning. These phenomena, together with the violent heaving of the ground, and the sudden recoil of the sea, form the picture, which is so well known in the wonderfully fine description of the Younger Pliny. His uncle, animated by an eager desire to see what was going on, sailed for the nearest point on the coast and landed, but was instantly enveloped in the sulphurous vapor that swept down the mountain, in which he perished.

No lava seems to have flowed on that occasion. Pompeii was buried under the ashes, and Herculaneum under the mud, of the eruption. This was a most fortunate circumstance; for we owe to it some of the most wonderful remains of antiquity. In 1713, some laborers, in digging for a well, discovered first the Theatre of Herculaneum, some sixty feet under ground, then houses, baths, statues, and a library full of books,—all having lain there buried and embalmed for more than sixteen hundred years! The books were still legible; and among them were the writings of ancient authors, which had never before been met with, but which have since been read, copied, and published; while hundreds and hundreds of others still remain unopened.

Pompeii was discovered some forty years afterward; though its grave is some places sixty, and in some a hundred, feet less deep than the grave of Herculaneum. The walls of some of the buildings, in fact, appeared among the modern vineyards, and led to excavations, which were easy; the ashes being loose and light. There we may now walk through the streets, enter the houses, and behold the skeletons of their inmates; some in the act of trying to escape, and some in the attitude of festive enjoyment. The remains which have been exhumed from the ruins of these two ancient cities, form one of the most curious

clashing noise was heard in the air. Presently fell a deluge of stones and large scoriæ; some of which scoriæ were of the diameter of seven or eight feet, and weighing more than a hundred pounds. These large vitrified masses, either striking against each other in the air, or falling violently on the ground, covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire. In an instant the town, and the country about it, was on fire. The straw huts in the vineyards, which had been erected for the watchmen of the grapes, were reduced to ashes. If the inhabitants of the town were not all infallibly burnt in their houses, it was only because the wind was at rest; for it was impossible for them to stir out. Some attempting it with pillows, tables, chairs, or wine-casks on their heads, were either knocked down, or driven back to their close quarters, under arches and in the cellars of their houses. Many were wounded, but few only were killed. To add to the horror of the scene, incessant volcanic lightnings were seen writhing about in the black clouds, ready to invade the miserable inhabitants, while the sulphurous smell and heat scarcely allowed them to draw their breath.'

But, after all, Vesuvius, is a comparatively small affair. Even Etna, 'the grandest of all European volcanos', is scarcely entitled to serious attention. Though it is nearly three times as high as Vesuvius, and is, in some of its features, exceedingly interesting; yet, on the whole, it sinks into insignificance in comparison with the really great volcanic mountains of our globe. If any one would see a volcanic eruption, in all its grandeur and sublimity, in all its most wonderful forms, he must go to ICELAND, the land of frost and of fire. In this land of volcanos, MT. HECLA, above all others, reveals a source of heat and power in the interior of the earth, which is absolutely appalling to contemplate.

ICELAND is full of volcanos. *Hecla* alone, to say nothing of the others, has been twenty-two times in eruption during the last 800 years. The most fearful of them, was that which occurred in the year 1783; a year also memorable as that of the terrible earthquake of Calabria. 'On the 10th of May', says Sir John Herschel, 'innumerable fountains of fire were seen shooting up through the ice and snow which covered the moun-

tain; and the principal river, called the Skapta, after rolling down a flood of foul and poisonous water, disappeared.'

How wonderful! The river disappeared, just as if it had fled affrighted at the terrible approach of the volcano; leaving its deserted bed 600 feet deep and 200 broad. Two days after, a torrent of lava poured down into this empty bed; and, having entirely filled it, overflowed the surrounding country, and ran into a great lake. Instantly the lake disappeared in an explosion of steam. One whiff, and it was gone,—the great lake and all its waters! Having filled the lake, the lava again overflowed the banks of its basin, and divided itself into two great streams. The one of these covered some ancient lava fields; the other reëntered the bed of the Skapta lower down; and presented the astonishing spectacle of a cataract of liquid fire, where late had been the waterfall of Stapafoss. 'This', says Sir John Herschel, 'was the greatest eruption on record in Europe. It lasted in its violence till the end of August, [more than three months], and then closed with a violent earthquake'; which resulted, of course, from the violent suppression, or imprisonment, of the volcanic forces within the bosom of the earth.

But, continues Sir John, 'for nearly the whole year, a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island; the Faroe Islands, nay, even Shetland and the Orkneys, were deluged with the ashes; and a volcanic dust and a preternatural smoke, which obscured the sun, covered all Europe as far as the Alps, over which it could not rise. It has been surmised, that the great Fire-ball of August 18, 1783,—wonderful phenomenon!—which traversed all England and the Continent, from the North Sea to Rome, by far the greatest ever known (for it was more than half a mile in diameter), was . . . connected with the electric excitement of the upper atmosphere produced by this enormous discharge of smoke and ashes. The destruction of life in Iceland was frightful.'

'The Island of Sumbawa is one of the curious line of islands', says Sir John Herschel, 'which links Australia to the South-eastern corner of Asia.' It forms, with one or two other volcanic islands, a prolongation of Java, at that time, in 1815, a

British possession, and under the government of Sir Stanford Raffles, to whom we owe the account of the eruption, and who took a great deal of pains to ascertain all the particulars. Java itself is one rookery of volcanos, and so are all the adjoining islands in that long 'crescent-shaped' chain of islands. On the Island of Sumbawa, is the volcano of Tomboro, which broke out into eruption on the 5th of April, 1815; and which is thus described by Sir Stanford Raffles: 'Almost every one', says he, 'is acquainted with the intermittent convulsions of Etna and Vesuvius as they appear in the descriptions of the poet, and the authentic accounts of the naturalist; but the most extraordinary of these can bear no comparison, in point of duration and force, with that of Mt. Tomboro in the Island of Sumbawa! The eruption spread evidence of its existence over the whole of the Molucca Islands, over Java, a large portion of the Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of 1,000 miles from its centre . . . by tremendous motions and the report of explosions. In a short time, the whole mountain near Sang'ir appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction. The fire and volumes of flame continued to rage with unabated fury, until darkness, caused by the quantity of falling matter, obscured it about 8 P. M. Stones at this time fell very thick at Sang'ir. . . . Between nine and ten, ashes began to fall, and soon after a violent whirlwind ensued, which blew down nearly every house in Sang'ir, carrying the roofs and light parts away with it. In the port of Sang'ir, its effects were much more violent, tearing up great trees by the roots, and whirling them through the air, [in wild confusion,] together with men, houses, cattle, and whatever else came within [the sweep of its tremendous vortex]. . . . The sea rose nearly twelve feet higher than it was known to do before; and, [on its heaving and agitated billows,] an immense number of trees were tossed to and fro. . . . The whirlwind lasted about an hour. No explosions were heard till the whirlwind ceased. . . . [But then,] from midnight till the evening of the 11th, they continued without intermission; and after that their violence moderated. . . . Of all the villages round Tomboro, one small town, Tempo, is the only one remaining. In Pekaté no vestige

of a house is left; twenty-six of the people, who were at Sumbawa at the time, are the whole of the population who escaped. From the best inquiries, there were certainly not fewer than 12,000 individuals in Tomboro and Pekaté at the time, of whom only five or six survived [the catastrophe].'

'I have seen it computed', says Sir John Herschel, 'that the quantity of ashes and lava vomited forth in this : wful eruption would have formed three mountains the size of Mount Blanc, the highest of the Alps; and if spread over the surface of Germany, would have covered the whole country two feet deep! The ashes did actually cover the whole island of Tombook, more than one hundred miles distant, to that depth, and 44,000 persons there perished by starvation, from the total destruction of all vegetation!'

'Volcanic eruptions', says Sir John Herschel, 'are almost always preceded by earthquakes, by which the beds of rocks, that overlie and keep down the struggling powers beneath, are dislocated and cracked, till at last they give way, and the strain is immediately relieved. It is chiefly when this does not happen, when the force below is sufficient to heave up and shake the earth, but not burst open the crust, and give vent to the lava and gases, that the most destructive effects are produced. The great earthquake of November 1st, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, was an instance of this kind, and was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, on record; for the concussion extended over all Spain and Portugal—indeed, over all Europe, and even into Scotland,—over North Africa, where in one town in Morocco 8,000 or 10,000 people perished. Nay, its effects extended even across the Atlantic to Madeira, where it was very violent; and to the West Indies. The most striking feature about this earthquake was its extreme suddenness. All was going on quiet as usual in Lisbon the morning of that memorable day; the weather fine and clear; and nothing whatever to give the population of that great capital the least suspicion of mischief. All at once, at 20 minutes before 10 A. M., a noise was heard like the rumbling of carriages under ground; it increased rapidly, and became a succession of deafening explosions like the loudest cannon. Then a shock, which, as described by one

writing from the spot, seemed to last but the tenth part of a minute; and down came tumbling palaces, churches, theatres, and every large public edifice, and about a third or fourth part of the dwelling-houses. More shocks followed in rapid succession, and in six minutes from the commencement, 60,000 persons were crushed in the ruins! Here are the simple, but expressive words of one J. Latham, who writes to his uncle in London: "I was on the river with one of my customers going to a village three miles off. Presently the boat made a noise as if on the shore or landing, though then in the middle of the water. I asked my companion if he knew what was the matter. He stared at me, and looking at Lisbon, we saw the houses falling, which made him say, God bless us, it is an earthquake! About four or five minutes after, the boat made a noise as before; and we saw the houses tumble down on both sides of the river." They then landed, and made for a hill; whence they beheld the sea, (which had at first receded and laid a great tract dry,) come rolling in, in a vast mountain wave fifty or sixty feet high, on the land, and sweeping all before it. Three thousand people had taken refuge on a new stone quay or jetty just completed at great expense. In an instant it was turned topsy-turvy; and the whole quay, and every person on it, with all the vessels moored to it, disappeared, and not a vestige of them ever appeared again. Where that quay stood, was afterwards found a depth of 100 fathoms (600 feet) of water. It happened to be a religious festival, and most of the population were assembled in the churches, which fell and crushed them. That no horror might be wanting, fires broke out in innumerable houses where the wood-work had fallen on the fires; and much that the earthquake had spared was destroyed by fire. And then too broke forth that worst all of scourges, a lawless ruffian-like mob, who plundered, burned, and murdered in the midst of all that desolation and horror. The huge wave I have spoken of swept quite across the Atlantic, and broke on the shores of the West Indies. Every lake and firth in England and Scotland was dashed for a moment out of its bed,' &c.

'One of the most circumstantially described earthquakes on record', says Herschel, 'is that which happened in Calabria on



the 5th of February, 1783; I should say, began then, for it may be said to have lasted four years. In the year 1783, for instance, 949 shocks took place, of which 501 were great ones, and in 1784, 151 shocks were felt, 98 of which were violent. The centre of action seemed to be under the towns of Monteleone and Oppido. In a circle twenty-two miles in radius round Oppido every town and village was destroyed within two minutes by the first shock, and within one of seventy miles' radius all were seriously shaken, and much damage done. The whole of Calabria was affected, and even across the sea, Messina was shaken, and a great part of Sicily.

'There is no end of the capricious and out-of-the-way accidents and movements recorded in this Calabrian earthquake. The ground undulated like a ship at sea. People became actually sea-sick, and to give an idea of the undulation, (just as it happens at sea,) the scud of the clouds before the wind seemed to be fitfully arrested during the pitching movement when it took place in the same direction, and to redouble its speed in the reverse movement. At Oppido many houses were swallowed up bodily. Loose objects were tossed up several yards into the air. The flagstones in some places were found after a severe shock all turned bottom upwards. Great fissures opened in the earth, and at Terra Nova a mass of rock 200 feet high and 400 in diameter travelled four miles down a ravine. All land-marks were removed, and the land itself, in some instances, with trees and hedges growing upon it, carried bodily away, and set down in another place. Altogether about 40,000 people perished by the earthquakes, and some 20,000 more of the epidemic diseases produced by want and the effluvia of the dead bodies.'

'But South America, above all other portions of the globe, is the region of volcanos and earthquakes. Almost the whole line of coast of South and Central America, from Mexico southwards as far as Valparaiso—that is to say, nearly the whole chain of the Andes—is one mass of volcanos. In Mexico and Central America there are twenty-two active volcanos; in Quito, Peru, and Chili twenty-six more; and nearly as many more extinct ones, any one of which may, at any moment, break forth and blaze afresh. Nay, the most quiet and peaceful re-



gions of the country, in which no sign of a volcano, or earthquake, has ever been seen, are not entirely free from the danger.

For example, in a perfectly quiet district of Mexico, between the two rivers Cuitimba and San Pedro, there lived, on his princely estate, Don Pedro de Jurullo. A prosperous man, and living in comfort as a large landed proprietor, Don Pedro little imagined the dreadful mischief that was lurking at his feet. In June, 1759, a subterranean noise disturbs his peaceful region. Hollow sounds, succeeded by frequent earthquakes, continue for fifty or sixty days, and then die away. About the beginning of September everything seems to have resumed its tranquillity; and the mind of Don Pedro is once more at rest. But, suddenly, in the night of the 28th of September, the horrible noises recommence. All the inhabitants flee to the mountains, in consternation and dismay. The whole tract of ground, from three to four miles in extent, rises up, and swells into the form of an immense bladder, more than 500 feet high! Flames burst forth, covering more than half a square league; and, through the dense cloud of ashes, illuminated by the ghastly light, the refugees could see, from the mountains, the ground below swelling and sinking like an agitated sea. Vast rents and chasms open in the once solid ground, now like melted wax in the volcanic heat. Into these, the two rivers above mentioned precipitate themselves, and disappear. Instead of quenching the flames, however; they only add to their fury. The whole plain, at last, becomes an immense torrent of boiling mud, out of which spring thousands of little volcanic cones called Hornitos, or ovens. But, most astonishing of all!—a vast chasm opens, and vomits out fire, red-hot stones, and ashes, till ‘a range of six large mountains’ is formed, one of which is upwards of 1,600 feet in height above the old level. And there it stands, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, and is now known as ‘The Volcano of Jurullo’. It is continually burning; and for a whole year continued to throw up an immense quantity of ashes, lava, and fragments of rock. The roofs of the houses of the town of Queretaro, one hundred and fifty miles distant, were covered with the ashes. The two rivers afterward reappeared, issuing at some distance from among the hornitos,

no longer as sources of wealth and fertility, however, but as scalding hot cauldrons of water. The ground, for several years after the event, retained a violent heat, and the hornitos continued to pour forth columns of steam twenty or thirty feet high; just as if the earth were a great steam-boiler. [Herschel.]

Such are a few of the stupendous phenomena of volcanos and earthquakes, which have, from time to time, appeared in different and far distant portions of our globe. Like comets, before their nature was understood and their theory established on a scientific basis, they were well calculated to fill the human mind with consternation and dismay. In our remarks, however, on the *cause* and the *consequences* of volcanos and earthquakes, we hope to show, that they are among the great conservative agencies of nature; and that, in spite of first appearances, they are bright manifestations of the infinite beneficence of God. Or, in other words, that how great soever the partial and transitory evils that mark their course, they are absolutely necessary to the order and harmony, to the enjoyment and the life, to the sublimity and the beauty, of the terrestrial universe. God is in the volcano and the earthquake, no less than in the genial sunshine and the refreshing shower. His mercy is over all his works, and in all his ways. Such, at least, is the grand lesson, which we have gathered from a devout study of the subject, and which we shall now proceed to demonstrate.

The ancients, in their ignorance of the cause of earthquakes, were pleased to imagine, that some huge Titan had been hurled from heaven, and buried beneath Mount Etna; whose gigantic struggles to get free shook the earth, and whose malign wrath filled the sky with the flames of its fury. But such fables are the mere dreams of the crude infancy of science. The real cause of earthquakes is now understood. The solid earth, in which we now dwell; was once a vast globe of liquid fire; and was, in the blue firmament, a self-luminous star, like the sun, or Sirius, or a *lyræ*.

If you ask, how is this wonderful fact known? the science of the present day answers,—in several ways. In the first place, the shape of the earth bears testimony to the fact in question. If the earth had been in a fluid state, then, in turning on its

axis, it would have assumed the shape, or figure, of an oblate spheroid. Such precisely is the actual form of the earth. The diameter of the earth, which joins its two poles, is shorter than its equatorial diameter. Newton, setting out from the supposition that the earth was once in a fused or fluid state, determined, in his immortal work, *The Principia*, that its compression at the poles is  $\frac{1}{230}$  part of the whole diameter. Actual measurements, made by the aid of a new and more perfect analysis, have shown that the compression at the poles is nearly  $\frac{1}{300}$  part of the whole diameter. Thus has the theory, the mathematical deduction, of Newton, been confirmed, and at the same time corrected, by the aid of more improved means of investigation.

The earth, if fluid, would, in revolving round its axis, necessarily contract at its poles, and bulge out in its equatorial regions. This is, in fact, the shape of the earth. Both the *nature* of its departure from a perfect sphere, and the *amount* of such departure, which is given by the mathematical theory, are confirmed by actual observation and measurement. The polar diameter is about twenty-three miles shorter than its equatorial diameter; giving for the elevation of the earth at the equator a height nearly equal to nine times that of *Mont Blanc*.

The same result, or nearly the same, has been reached by two other methods of investigation. The departure of the earth's form from that of a perfect sphere, or the elevation of its equatorial region, produces, of course, certain perturbations in the motions of the moon. These perturbations, or inequalities, in the moon's latitude and longitude, have been calculated by astronomers. According to the last calculation of Laplace, they give almost the same result for the ellipticity of the earth, or its departure from the shape of a perfect sphere, as the measurement of degrees. That is to say, instead of  $\frac{1}{300}$  part of the whole, this method gives  $\frac{1}{299}$  part of the whole. How wonderfully near!

Thus, as Laplace well remarks: 'The astronomer, without leaving his observatory, [or closet,] may, by a comparison of the lunar theory with true observation, *not only determine the form and size of the earth*, but also its distance from the Sun and Moon,—results that otherwise could only be arrived at, by long

and arduous expeditions to the most remote parts of both hemispheres.' May we not, then, with Josephus, pronounce the astronomer 'a son of God'? inasmuch as with that sublime instrument of thought alone,—the calculus,—he determines for us, and accurately describes, the footprints of the Creator in our globe, as well as in the boundless realms of space! He alone has comprehended, and revealed, the ways of the great uncreated, and all-creating, Geometer of the universe!

In the last place, the oscillations of the pendulum, in various parts of the earth's surface, give nearly the same amount of compression at its poles. Instead of the  $\frac{1}{289}$ , this method gives the  $\frac{1}{288}$ , part of the whole, as the amount of its compression at the poles. Here, then, are four distinct, separate, and independent methods of investigation,—all leading to nearly one and the same result with respect to the form or figure of the earth! Now, if this is not demonstration, then it is difficult to say, that any proposition in the mixed mathematics has ever been demonstrated. Especially since, in the present case, the mathematical demonstrations, are confirmed and established by actual observation and measurement.

Again, if the earth had once existed as a fluid mass of molten material, we should expect to find, that its surface had cooled first, and settled down into a solid crust; leaving its interior with far more of its original heat. Now this, also, is well known to be a *fact*. In the words of Sir John Herschel: 'Just at the surface, or a few inches below it, the ground is warm in the day time, cool at night; at two or three feet deep the difference is hardly perceptible, but that of summer and winter is considerable. But at forty or fifty feet this difference disappears, and you find a perfectly fixed, uniform degree of warmth, day and night, summer and winter, year after year.

'But when we go deeper, as, for instance, down into mines and coal-pits, this one broad and general *fact* is always observed,—everywhere, in all countries, in all latitudes, in all climates,—the deeper you go, the hotter the earth is found to be. In one and the same mine, each particular depth has its own particular degree of heat, which never varies; but the lower always the hotter; and that not by a trifling, but what may

well be called an astonishingly rapid ratio of increase,—about a degree of the thermometer additional warmth for every ninety feet of additional depth, which is about  $58^{\circ}$  per mile!—so that, if we had a shaft a mile deep, we should find in the rock a heat of  $105^{\circ}$ , which is much hotter than the hottest summer day ever experienced in England. . . .

‘Now, only consider what sort of a conclusion this lands us in. This globe of ours is 8,000 miles in diameter; a mile deep on its surface is a mere scratch. If a man had twenty great-coats on; and I find under the first a warmth of  $60^{\circ}$  above the external air, I should expect to find  $60^{\circ}$  more under the second,  $60^{\circ}$  more under the third, and so on; and within all, no man at all, but a mass of red-hot iron. Just so with the outside crust of the earth. Every mile thick is such a great-coat; and at twenty miles depth, according to this rule, the ground must be fully red-hot; and at no very great depth beyond, either the whole must be melted, or only the most infusible and intractable kinds of material, such as our fire-clays and flints, would present some degree of solidity.

‘In short, what the ice-floes and icebergs are to the polar seas, . . . so are our continents and mountain-ranges to the ocean of melted matter beneath. I do not mean to say there is no solid central mass; there may be one, or there may not, and, upon the whole, I think it likely there is one,—kept solid, in spite of the heat, by the enormous pressure; but that has nothing to do with my present argument. All I contend for is this,—Grant me a sea of liquid fire, on which [all terrestrial things] are floating,—land and sea; for the bottom of the sea comes not nearly down to the lava level.’

Do you ask, then, what is the *cause* of volcanos and earthquakes? ‘The key to the whole affair’, as Sir John Herschel says, ‘is to be found in the central heat of the earth. This’, he continues, ‘is no scientific dream, no theoretical notion, but a fact established by direct evidence, up to a certain point, and standing out from the plain facts, as matter of unavoidable conclusion, in a hundred ways.’ It is, then, in this central sea of liquid fire, of molten material, that we have the source and the secret of all the mighty volcanos and earthquakes of our

globe. When, in any part of the earth, the fires and the forces of this mighty sea, on which all things are floating, find vent through its outer crust; then we have a volcano. On the other hand, when these tremendous fires and forces struggle to get free, like the buried Titan of the old fable, without finding vent; then is the earth shaken from its centre to its circumference. It is, however, only where this tremendous movement becomes sensible to men, or its destructive fury is felt, that it is called an earthquake. In the last place, when the repression of these fires and forces is partial, and their ventilation also partial; then do the earthquake and the volcano go hand in hand. In many instances, however, the earthquake *precedes* and *follows* the volcano. It precedes the volcano, until this provides a passage for the imprisoned and struggling forces into the freedom of the outer air; and then, when this passage is obstructed and closed, it follows the volcano. We find, in the history of volcanos, that they are nearly always preceded or followed by earthquakes; and, in many cases, they are both ushered in, and ushered out, by these gigantic attendants of their appearance on the theatre of the globe.

Now would you, in order to prevent earthquakes and volcanos, extinguish this central heat of the earth? Would you, in other words, strike a blow at the very heart of the world, in order to cure it of an occasional fever, or ague fit? Would you, in short, extinguish the internal warmth of the world, and wrap it in the dull, cold, pall of death, in order to cure the ills that its life is heir to? In this case, certainly, we had better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of; especially since the whole scheme of our planet was devised by a wisdom and a goodness infinitely greater than our own.

When we consider the extreme thinness of the external crust of the earth, in comparison with the depth of the great ocean, or world, of liquid fire within; the wonder is, not that it should be so often shaken, and shivered, by the strain of the tremendous forces of all the fires, and steam, and other gases, to which it is continually exposed; but that it should be so seldom disturbed, or disrupted, by their combined action. The only wonder is, indeed, that this tremendous internal force does not shat-

ter the external crust of the earth, and send its fragments whirling in different directions in space. For aught we know, in fact, it was by such a convulsion and catastrophe, that the missing world, between Jupiter and Mars, was made to disappear. We there find, it is certain, the *asteroids*, as they are called, to the number of a hundred; which are more like the fragments of a shattered world, than one of the planetary worlds of our system. It is also certain, that these *asteroids*, or fragments of a world, all revolve in orbits which once intersected in a common point; just as if they had been originally projected from that point. Hence, as astronomers have concluded, they are probably the fragments of a great planet, which, by some mighty shock or convulsion of nature, has been broken to pieces, and projected into their respective orbits around the Sun. If this conjecture be true; then was not the force by which it was broken precisely that of the great world of its central fires, which had failed to find sufficient vent by means of the safety-valves of volcanos? Be this as it may, it is at least certain, that we have abundant reason to admire and adore the superintending power and wisdom, by which so many planetary worlds, and our own in particular, have been conducted, in safety, through the awful crises of their formation by fire.

Having considered some of the phenomena, and the great cause, of earthquakes and volcanos; it only remains for us, in conclusion, to discuss the consequences of this great cause. In the infancy of the world, and indeed until a very recent period, earthquakes were regarded as among the great destructive agencies of nature. Indeed, to the superficial observer, they are still regarded in the same light. The reason is, that he only sees them in the work of destruction, and not in the work of restoration. He only sees them as they are, in one place, described by Humboldt, and not as they are described, in other places, by the same illustrious student of nature. 'It has been computed', says Humboldt, 'that on the first of November, 1755, a portion of the Earth's surface, four times greater than that of Europe, was simultaneously shaken. As yet there is no manifestation of force known to us, including even the murderous inventions of our own race, by which a greater number



of people have been killed in the short space of a few minutes: sixty thousand were destroyed in Sicily in 1693, from thirty to forty thousand in the earthquake of Riobamba in 1797, and probably five times as many in Asia Minor and Syria, under Tiberius and Justinian the elder, about the years 19 and 526'; that is, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand people by two earthquakes alone. But the circumstance which, of all others, has the most deeply impressed our mind with an awful sense of the tremendous power and destructive agency of earthquakes, is a single fact connected with that of November 15th, 1755, which is above mentioned by Humboldt. Though Lisbon was the chief seat of this great earthquake; yet, after extending over all Spain and Portugal, and indeed over all Europe, it spread its mighty hand under the whole of North Africa, where, in a single town of Morocco alone, it destroyed from eight to ten thousand people! But, let us turn from these appalling instances of the destructive agency of earthquakes, to consider them in the majesty, the grandeur, the magnificence, the glory, and the god-like beneficence of their operation in the grand economy of the world.

In the first place, then, we owe all the magnificence of our mountains to the operation of earthquakes. This is not merely a fanciful conjecture, or dark dream of the dawn of science. The thing has happened, and is continually happening, in our own day and generation. It has happened under the eye-sight of eye-witnesses, by whom the wonderful phenomenon has been described for us. 'The whole coast of Chili', says an eye-witness, Mr. Graham, 'for one hundred miles about Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes—mountains to which the Alps sink into insignificance—was hoisted at one blow, in a single night, (November 19, A. D. 1822,) from two to seven feet above its former level'. On the morning of the 20th, the beach *below* the old low water-mark, was seen 'high and dry'; with 'the shell-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of water'; and 'the sea-weed rotting in the air, or rather drying up to dust under the burning sun of a coast where rain never falls.'

'One of the Andes upheaved on this occasion was the gigantic mass of Aconcagua, which overlooks Valparaiso. To bring

to the mind the conception of such an effort, [of such a single blow from the arm of the earthquake,] we must form a clear idea of what sort of mountain this is. It is nearly twenty-four thousand feet in height. Chimborazo, the loftiest volcanic cone of the Andes, is lower by two thousand five hundred feet. Etna, with Vesuvius on the top of it, and another Vesuvius piled on that, *would little more than surpass the midway height of the snow-covered portion of that cone.* And yet this mountain,—the wonderful Chimborazo itself,—is 2,500 feet lower than Aconcagua! The force, then, by which not only such a mountain, but the whole mighty chain of the Andes to which it belongs, was upheaved by a single blow, on the night of the 19th of November, 1822, is surely sufficient to have created, or upheaved, the little ant-hills of the Alps, or the Apennines! If not by a single blow, at least by a succession of blows, operating through the long lapse of ages.

We have already seen, indeed, that the volcanic mountain de Jurullo, which is nearly half as high as Vesuvius, was suddenly created, or upheaved, by the earthquake of June, 1759. In the light of such facts, (and, if necessary, the number might be indefinitely increased,) it is easy to believe the statement of geologists, that all our present mountains, or rather the materials of which they are composed, were once at the bottom of the ocean; and hence, the sea-shells which they still bear in their bosoms, and on their very summits. We can also believe, that the force by which these mountains were raised from their ocean beds, and set on high, in the open air, was the arm of the earthquake; the only force known by which they are, or may be, produced.

In the second place, we owe the beauty and fertility of all the beautiful and fertile islands of our planet, to the beneficent power of earthquakes. These, too, as their submarine contents clearly prove, have sprung from the bosom of the ocean. ‘Volcanos’, says Sir John Herschel, ‘occasionally break forth at the bottom of the sea, and, when this is the case, the result is usually the production of a new island. This, in many cases, disappears soon after its formation, being composed of loose and incoherent materials, which easily yield to the destructive power

of the waves. . . . In numerous other instances, the cones of cinders and scorïæ, once raised, have become compact and bound together by the effusion of lava, hardening into solid stone, and thus, becoming habitual volcanic vents, they continue to increase in height and diameter, and assume the importance of permanent volcanic islands. Such has been, doubtless, the history of those numerous insular volcanos which dot the ocean in so many parts of the world, such as Teneriffe, the Azores, Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan d'Acunha, &c. In some cases, the process has been witnessed from its commencement, as in that of the islands which arose in the Aleutian groups, connecting Kamtschatka with North America, the one in 1796, the other in 1814, and which both attained the elevation of 3,000 feet.' 'Java', says Herschel, 'is one rookery of volcanos; and so are all the adjoining islands in the long crescent-shaped line' to which it belongs; a fact which clearly reveals their volcanic origin.

In the third place, we owe, under God, the very continents on which we dwell, to the agency of earthquakes. Earthquakes have done the work of their elevation; sometimes by sensible shocks, and sometimes by insensible impulses or vibrations. This great work is still going on under the eyes of the present generation. 'The Northern Gulf, for instance, and the borders of the Baltic Sea, and the whole mass of Scandinavia, including Norway, and Sweden, and Lapland, is rising out of the sea, [in which they were once submerged,] at the rate of two feet per century'; borne up by the pressure of the great ocean of fire below the ocean of water. These may be called insensible earthquakes; for with every motion of the earth, however slow, there is a trembling, or vibration, of its particles; though this may be too slight to be perceived by the senses of man.

'Again', says Sir John Herschel, 'in the year 1819, an earthquake in India, . . . bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long perpendicular wall, which is known by the name of "Ullah Bund," or "God's Wall." And again, in 1538, in that convulsion which threw

up the *Monte Nuovo* (New Mountain), a cone of ashes 450 feet high, in a single night; the whole coast of Pozuoli, near Naples, was raised twenty feet, and remains so permanently upheaved to this day, a period of more than 300 years. And I could mention innumerable other instances of the same kind.' But these are enough, and more than enough, for our present purpose.

Geologists, for a long time, did not know what to make of the sea-shells, and the submarine remains, which are found, not only in every continent, but in every mountain-top, on the face of our globe. But, 1707, a new volcanic island rose out of a deep part of the Mediterranean, near Santorino. Behold, then, the way in which sea-shells, and so forth, came to be imbedded in the tops of mountains! Similar facts were accumulated; similar submarine products continued to be found in all parts of the earth's solid crust; until, at last, the science of geology reached the grand conclusion, that all our mountains, and all our islands, and all our continents, were raised from the bottom of the ocean by the agency of earthquakes.

This grand conclusion of science, is well expressed in the following words of one of its most illustrious votaries, in answer to the question—*What do we see?* 'We see everywhere', says he, 'and along every coast-line, the sea warring against the land, and everywhere overcoming it; wearing and eating it down, and battering it to pieces; grinding those pieces to powder; carrying that powder away, and spreading it out over its own bottom, by the continual effect of the tides and currents. Look at our chalk cliffs, which once, no doubt, extended across the Channel to the similar cliffs on the French coast. What do we see? Precipices cut down to the sea-beach, constantly hammered by the waves, and constantly crumbling; the beach itself made of the flints outstanding after the softer chalk has been ground down and washed away; themselves grinding one another under the same ceaseless discipline; first rounded into pebbles, then worn into sand, and then carried out farther and farther down the slope, to be replaced by fresh ones from the same source.

'Well; the same thing is going on *everywhere, round every*

*coast* of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Foot by foot, or inch by inch, month by month, or century by century, *down everything must go*. Time is as nothing in geology. And what the sea is doing, the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sand-banks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, twice as much solid substance *weekly*, as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. The Irrawaddy sweeps off from Burmah sixty-two cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year; and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beechy Head, running inland to Madams-court Hill and Seven Oaks? All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk beds. Now, geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that all our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way, out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea.

‘Well, then, there is power enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, utterly to have cleared away, and spread over the bed of the sea, all our present existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the creation of the world; and from this it follows, as clear as demonstration can make it, that without some process of renovation or restoration to act in antagonism to this destructive work of old Neptune, there would not now be remaining a foot of dry land for living thing to stand upon.’

We see, then, the beneficent power and design of God in earthquakes, no less than in the genial sunshine and refreshing shower. But for the restorative power of earthquakes, indeed, the waters of the great deep had still covered the whole earth, and there had been no living thing, higher and nobler in the

scale of creation, than the fishes of the sea. There was, in fact, a time, when nothing but fishes existed in our planet. In due time, however, the dry land rose to view, and the nobler orders of the creation appeared on the scene. First, the animal creation, from its lowest to its highest orders, made their appearance; and then, last of all, man, the paragon of animals, entered on the theatre of his temporal existence, and took possession of all its kingdoms, as the sovereign lord and master of them all.

But even then, when the wide waste of waters covered the whole earth, there was a mighty influence at work, which justice to the subject of volcanos and earthquakes, and to the physical constitution of the earth itself, imperatively requires us to notice. We allude to the mighty influence and transforming agency of the sun. This influence has already been described by us in the pages of *The Southern Review* (for Jan., 1867,); and that, too, with scrupulous attention to well-known scientific facts. It contains not a line, indeed, which is not in strict conformity with the dictates of science. Hence, in order to save the labor of writing another description, we beg leave to repeat, in this place, the one which was then written with so much pains-taking and care. It is as follows:

‘The Word of God, silently working through all ages, is fitly symbolized only by those stupendous agencies, which, with such inconceivable grandeur, are at work on the magnificent theatre of the material universe. Accordingly, the sun is set forth in the Bible, as the symbol of that Word by which the world itself was formed. He is called ‘the Sun of Righteousness’; and every new step of the human mind, with respect to the physical power and influence of the sun, reveals a still deeper significance in the use of such a symbol.

‘In the beautiful language of the poet, ‘it is no task for suns to shine’. The great sun above us, for example, just pours down his golden floods over all as gently and as quietly as a sleeping infant breathes. Yet, by their pervasive force it is, that all the mighty changes of the earth are wrought, and all its wonderful harmonies produced. The winds are raised, and, in their rapid flight, obey this subtle force; and the deep seas,

shaken by the feet of the mighty winds, obey the bidding of the sun ; and, with all their ever-rolling waves, resound his praise. It is by his touch, that the electric equilibrium of the air is disturbed, and the lightnings proclaim his power. And the magnificent sparks thus kindled, ploughing vast regions of the atmosphere, engender material to enrich the earth, and feed the green herb. The sun's rays are, indeed, his ministering angels, sent forth to minister to all things on earth. By their ministry it is, that the waters of the great deep are taken up and spread in vapour through the air ; that the secret fountains of the dews and the rains are replenished ; and that the dry land is gladdened with springs and rivers. As from the waters of the ocean they fertilize the earth and cool the hot air ; so from elements of the crude and formless air itself, they feed and rear the living plant. The vegetable kindoms of the globe, with all their countless forms and orders, are the more than magical result of their beneficent care. They build the giant oak over our heads, and weave the sweet violet at our feet. The forests of a thousand years, no less than the flowers of a day, are the work of their delicate fingers. The endless variety of rich grains also, and all the delicious fruits of every clime, are but so many transmutations of the invisible air, wrought and matured by these ever-busy alchemists of the sun, by these shining ministers of material good, who, under God, fill all the earth with food and gladness.

‘ Nor is the solid globe itself exempt from the transforming power of the sun. All the stupendous coal strata of the globe,—those inexhaustible sources of power and wealth and comfort laid up for human use in the bosom of the earth,—are but the entombed vegetable kingdoms of the past,—all of which were reared and ruled by the mighty sun. The slow transformations of the earth's solid crust, too, in which its chief geological changes consist, are almost entirely due to the abrasion of winds and rains, the alternations of heat and frost, and to the everlasting lashing of the sea-waves ; all of which are produced and set in motion by the action of the sun. In like manner, the great oceanic currents, by which the matter thus abraded is transferred to its final resting place, are mainly owing to the



sun. And when we consider the immense amount of matter which, through the long lapse of ages, is thus transferred, we can well understand the declaration of scientific men, that the sun's rays have, in some portions of the globe, bound down the elastic force of the subterranean fires, and prepared the way for their upheaval in others, either in the form of mountain ranges or in the outburst of active volcanos; thus bringing even these tremendous phenomena under the same great law of solar influence. The Alps and the Apennines were, in fact, determined by the sun. Nay, when the primeval waters first rolled away, and the dry land rose to view, it was the sun which had appointed the place of its emergence, and the form with which it should appear. Thus, by the silent and all-pervading action of the sun, were the valleys exalted, and the very hills brought low. The foundations of continents were laid; their outlines determined; and their surfaces adorned with ten thousand forms of animal and vegetable life!

'It is not without a deep significance, then, a wonderfully deep significance, that the great Reformer, or rather the great Transformer, of the moral world, is called 'the Sun of Righteousness.'

In conclusion, we shall merely add, that the foregoing explanation of the phenomena of volcanos and earthquakes, is not merely a fanciful hypothesis. On the contrary, it fulfils all the conditions, by which a sound theory is distinguished from an unsupported hypothesis. In the first place, the principle of the explanation, *is known to exist*, and is not merely *assumed* for the purpose of constructing the theory. In regard to this principle, Sir John Herschel, as we have already seen, has said, 'This is no scientific dream, no theoretical notion, but *a fact* established by direct evidence up to a certain point, and standing out from *plain facts* as a matter of unavoidable conclusion, in a hundred ways.' Thus, as he says, 'the key to the whole affair [of volcanos and earthquakes] is to be found in the central heat of the earth.'

In the second place, the central heat, or cause, is known to produce phenomena like those ascribed to it in the theory. In our time, as we have already seen, the great central force of

the earth has raised permanent islands from the bottom of the ocean, as well as elevated whole continents above their former level; and such, precisely, are the phenomena ascribed to it in the theory.

In the third and last place, the known principle or cause in question, is adequate to produce the phenomena ascribed to it in the theory. In other words, the force of the central heat of the earth, which has raised its solid crust in some instances, or broken through it in the form of volcanos, is sufficient to produce other effects of the same kind and degree. It is, indeed, merely a truism to assert, that the cause which has produced certain effects in some cases, is sufficient to produce them in other cases.

Thus, all the conditions, which have been laid down by the philosophy of induction, in order to distinguish a true theory from a mere hypothesis, are fulfilled by the foregoing explanation of the phenomena of volcanos and earthquakes. Hence, if that theory be not absolutely or mathematically certain; it rests, at least, on as solid a foundation as most of the best established theories of the inductive sciences.

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ART. VI.—*Speech in the Senate of the United States, on the Mission to Domenica,* By Hon. Carl Schurz.

Just before the breaking out of the war, Mr. Schurz was a bitter and uncompromising radical. A German by birth, his connection with the Revolution of 1848 made it convenient for him to seek an asylum in this country, and he soon acquired political distinction here. With his war record we are not acquainted, nor is it now of any consequence to us. He has lately distinguished himself as the representative of the party in favor of a true peace founded upon oblivion of past differences, and

on this political platform was reëlected to the Senate; having been approved by another citizen whose pretensions are said to have been favored by the President, and who was apposed to the removal of political disabolitionists. His present political attitude, therefore, commends him to the favorable notice of the South. The speech now under consideration was delivered in opposition to a pet scheme of the President, for the annexation to the United States of Domenica, the Spanish portion of the Island of Hispaniola, now better known as Hayti.

Mr. Schurz objects to the annexation of St. Domingo, not because of its population *per se*, though of that he entertains no high opinion. He founds his opposition on a law of nature,—on the incompatibility of a tropical climate with republican institutions, and by consequence on the danger to the institutions of this country, from the addition of tropical countries to its political state. He appeals to history. Nowhere in the tropics, he says, has history ever presented the spectacle of a republic founded upon the right of the people to govern themselves. We do not wish to take unnessary exceptions to Mr. Schruz's statements; but we would respectfully suggest, that such a spectacle has been as rare in the temperate zone as it is in the tropics, and never to our knowledge in any zone but by persons of our race. The history of other races is to us rather a subject of intelligent curiosity than of instruction. With the exception of the Southern portion of Arabia, and of a portion of the peninsula of Hindustan, there is no portion of the tropics in the Eastern Hemisphere which is occupied by our race, and, unless our information deceives us, those countries are not better governed without than within the tropics; and in the Western Hemisphere the same may be said to be true. The European population in the tropics of America is overpoised by the numerical superiority of inferior races. The argument from history is not convincing, because it is not the history of our race.

But not content with the history of tropical countries, he draws an argument from the condition of the semi-tropical territory of the United States; it is on this portion of his argument that we propose to dwell; and, for the better examination of it, let Mr. Schruz first speak for himself.

‘Do you want any further addition to the historical experiences I have stated? Look, Senators, to our own country. There is not one of us, who is not perfectly acquainted with the differences which existed between the North and the South before slavery was abolished, and which exist yet. We were living under the same political constitution, the two sections of the country were peopled by the same race; and yet, while in the North the dignity of labor asserted itself with instincts and impulses of enterprise, of enlightenment, of education, of social and political equality, of a progressive civilization, of free government, the South developed the rule by force of the strong over the weak, and a social and political system, in which the elevation of labor, the peaceful friction of opinion on all matters of public interest, and the tendency to raise by general education all classes to the highest attainable level, had no place. And to this was added a *voluntary tendency lurking* like a chronic disease. Is not that so? You will say ‘it was slavery. Yes, it was slavery, but it was not slavery alone. The North, too, had slavery once; but the North abolished it at an early day. Why? Because it was not profitable there, is the current reply. Why was it not profitable there? Simply for the reason that the conditions and circumstances of labor and production in the North were not congenial to slavery, and naturally developed a public sentiment and a social system hostile to the degradation of labor. . . . While slavery could not maintain itself at the North, why did it maintain itself at the South? Simply because *in a hotter climate natural causes developed those passions and propensities of human nature, which in the gratification of its appetites, lead to the arbitrary employment of force, in preference to a just recognition of the rights of others.* That was the reason of it. Thus slavery was, after all, not the primary, it was only an intermediate, cause of the difference that existed between Northern and Southern society. *That primary cause lies deeper; and you will see in future developments that that primary cause is working still.* . . . I say without fear of refutation, that our civil war was not a mere historical accident; but *a conflict between two different currents of civilization developed under different natural causes. And these different currents have not ceased to run yet.*’

We suspend our quotations for the purpose of making a few comments on what has already been quoted; and first of those passages which are marked. President Davis repeatedly asserted, and asserted truly, that slavery was not the cause of our secession; and now we have the corroborating testimony of Mr. Schurz. Now, if the cause of the secession was a natural cause, were we not perfectly right in acting in obedience to the dictates of nature? We made no war upon the North. We urgently tried to go off in peace; but our prayers were rejected. If we acted in obedience to the dictates of nature did not Mr. Schurz and his associates act the part of fanatics and tyrants when they opposed our action? If nature has planted in the two sections of the country social, moral, and political instincts so diametrically opposed, so hostile to each other, was not a separation called for in the instincts of humanity and of peace? If no man may put asunder those whom God has joined together, how can we presume to hold together those whom the same God has directed to live asunder? The Confederate States were anxious to remove the obstacles to a permanent peace on the continent. They withdrew from a league which had always been one of convenience merely, not of love, for the mutual dislike of the two sections manifested itself even before the government of Britain was shaken off. The South obeyed the instincts of nature, and the North, with its boasted higher civilization, waged a war of destruction against them to reduce them to submission; and with what result? Let Mr. Schurz answer:

‘When we complain of the turbulent state of society there (at the South) we mistake the nature of the case, if we ascribe the whole evil exclusively to the traditions of slavery, or the usual irregularities of life in thinly settled countries. These things certainly have aggravated the evil, but they have not produced it. They are rather symptoms than causes. Look over the globe, and study the history and present condition of nations, and you will find similar things more or less developed in all hot countries: *the people passionate and of a turbulent disposition, and more inclined to appeal to force than to patient argument, and averse to orderly acquiescence in deciding con-*

*flicts of opinion and interest.* And thus it will gradually become painfully evident to us here that as it was not the existence of slavery alone which produced our differences before, so it will not be the traditions of slavery alone that will foment our differences hereafter. *The natural influences I have been describing, will inevitably assert themselves.* Let us look at our future. These natural influences breed chronic distempers, which I fear will still keep the body politic of this republic in uneasy agitation for a long time to come. They will require judicious and prudent treatment. A wise policy may indeed prevent violent paroxysms, but—and *here I express my sincerest convictions, startling as the proposition may seem—I doubt whether we shall ever be able to become completely masters of the disease.* We shall have reason to congratulate ourselves if we succeed by prudent management in repressing its most violent symptoms, and *in securing to the South a tolerable state of order,* without giving to this government too dangerous a measure of arbitrary power.'

We congratulate Mr. Schurz and his associates on the happy issue of their policy. They deliberately made war upon nature to retain the South in subjection to them, (we protest against the idea of restoring the Union—the passage just quoted proves conclusively that he at least does not believe it restored,) and they hope by the exhibition of great prudence, (prudence in a Congress armed with irresponsible power!) to maintain their conquests, in peace and order, without giving to their government *too dangerous a measure of arbitrary power.* That it has acquired that arbitrary power he does not pretend to deny; he only hopes that it will not be too dangerous. It was predicted from the first by sagacious persons, both North and South, that a successful attempt to coerce the States of the South would result in the destruction of the political liberties of the whole. Mr. Schurz admits that it is true of the South; and keenly dreads it for the North. Dismiss your fears, Mr. Schurz, the mischief has been done. The North knows it not yet, because the government is still carried on in its interests; as for the South, it is to be kept for its own good in humble subjection to the North.

This, then, is the result of the war. The glorious Union is restored. True, nature is conquered; but the integrity of the Union remains. But where is political liberty? The Union is preserved. But what says the God of Nature to a Union for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure have been wasted, for the continuance of which a large measure of arbitrary power must be wielded by the Government? Away with such unpatriotic reflections. The Union is preserved! The glorious flag floats over the whole land. This is the Alpha and the Omega of civil and political blessings. To doubt is worse than atheism.

Mr. Schurz objects to an association with a tropical climate; because there the dignity of labor is not asserted, and because a hot climate develops those passions and propensities of human nature which, in the gratification of its appetites, lead to the arbitrary employment of force in preference to a just recognition of the rights of others; and elsewhere, in a passage not quoted, he says, that in tropical climates even the freedom-loving Anglo-Saxon organizes labor only in the direction of slavery.

There are some conventional phrases current among politicians and others, which are continually used without, we imagine, conveying any definite notion even to those who employ them. What is meant by the 'Dignity of Labor'? Where is labor dignified? Certainly it never was dignified at the South. It is true that certain kinds of labor, and that too for which the South was most generally known to the world, was performed for the most part by slaves; but, though we have lived nearly the time allotted to man, we have yet to learn that the poor man who had no slaves, but labored on his land with his own hands, was otherwise than honored and esteemed for his industry; the self-respect which made him labor for his independence commanded respect. It is very true, that you did not find such persons in the refined circles in which the wealthy usually moved; but surely such persons are not found in the wealthy circles of the North and West. We doubt whether Mr. Schurz expects his wife and daughters to exchange social visits with the families of the men who hand his coals and saw his wood for him.



The cook, after dressing the dinners which he gives to the gay and refined society of St. Louis, surely does not take off her apron and mob-cap, and sit down with the select circle around his hospitable board. When the Champagne is circulating, his butler surely does not interrupt the service of the table to hob nob with Madam Schurz, or to indulge in a little innocent flirtation with the fraulein Schurz. And yet he is doubtless a very respectable man, and his cook not only an accomplished artist, but a woman of a thousand estimable virtues. They must needs be respectable, or they would not be in the service of so correct a gentleman as Mr. Carl Schurz; they show their respectability by not putting themselves in false positions. So was it at the South. Men who have to earn their daily bread, by the daily work of their hands, have neither leisure, nor taste, nor inclination, for a circle for which they are not fitted by education and habit. But who calls their respectability into question? No one that we ever knew or heard of.

We imagine no one loves labor for itself; and if we are not misinformed the hard manual labor of the North is now performed, not by Americans, but by Europeans. No man will live by his hands, who can live by his wits; and our New England philosophers have contrived to shake off labor from their own shoulders to those of the emigrant. We blame them not for it; but let them abandon the cant of preaching the dignity of that which they make it the first business of their lives to avoid.

In one of his messages Governor Scott read the people of South Carolina a lecture on their inability to recognize the dignity of labor; and, as usually happens when strangers undertake to instruct us, betrayed his ignorance, as well as his malignity. Whilst he taunted the white people of South Carolina with not apprehending the dignity of labor, he told them that the State had lost the valuable services of thousands of young men, who, unable to work at home, had gone to the North and found employment there. What work could they do at home? The war had ruined us; and the policy of the government which sent Mr. Scott here, prevented us long from using such means for rebuilding our fortunes as might have retained those

young men among us. Had they remained, they could get no work. There was no money to induce them to work.

This cant about the dignity of labor, and the non-appreciation of it at the South, was one of the clap-trap phrases with which Northern demagogues fanned the hostility of the North against the South. It has done the work which it was invented to do, and it would be as well now to let it die in peace. But we fear it will continue to live. A lie oft repeated comes at last to be believed even by the inventor of it. Such we suspect will be the case with this fabrication.

But a warm climate engenders a turbulent and passionate disposition, more inclined to appeal to force than to argument, and an utter disregard for the rights of others. We are so often told of the influence of the sun in producing hot and passionate tempers, that to question it now, would almost seem to be defending a paradox; but we do not believe there is anything in the dogma. On the contrary, we believe that if the climate has any influence in developing the moral character, it is just the reverse of the popular belief. Very warm weather is apt rather to impair energy than to excite passion. Under the influence of a burning sun men are more inclined to indulge in the *dotee par niènte* than to gratify passion. Even the passion of avarice is checked by natural causes; for nature causing wants to be easily supplied, the greed of avarice cannot exercise its power, because there are none so wretched as to be the thralls of the wealthy. If the history of the people of the United States proves anything, respecting temperament, it proves that the Southerners are less excitable than the Northerners. Contrast the boiling impetuosity of the two Adams with the imperturbable calmness of the Virginia Presidents; the malignant fury of a Sumner with the quiet dignity of a Calhoun; the treacherous malignity of a Staunton with the sober integrity of a Davis. Can anything be more admirable or more temperate than Mr. Mason's remarks after the bitter and malignant invectives of Mr. Sumner's Kansas speech? and every word that Mr. Mason said was true.

Whenever we see a picture of the South by a Northern hand, we are reminded of the fable of the lion who saw his picture

sketched by a man. It is vain for us to protest. The North has the ear of the world, and caters to existing prejudices, and we must suffer in reputation. But vain as it now is, feeble as our pen may be, we must use it in defence of truth. A time may come when we shall know ourselves, and when others will know us as we are.

It is difficult to institute a comparison, for every case cited may be treated as an exception. The European character of the Italian is that of cunning. The wily Italian,—a character utterly inconsistent with hot-headedness. The Scot, on the other hand, is celebrated for his irascibility. There are more children born out of wedlock in Scotland, in proportion to the population, than in England. In this country, Mr. Woolsey tells us that out of every eleven marriages in Connecticut there is one divorce. The marriage vow is better kept at the South. The North too has free-love associations, Oneida communities, and Mormonism. The semi-civilized South still respects the purity of woman and the sacredness of the marriage bond.

The poets love to describe the warm passions and impetuous tempers engendered by the sun of the tropics; but poetry deals not always with facts, and describes rather what might be than what really is. There is more lasciviousness engendered in the warm beds rendered necessary by the long nights of a Northern winter than by the united influence of all the suns of a tropical climate.

A warm climate, it is said, produces early sexual development; and it is reasonably inferred that when the development is rapid, the subject loses the advantages which may be derived from a more protracted pupilage. It is said that Moorish girls become mothers at a very tender age, and this is said to be the effect of climate; but the girls about Moscow also become mothers at a very tender age. Is this also the effect of climate? We suspect that this early development is one of the mysterious results of race and education as well as of climate. There has not been observed any noteworthy difference between the North and the South, either in this country or in Europe, as to sexual development.

But, says Mr. Schurz, Southern people under the influence

of their hot climate are apt to resort to force rather than to argument, and are afflicted with a revolutionary tendency which lurks in the system like a chronic disease. It is a curious fact in the history of this country, that since the revolutionary war the only cases of serious disturbance in which it was necessary to call out an organized military force, were those of New Hampshire in 1786, when a mob surrounded the Hall of the General Assembly at Exeter, and dictated laws to the Legislature; of Massachusetts, when a body of insurgents under Captain Daniel Shays took possession of the town of Worcester in 1787, hindered the sitting of the General Court, and menaced the Armory at Springfield; of Pennsylvania, early in Washington's administration, when the excise on whisky caused an insurrection that could be repressed only by force; and the insurrection of Dorr, in Rhode Island, in 1842, when the malcontents endeavored by force to gain possession of the State. We do not remember whether the troubles in New York, occasioned by the Barn Burners, a violent outbreak against the laws of property in that State, ever reached the height of making military force necessary to restore order. When, and where, have there been corresponding troubles in the South? We leave out of consideration occasional mobs in cities, which, however serious, may generally be considered as sudden outbreaks of passion, which may occur anywhere. But all the cases we have mentioned were the results of deliberation, a determination not to await the slow operation of argument, but to do themselves right by force. In 1814, when the country was at war with Britain, the States of New England met in convention at Hartford for the purpose of crippling the resources of the government, and nothing hindered the action of this revolutionary body but the opportune event of the victory of New Orleans. Had that battle been fought a fortnight later, the Union would probably have been dissolved fifty-six years ago, and this country might have enjoyed the blessing of peace founded on harmony.

So far as the tendency to resort to force is shown by the record of history, it is true of the North rather than of the South. Before the balance of power turned in favor of the North, New

England denounced the Union more bitterly than it was afterwards by the South. Nay, after the joint resolution for the annexation of Texas was adopted, the Legislature of Massachusetts, in one branch at least, solemnly dissolved her connection with the Union. The Senators and Representatives of that State in Congress did not respect the action of this legislature, and the secession of Massachusetts remains a dead letter in the journal of their legislature.

But the South has a revolutionary tendency which lurks like a chronic disease in her system. How and when did she manifest it? By remaining true to her engagements when the other parties to the political compact had violated theirs? The celebrated ordinance of 1787 which excluded slavery from the States North of the Ohio, not only guaranteed it South of that river, but solemnly pledged the country to restore escaped slaves to their owners. This pledge was openly, grossly, boastfully violated. The Northern States respected constitutional engagements just so long as it suited their interests or their passions to respect them; and then exercised their sophistical ingenuity in forcing unheard of interpretations upon the Constitution. When they saw new lights, they insisted that all others should enjoy the same illumination, and laughed to scorn the doctrine that the principles of 1787 should be appealed to in interpreting the Constitution of 1787. Mr. Sumner not long since exhibited a striking illustration of this contempt of history. The Constitution guarantees to each State a Republican form of government. At the time of the adoption of that instrument, the principle of manhood suffrage was not known. But in 1866 Mr. Sumner discovered that inasmuch as manhood suffrage was not recognized by the States of Maryland and Kentucky, they were not in the enjoyment of that glorious republican government, which the Constitution guarantees, and generously proposed an alteration of their respective constitutions. And though this proposal was not directly acted upon, it was actually made by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. Who are the revolutionists? They who cling to the old traditions of their fathers; or those who, adopting new lights, burn with intense desire to open the eyes of others to the same, and resort

to force to compel the adoption of them? Answer this question, Mr. Schurz, and make the application.

Mr. Schurz is not a native American, and may very reasonably be supposed to be ignorant of many things in our local histories, without any imputation on his general character for information and intelligence. But when he undertakes to read us lessons drawn from the history of the country, his ignorance is culpable. He has got only a one-sided view of our history, and it has been drawn with no friendly hand. The South doubtless has many grievous faults, but they are not those which Mr. Schurz ascribes to her. She has had slaves, but if there is any sin in the possession, it is one which belongs to the whole commercial world. She has acquiesced cheerfully in the fiat which gave freedom to her slaves, and all that she now asks is that she may accomplish her destiny by her own energy and by her own sense of propriety. This reasonable request is denied her, and she has henceforth to struggle against savageism deliberately and forcibly incorporated into her body politic. The most glorious mission ever confided to humanity, is now the mission of the people of the South,—to educate the savage to the enjoyment of liberty. They may fail. It may be that the undertaking is a war against nature; but if they succeed, the North will claim all the glory.

Our semi-tropical sun doubtless represses energy; it opposes the development of wealth which now forms so prominent a feature of Northern civilization. Human nature will not tax all its energies, except under the pressure of necessity; and the genial sun which tempers the spirits, causes to be easily produced those objects which are necessary to human life. We have no hard winters which make fuel as great a necessity as food, and which taxes industry as much for warm clothing as for shelter. Hence less enterprise at the South than at the North, and hence the scorn with which the English regard the Spaniards and the Italians. But surely we may be good citizens even if we do not run madly the race of wealth; and if our poor race often indulge themselves with a holiday, why should the bounteous giver of innocent pleasures be called to account? Meanwhile we hold to many of the old-fashioned

doctrines which we have received from our ancestors. They may be indications of retrogression in civilization, and may arise from our unfortunate position near the tropics. We believe that truthfulness is one of the noblest attributes of humanity. Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts calls upon the country to admire the superhuman virtue of Secretary Stanton, who, whilst a trusted member of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, was in habitual correspondence with his political enemies, and meanly betraying him to them. Our old-fashioned notions of morality regard this conduct as base. The New England new light calls it divine. The Legislature of Massachusetts has recently reelected Mr. Wilson to the Senate, and may therefore be considered as approving his doctrine.<sup>1</sup>

Let us now examine this boasted Republicanism of the North, this self-government which is the crowning glory of the North temperate zone, for the enjoyment of which our Southern sun unfits us. History, he says, records no instance of such a government in the tropics. What light does history shed on this kind of government at the North? What is a Republican government? According to the light of New England a Republican government is just such a one as you will find in New England at this day. The republics of 1789 were only pseudo republics—they did not recognize the right of suffrage as one of the natural rights of man.

Now where in all modern history are such governments found, but in North America? and even in North America, they did not exist until the negromania became a political element after the cessation of hostilities. The history of Europe

<sup>1</sup> The two letters of Mr. Black, which appeared in *THE GALAXY*, (a monthly magazine published in New York,) in reply to Mr. Wilson's eulogy on Mr. Stanton, are the most scathing and withering productions we have ever read. The *Letters of Junius* are mere child's play compared to those of the great Pennsylvanian. A pen more polished, or more powerful, has certainly never been wielded by an American hand. Its calm, deliberate, carefully considered, and well-directed blows, are more terrible than the lightning's flash; and surely, if the victim were not blessed with the hide of the rhinoceros, he would have shrunk at once from the gaze of the public, and hid himself forever in his own native insignificance. But so lost to all sense of shame seems the Legislature of Massachusetts, that this hardened man, Mr. Wilson, has again been chosen to represent her in the Senate of the United States. There, clad in the triple brass of a corrupt public opinion, and supported by the sanction of a sovereign State, he can securely laugh to scorn the virtuous indignation of mankind.—ED.



affords no examples of such. Republics have indeed existed in Europe, but like that of France in 1793, and of England in 1640, they rapidly culminated in military despotisms. The stable republics, such as the Dutch provinces and the Swiss cantons, acknowledged the old-fashioned principle, that political power should be lodged in the hands of those who would be likely to use it wisely. The notion of giving it to a man merely because he had lived a certain number of years, never for a moment enlightened the clouded minds of these old-fashioned republicans. The English republic glided so rapidly into a military despotism, that we cannot see what amount of political power belonged to the people. France twice tried a purely democratic republic, and twice rapidly exchanged it for the greater repose enjoyed under a military despotism. Mr. Schurz's historical illustrations then must be confined, not only to this country, but to this decade. The government that commands his admiration is a republic, founded on the rights of the people to govern themselves. Doubtless a perfect system where the people are fit to govern themselves,—but how if they are not?

We are very much governed by names. Announce that a people have deposed a king and established a republic, and our people throw up their caps and hail the progress of the principles of political liberty. But it is not the form of government which is established, but the spirit in which the government is administered. That is the best government for a people, which commands the voluntary obedience of all good citizens, and which is founded upon reverence for law. Law is always the expression of the sober thought of the people; and every people fit to govern themselves, will be obedient to the law. If they trample upon the law, they despise justice, are inconsistent with themselves, and unfit for a democracy.

True liberty can exist only where men respect the rights of others as sacredly as their own; and this respect can be shown only by obedience to law. The tendency of a Democracy is to lose sight of this respect; to construe the law against the rights of minorities whenever it is convenient to do them injustice. The absolute rule that majorities shall govern is too often in-

terpreted to mean that minorities may be abused. Power is always dangerous. It is most so when a sense of personal responsibility is merged and lost in the power of an irresponsible majority. The inhuman and savage murder of the late Maximilian of Mexico, is directly chargeable on the people of the United States; but none of those who are most directly implicated in that crime feel the slightest remorse. Maximilian was an Emperor. The sacred soil of North America must not be polluted by the footsteps of an aristocratic tyrant. He must retire before the progressive spirit of Republicanism. And in obedience to this senseless cry, which, because it has no definite meaning, always finds a ready echo in this country; the hopes of order and of civilization in Mexico, went down before a savage power which decorated itself with a republican title; and it is not unlikely that many of those persons who joined in the senseless cry against the introduction of Imperial power into that country, are loud in denouncing Bonaparte for abandoning the unfortunate emperor after having induced him to accept the perilous but seductive elevation. Under the democratic influences of the United States, civilization in Mexico has been made to succumb to barbarism.

True liberty can exist only where the law is supreme, and where as a necessary consequence the ministers and dispensers of the law are armed with power to enforce it. As soon as this supremacy is lost, or as soon as the judge is afraid to enforce the law, anarchy commences its reign, and men can no longer reckon upon the secure enjoyment of their rights and liberties. In any other government but a democracy, if the governing power violates the law there is danger of a revolution; and the fear of this danger, if not a higher motive, generally operates for the preservation of the majesty of the law. But if, in a democracy, it suits the interest or the inclination of the majority to violate the law, the victim of oppression has no redress. King Demos has no superior; and unfortunately King Demos has no conscience.

It is a noteworthy fact that a large number of persons in the South are suffering pains and penalties, which are authorized by the popular will. The people of the Northern States called

the late war a Rebellion. Many persons have suffered in fortune, many in liberty, and many in political disfranchisement, on account of the rebellion; and yet the records of the courts do not contain a single instance of the indictment and conviction of a single person engaged in that rebellion. Men were imprisoned, and their property confiscated, not in pursuance of the judgments of the courts of law, but in obedience to the popular will. All the trials which followed the war, were held before military commissions, and it is noteworthy that the cases which these commissions left unfinished, and which were afterwards taken up by the civil courts, resulted in the release of the accused. A military commission, the willing organ of a maddened democracy, consigned an innocent woman to the gallows, for pretended complicity in the murder of Mr. Lincoln; not content with the life of their poor victim, they huddled her to a grave from which, for several years, they kept her family from taking her body; and more than two years after this judicial murder, her son, who had been hounded over Europe by the agents of the government, was brought before a law court, tried for the same offence, and discharged. The murderers of Mrs. Suratt walk through the land greeted with the approving smiles of a grateful democracy; and the jury which suffered her son to escape, is charged with a leaning towards rebellion.

If there was a rebellion, the rebels should have been punished. But in a country which boasts itself the freest under the sun, punishment should be inflicted only by courts of justice in pursuance of law. If executed in any other way, killing is murder, confiscation robbery, and disfranchisement revolutionary tyranny. Even he who is condemned to die, has a right to die by the hands of an officer of the courts. Any other, who should take his life, is a murderer. No court of law has yet pronounced the judgment of a rebel. So far from it, the country has presented the remarkable spectacle of Congress assuming to be judge and executioner of its own laws; and as if conscious of the enormity of its assumptions, is diligently devising measures to keep its unfortunate victims, whom it stigmatizes as rebels, out of the courts of justice. They could trust to the justice and the discretion of a military commission; they would

not venture into the presence of their own law courts. Nor did the cases submitted to the military commissions involve in any way the question of rebellion. These military bodies were appointed to kill, and they obeyed their commission. The case of Wirtz was a charge of cruelty to the prisoners at Andersonville. Major Ould, who had been the commissioner of exchange on the part of the Confederate government, was summoned by the unfortunate prisoner as an important witness in his defence. Major Ould would have proved, and the commission and the government knew it, that whatever had been the crimes of Wirtz, the government of the United States obstinately persisted in keeping the unhappy sufferers under his charge. It was doubted whether the people would tolerate so damning a fact, and he was not allowed to appear before the court. The voice of an infuriate democracy cried out for blood; and, after the mockery of a trial, the predestined victim was sent to the scaffold, his dying agonies mocked by the insulting shouts of a maddened populace, and his murderers are honored and esteemed by their countrymen as patriotic avengers of outraged humanity.

But, we are told, there was a rebellion. If so, then the armies of the Federal government should have considered themselves as officers of the law for the purpose of bringing the rebels to trial. They had no right to inflict the punishment. The lives and property of the rebels ought to have been sacred in their eyes. At least when no resistance was offered. But they conducted the war in a spirit which has never been equalled since the devastation of the Palatinate by Louvois filled Europe with horror and caused even Louis XIV. to feel the blush of shame on his brow. Wherever an army found no resistance, they glutted the passions of revenge and of avarice by robbery and devastation. Sherman guided the march of his army from Atlanta to Savannah by the smoke of the dwellings which he destroyed as he marched. Every soldier constituted himself an executioner, and whilst he plundered, he insulted his victims by reading them lessons of loyalty and patriotism. After all resistance had ceased in South Carolina, Generals Potter and Hartwell signalized their valor by incursions into the surround-

ing country, plundering, burning, and heaping insults on the heads of the defenceless people. Revenge was the spirit which animated the armies of the North. For eighteen months, Charleston was subjected to a cruel and wanton bombardment, though the demons who executed it knew that not a soldier was there to be hurt by their infernal shells. The armies of Fort Sumpter kept them from the city, and as they could not take that from the heroic garrison which held it, they gratified their malignity by sending their shells into the hated city.

And while this work of hell was going on, (and it continued with little intermission from the end of August, 1863, to the middle of February, 1865,) for no purpose that could be justified by any military expediency, was there no voice to plead in favor of humanity? no one to suggest that the senseless shell might involve the innocent as well as the offender in a common ruin? Had the enlightened democracy of the best and happiest government under the sun, no one who could raise a voice against this diabolical and useless butchery? Alas! if any one dared even question the wisdom of their acts, the little bell of Mr. Seward, or of Mr. Stanton, would tinkle, and the advocate of humanity would find himself immersed in a military prison. Even woman forgot her mission of love. Observers from our lines have seen ladies (?) on Morris Island pull the fatal lanyard which was to send the shell shrieking and howling through the fated city. They knew that there were thousands of women and children among whom that hellish missile would fall; they knew that it was a messenger of death which they were sending to do its work without remorse upon friend and foe; but those bosoms, at which perhaps helpless infancy had nursed; those bosoms which should beat only with gentleness and pity, were steeled against humanity when rebels were concerned, and calmly beat while their hands dealt the blow of death. If those women had husbands, we know not how they regarded the atrocious deed; but if we had a wife who could indulge in such hellish pastime, we should not take her to our bosom, until she had purified herself by a lustration of penitence and prayer.

Where a pure democracy governs personal liberty is not se-

cure. At the first symptom of danger, despotism rules and law is silenced. During the late war, personal liberty at the North existed only at the will of the government at Washington. Citizens were arrested and imprisoned on bare suspicion, and the civil courts were powerless to assist them. The last act of Chief Justice Taney's official life was a protest,—an ineffectual protest,—against military interference with the law. A citizen of Maryland was arrested by military authority and committed to a military prison. A writ of habeas corpus was issued to bring him before the law courts. The oracle was contemptuously disobeyed. The Chief Justice protested in a letter to the President against this usurpation; and, for his vindication of the law, the memory of that good man and upright judge is even now a by-word of reproof among the citizens of the model republic. Other judges refused to hear the cases which were brought before them; and thus let the law and the constitution perish by their own lachesse. So that when Mr. Stanton chose to ring his little bell, there was no hope for his unhappy victim; and the people applauded the judges, who were too cowardly to stand at their posts, and glorified themselves as being the freest people on whom the sun of heaven shines. In fact the judges had early received intimations of the personal danger which they incurred if they should assert the majesty of the law. At the breaking out of hostilities, when volunteers were called for over the country, some heartless youths of Washington, boiling over with zeal for the preservation of the glorious Union, volunteered, and were received into the army of the United States. Their parents naturally thinking that school was a better occupation for their tender age than the army, after ineffectual efforts to obtain their release, determined to resort to the protection of the law. Application was made to Judge Merrick, one of the Judges of the District of Columbia, and he issued a writ of habeas corpus to have these youths brought before him, in order that he might judge of the legality of their enlistment. The order was contemptuously disobeyed by the commanding officer; whereupon the judge issued an order for his arrest for contempt. This order was also disobeyed, and with the notice of disobedience came an order from the

government commanding the judge to desist from all further interference with military matters. And not content with this order, a sentinel was posted at his door, and for several weeks he was subjected to the annoyance of feeling that though he was a citizen of the Model Republic, he was a prisoner in his own house for no crime but that of having discharged his duty.

In marked contrast with this abandonment of law by the American judges, stands the history of the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench in Dublin during the exciting scenes of 1798. A formidable rebellion had broken out in Ireland; the war between Britain and France was raging; the coast of Ireland was in constant danger of a French invasion, and the country was put under martial law. An Irish patriot, Theobald Wolfe Tone, had participated actively in the rebellion, and held a military commission from the French government. He was apprehended, tried before a court martial, and sentenced to be hanged as a traitor. Mr. Tone prayed that, as a French officer, he might be shot to death; but this prayer was contemptuously denied. On the day on which the sentence was to be executed, Mr. Curan moved in the Court of King's Bench, for a habeas corpus to stay the execution, and bring the case before the court. He said that he thought it more than likely that Mr. Tone was guilty of the crime for which he was condemned to die, but that the court martial had overstepped their jurisdiction; which was confined exclusively to the army. Lord Kilwarden, the Chief Justice ordered the writ to be prepared. Upon which Mr. Curan said, that while the necessary formalities in preparing the writ were in process, the victim of military rule might be suffering his sentence, and urged prompt action. Lord Kilwarden thereupon ordered the Sheriff to proceed at once to the provost, and fetch the body of Mr. Tone. The Sheriff returned and reported that the provost had refused to deliver up Mr. Tone, and declared that he would obey no orders but through his superior, Major Sandys. The Chief Justice ordered him to return instantly, and bring back, not only Mr. Tone, but the provost and Major Sandys; and to take such measures as effectually to prevent the execution of the sentence of the court martial. The majesty of the law was vindicated.



Mr. Tone was not hanged. Whilst Lord Kilwarden was thus energetically asserting the supremacy of the law, Tone cut his throat. He died a week afterwards from the effect of his wound. He never appeared before the Court of the King's Bench.

This remarkable case illustrates beautifully the reverence for law exhibited by Lord Kilwarden. He had no sympathy with the Irish rebellion. In less than two years from that time he was murdered; and though a mystery hangs over his death, it was generally, and probably truly, believed to be the act of the Irish patriots, who had again become restive. But, under all circumstances, Lord Kilwarden revered the majesty of the law, and as its minister, felt that his first duty was to maintain it even amid the din of arms. A sublime spectacle, which not one of our Judges, except Mr. Taney, had the courage to emulate.

It is evident that during the war there was a reign of terror at the North. There was no tolerance for freedom of speech, of the press, or of opinion. The little bell of the Secretary would tinkle, and a suspected person was sent, without knowing of what he was accused, to a military prison; again its faint notes would be heard, and a newspaper is suppressed; and again, its ominous tones would vibrate upon the terror-stricken ear, and an obnoxious person would be sent into exile. All this, too, when no enemy was near, no danger apprehended. The war indeed was raging South of the Potomac; but beyond the Maryland line all was perfect repose. But a hellish torture must have been preying upon the hearts of those who, while boasting that theirs was the land of freedom, of order, and of law, could thus strike a fatal blow at civil as well as political liberty, even while pretending to be zealously defending the cause of both.

Well, at last, the war came to an end. The so-called rebels laid down their arms and yielded to the force of numbers. What then was the course of the most enlightened government under the sun? Were the rebels called to expiate their offences? A law had been passed to punish rebellion, and to provide for the confiscation of property. Did the courts find themselves

clogged with the numerous cases to which the rebellion had given rise? Not a single case was brought before the courts. Did a generous spirit of amnesty prevail, and did the victorious North offer the olive branch to those who so long had resisted their arms? The process of law was too slow to gratify the vindictive malignity of the conquerers. Punishment was meted out by geographical lines, and every man South of Maryland, who was of pure white blood, was required to purge himself of the crime of treason. Men were occasionally imprisoned; but the government shrank from prosecution. Mr. Davis, after a very long confinement in a military prison, was released without a trial. So with all the principal officers of the Confederate government; confined in military dungeons without warrants, they were released without process. Irresponsible agents confiscated at will the property of citizens, and the courts of justice were mute. Nay, when it was feared that they might utter a word in behalf of law and of liberty, they were gagged by authority. The South was required to execute on their best citizens the vengeance breathed by the North, by adopting a Constitution which disfranchised them; and when they generously refused to be the organs of their own humiliation, civil government was, at a breath of Congress, subverted in thirteen States; and the liberties and destinies of their people committed to the tender mercies of military satraps who were sent to rule over them. The people who boast of their freedom as the growth of education, who incessantly proclaim, and truly proclaim, that education is indispensably necessary to free republican governments, deliberately, and without any judicial process, disfranchise those who had the knowledge and the experience which fit men for self-government, and conferred political power with lavish hands upon slaves just emancipated. Lee was disfranchised; the poorest negro in Virginia was put over his head. And what was the motive which called for this reversal of the law of nature? It was pretended, forsooth, that without this political power, the negro would soon fall again under the power of their former masters. A flimsy pretext, which those who urged it knew to be false. It was low vindictiveness. It was hatred of a people who, with all their faults,

had shown themselves their superiors in all the noble traits of manhood. Not satisfied with reducing the South to submission, they panted to humble their people, and to do this they tried to elevate the freedman above his former master. They degraded their own race, brought a reproach upon their own manhood, and damned themselves to endless infamy. That hatred and revenge were their ruling motives, appears by a declaration lately made in the Senate by Mr. Sumner. He said that Mr. Stanton ordered the Arlington estate to be used as a burial ground for the deceased soldiers, in order that the Lees should never again enter it; or if they did, that they should be forever visited by the ghosts of Federal soldiers! After reading this declaration one is not surprised to hear that the wretched Secretary could not, in the agony of his remorse, endure the misery of living.

Well, the Lees are still excluded from Arlington; but by what judgment of law are they spoiled of their inheritance? No conviction of treason or of rebellion defiles the memory of the great owner of Arlington. His persecutors dared not prosecute him; but they could rob him. They could steal his heirlooms; but they did not enter into a court of justice to sanction their robbery. In the freest and most enlightened government under the sun, popular rogues control the law.

Such is a portion of the record of that people whom Mr. Schurz esteems so highly, and whom he dreads to see contaminated by a nearer association with the tropics. There is much, very much, that is admirable in that people. Enlightened and enterprising to a very high degree, they must always occupy a prominent place in the history of modern civilization. But they have many and very serious faults. Their egotism would be sublime, if it were not disgusting, and it lies at the root of most of their faults. Hence, when the States of the South severed their connection with them, every man felt that it was an injury done to himself; and therefore acquiesced cheerfully in the prostration of law, when it seemed necessary to crush obnoxious conflicting opinions. When a democracy becomes a despotism, the majority are a long time in perceiving the change, because at first the despotism is but the representa-

tive of popular opinion. Cromwell's party scarcely felt his tyranny. But the example of violated law once given, the entering wedge has been applied, and all that is wanting is the appearance of the man who will wield the despotism for his own interest. Hitherto no man has yet appeared; and it may be the will of providence that no great man shall for some time appear in the political horizon of America; but as soon as he does appear, the political liberties of the country are gone.

Men are easily governed by names, and cling to the shadow long after the substance is gone. Augustus was the supposed restorer of the liberties of Rome; he purged the Senate, filled it with men of dignity and responsibility, and listened respectfully to its suggestions; he rejected with horror the dictatorial power which his great uncle had cheerfully borne, and with apparent humility prayed that the office of Tribune of the people might be conferred on him for a period longer than the laws allowed; and, availing himself of the sacred character attached to this popular and apparently inferior office, he rivetted his power firmly on the republic and established as perfect a tyranny as the world ever saw. The great mistakes of the Bonapartes, was that they were not satisfied with republican titles. Men are governed by names. Call Maximilian an Emperor, and the country is appalled at the near approach to its borders of the effete tyrannies of feudal Europe; call his savage murders a President, and Mr. Seward, and Mr. Stanton, and the whole bevy of politicians at Washington throw up their caps in wild delight at the triumph of republican liberty over aristocratic tyranny.

The very diffusion of knowledge of which the North boasts, and justly boasts, is not unfavorable to the cause of despotism. Wisdom does not necessarily follow knowledge; and the great mass of men, however well instructed, must needs receive their political lessons from their leaders. The newspaper is in this country the great organ of political instruction; and it is notorious, that even men who may justly claim to be enlightened, will read those papers only which cater to their own prejudices. The people therefore under the appearance of being readers, are really more completely guided by these leaders than if they

were less lettered. They are flattered more easily; they think they are working out political problems for themselves, when in fact they are only repeating the words which are put into their mouths by their instructors. We find it difficult to believe that the people of the United States assented to the reconstruction acts in the spirit of vindictiveness. They must have believed as they were instructed to believe, that it was a necessary measure of policy called for by the existing state of things; that it was necessary for the maintenance of the civil liberty of the manumitted slave. And yet of all the generals whom the war produced, the favorite seems to be Butler. When we see him, the pet of New England, rising superior to such men as Adams, our faith in Northern nature staggers. Popular favor crowns a Sickles, a Sheridan, and a Butler, and frowns upon a Hancock,—a gentleman and a soldier, *sans peur, sans reproche*.

There is another pernicious effect resulting from the general diffusion of education, which may not appear so pernicious to Mr. Schurz as it does to us. A wide-spread infidelity is seated like a canker on the North, and is surely working out the destruction of its moral life. We have before us a few numbers of a Boston weekly, called *The Banner of Light*; a paper devoted to the interests of what, by a singular misnomer, is called Spiritualism, but which is the religion of madmen. Rejecting the teachings of Christianity, they pretend to receive communications from the world of departed spirits; and not a line recorded in these papers is worth preserving as a gain in either moral or religious sentiment. But what is alarming in these papers, is the list of lecturers who are to disseminate their despairing doctrine over the country. These are numbered by hundreds. And who are the victims of this doctrine? Surely not the enlightened,—the really educated! They are the mass of readers, who, puffed up with a little knowledge, illustrate the aphorism of Bacon, and rush into the depths of Atheism.

Another sign of approaching ruin, is the tendency to fly in the face of nature, and prevent the natural and legitimate results, not only of marriage, but even of illicit love. That this tendency is alarming, we infer from the fact that Dr. Storer,

an eminent physician of Boston, has found it necessary to write a protest against criminal abortion, which he says is common in New England. There is wonderful wisdom in the revealed word of God: The Tree of Knowledge opens the eyes to the knowledge of evil as well as of good.

That these people are cruel, can scarcely be denied. But they have the ingenuity so to color their acts, that they sugar o'er the devil himself. To strangers, ignorant of the real state of things, the acts of reconstruction seem founded on principles of justice and humanity. They have even been praised for the clemency with which they dealt with rebels. But what is the truth? In connection with the fact that they never dared trust the matter of the so-called rebellion to their own courts, they disfranchised intelligence and moral worth, and put over them ignorance and brute force. Pretending the highest regard for free institutions and insisting that education is the only efficient guardian of liberty, they turned over at least four States out of thirteen to the absolute rule of blacks recently emancipated; and, in the other States, so crippled the whole race by disfranchisements and disabilities, that even in them the numerical inferiority of the negroes might be made up by the large number of disfranchised whites. It is the glory of the most enlightened government under the sun, that they have deliberately elevated ignorance above knowledge, and put refinement and delicacy under the rule of brute force and passion. And this is done in the name of humanity, of liberty, of enlightened progress. *The Nation*, (a newspaper,) which, under the garb of moderation, advocated all these measures as consistent with the enlightened spirit of the times, has occasionally had its understanding penetrated by a ray of light; and, after two years of this modern political experiment in South Carolina, deliberately denounces its government as a disgrace to civilization.

Let us now go back over the ground which we have traversed, and examine how faithfully Mr. Schurz has represented the North and the South. For the truth of his position he appeals to the intimate knowledge of all who hear him. 'There is not one of us who do not know that these things are so'. 'The South is turbulent, and more apt to resort to force than to the

peaceable friction of opinion'. We appeal to history, and we show that until the North made war upon us in 1861, it was never necessary to call out a military force for the preservation of order at the South; while at the North, in 1786, Governor Sullivan was obliged to call out a military force to release the legislature of New Hampshire from an armed mob which assumed to dictate its action; that in 1787, Daniel Shays, with his rebellious troops, kept forcible possession of Worcester, threatened the arsenal at Springfield, and could only be dispersed by force. That in the early part of Washington's administration, an excise tax on whisky occasioned a formidable insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, which could be repressed only by force; and that, in 1842, the malcontents of the Dorr faction involved Rhode Island in the terrors of civil war. It is true that, in 1812, the South did not take up arms to aid their common country in the war against Britain, while the people of the most enlightened States on the planet refused to give either their lives, or their money, to their country, and bought from the common enemy protection for their commerce at sea. If the South was quick to take up arms, it was not against their countrymen.

But 'the South has a revolutionary tendency which lurks in the system like a chronic disease'. We know not where, or how this is shown. She was faithful to her constitutional engagements when the North was not to hers. If, after political power had passed decidedly over to the side of the North, her public men sometimes gave utterance to threats of discontent, these were only repetitions of the threats made by Northern orators before they had clearly gained the ascendancy. Josiah Quincy was much more of a revolutionist than John C. Calhoun. The State of Virginia has been dismembered by the North in palpable violation of the Constitution. The pure and free spirit of New England, that but for the opportune battle of New Orleans, she would have given a revolutionary sanction to treason. During the war with Mexico, it was with great difficulty that the quota of moral and enlightened Massachusetts could be raised. That enlightened republic regards all war as sinful, except that which is waged against the South.



We cannot undertake to be the apologist of the South. We only ask Mr. Schurz to read over again the history of the North and the South. If he will do so dispassionately, he will perhaps retract, or at least modify, some of his charges against the South. But alas! we forget. We were thinking of the South when it had an existence; when it had a moral power. That South exists no longer; and we fear that Mr. Schurz's vaticinations are well founded. But the South of 1860, Mr. Schurz did not know. His head at that time was too full of radicalism to permit him to study it. Here it is in a few words, uttered by Mr. Mason in the Senate of the United States, after the phials of Mr. Sumner's wrath had been poured out on the South. Why should the North so persistently hate the South? 'It is not', said Mr. Mason, 'the wealth of the South, for Mr. Sumner has boasted that the wealth of Massachusetts alone is three times greater than that of the whole cotton-growing industry of the South. It is not her numerical strength, for indisputably we are numerically in the minority. It is not in political power meted out to the States by the Constitution, for we are in a minority both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. There is but one power left; and that is a great and controlling power, not only in halls of legislature, but in the world. It is the moral power of truth and justice. It is the moral power which recognizes the obligation of the compact, and observes it as you observe the compacts of honor.' We are content to let Mr. Mason's character of the South stand without any addition of our own.

Whether Domenica should or should not be annexed to the United States, is a question which we could not discuss without presumption. It would be like a West Indian, or an Australian, discussing the policy of England towards Ireland. We have the form of a free government, but are continually reminded of our provincial character. Mr. Schurz very plainly intimates that this is to last forever. We are content. For the present, the hand of power, urged by hatred, presses heavily upon us; but we are sanguine enough to hope, that nature will, after a time, reassert her rights, and that the instincts of race will at last rise superior to political hatred. Mr. Schurz

is himself an illustration of the truth that prejudice cannot last forever. We remember him ten years ago, inspired with the bitterest political hatred towards us. We now hail him as the advocate of that true peace which is founded in justice. He has yet to unlearn the lessons which clouded his more youthful mind. The film is dropping from his eyes. We accept his present position as the harbinger of a brighter day.

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ART. VII.—*The Athenæum ; a Journal of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.* London: John Francis. No. 1912, the Article on '*A Theodicy ; or, Vindication of the Divine Glory as manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World.*' By A. T. Bledsoe, LL.D. London: Saunders, Otley & Co. 1864'.

It was in consequence of the high opinion expressed by Dean Mansel, the celebrated author of *The Limits of Religious Thought*, that the work above mentioned was republished in England. On its appearance, it was most favorably noticed by many of the leading Journals of London, as well as by some of those in Scotland. In Scotland, especially, the notices were far more favorable than the author had anticipated. Instead of the charges of 'Pelagianism', 'Atheism', and so forth, which the Calvinists of this country had so freely, not to say so fiercely, hurled at his head, the Calvinistic Journals of Scotland were calm, considerate, and even candid in their criticisms. In none of those notices, indeed, was there a line, or a word, of which any reasonable author could have the least right to complain. If the present writer had preserved any of those criticisms, he would be glad to lay extracts from them before his readers, in order to show how, and in what spirit, religious controversy

truths which, as he believed, had appeared to him, and even to write them down in a book and submit them to the judgment of others; then was the author in question guilty of presumption. But then how has any branch of human knowledge ever been delivered from its obscurities, or had its boundaries enlarged and lighted up, except by precisely that sort of presumption? Anaxagoras who, looking above and beyond the religious notions of his day, rose to the sublime conception of the supreme νοῦς, by whom the universe was 'ordered and adorned', was guilty of precisely that sort of presumption, and paid the fearful penalty of his crime. But has not the world owed more to his presumption, than to the extreme modesty of all his persecutors? 'It is not I', said he, 'who have lost the Athenians; it is the Athenians who have lost me,' But, in point of fact, the Athenians did not lose him; for Socrates rose out of his ashes. The torch kindled by him, was seized by his successors, and, in the hands of a Socrates, a Plato, and an Aristotle, made to illuminate the civilized world. Who, then, cares about the charge of presumption? The only question is, whether the author of *A Theodicy* has given a true, or a false, solution of the stupendous problem of the moral world? If it be false, it is no very great disgrace to fail in company with a Plato and a Leibnitz; and if it be true, he has still less reason to blush under the rebuke of those who, without even looking into his solution, have the ability to raise the cry of presumption. His solution was submitted, not to the critics of this class, but to those who possessed 'both the desire and the capacity to think for themselves', (p. 365); and having received, from so many eminent judges of this description, a verdict in his favor, he now leaves the charge of presumption to take care of itself. He abandons it to the tender mercies of the facile and facetious critic of the London *Athenæum*.

This critic, in making himself and his readers merry over 'The Professor of Mathematics', calls to his aid, as a matter of course, the devils of Milton. Having quoted, just as if it were something new, the hackneyed passage from *Paradise Lost*, the critic continues: 'In this Milton showed himself more knowing than Michael Scott, who could think of nothing better

than setting his fiends to make robes out of sea sand. But a clever devil would turn all the shores upon earth into cordage long before a clever man, though a professor of mathematics into the bargain, would make the slightest progress in settling free will'. We agree with the witty critic, that Michael Scott might have found much more suitable work for his small fiends. If he had only introduced them among philosophers, cracking their stale jokes and sorry gibes at the grave discussions of the greatest questions that ever engaged the attention of men or of angels, he would have assigned to them an employment far more suitable to their real characters, than the innocent occupation of merely making ropes of sand. As it is, their hopeless task of making ropes out of sea sand, is a very harmless work for devils; and reminds one, (to say the worst of it,) of our critic's attempt to manufacture chains of reasoning out of the fleeting fancies of his facetious brain. Now, to tell the plain truth, 'the professor of mathematics' would infinitely rather argue the great questions of 'fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute' with the great devils of Milton, than with the small critic of the London *Athenæum*. He might have, it is true, just as little hope of converting them to the truth; but then he would have, at least, an attentive and respectful hearing. For, if any one will consult the passage in question, he will find that the demons referred to by our critic, are a most respectable race of poets and philosophers. They are not of those malignant fiends, whose

· Vast Typhæan rage more fell  
 ' Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 ' In whirlwind.'

On the contrary, they are the 'others more mild', who

' Retired in a silent valley, sing  
 ' *With notes angelical to many a harp*  
 ' Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 ' By doom of battle; and *complain that fate*  
 ' *Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.*'

They sing the false song of fate, it is true, but then how divinely do they sing! In the words of the Poet:

‘ Their song was *partial* ; but the harmony,  
 ‘ (What could it less when spirits immortal sing,)  
 ‘ Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
 ‘ The thronging audience.’

Now who, on such awful theme, would not rather listen to the sublime song of such demons, than to the small wit of our critic ?

The Poet thus describes his great philosophers :

‘ In discourse more sweet,  
 ‘ (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.)  
 ‘ Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 ‘ *In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high*  
 ‘ *Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate.*’

The Poet truly adds : ‘ Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy ’ ; for these philosophers of the Poet, were all *fatalists*. As their characters were incurably bad ; so they naturally laid their sins on ‘ fate ’, or ‘ God’s decree ’, and not upon themselves. No wonder, then, that they ‘ found no end in wandering mazes lost ’ ; for being fast bound in the everlasting coils of error, as well as of sin, there was no egress for them into the light and joy of the upper world. But yet, though wandering forever amid the endless mazes of error, sin, and death, their ‘ discourse more sweet ’ charms ‘ the soul ’, as the sublime song of the poets ‘ charms the sense ’. These give us the song, and those the logic, of ‘ fate ’, or necessity. Who, then, would not rather listen to the ‘ reasonings high ’ of such demons. than the flashy rhetoric of the London *Athenæum* ? We doubt, however, if these demons reasoned much better in favor of necessity than did Spinoza, or Leibnitz, or Edwards, *to say nothing of the London Athenæum*.

‘ Necessity rides logic ’, says this Journal, ‘ and free will rides consciousness ; and consciousness is first, and logic nowhere ’. Now this seems to be one of those smart imitations of Macaulay, which occurs so frequently in the pages of the *Athenæum*, and which sound more like the crackling of thorns under a pot, than like the grave discourse of philosophers. ‘ Necessity does ride logic ’, it is true ; but, then, as we have just seen, it rides the logic of devils. Now, it was one great leading object of the

author of *A Theodicy* to break the fetters of that false logic, and scatter its fragments to the winds, in order that mortals may no longer ride with devils, or with doctors of divinity, 'in endless mazes lost'. Consciousness is truly first, but logic is, nevertheless, *somewhere*, and is *something*. The logic of our critic may, if he pleases, be nowhere; and, in our humble opinion, the sooner the better. But there is a true logic, as well as a false; a logic which, instead of warring against the light of consciousness, shines all through that transcendent light, and redoubles its effulgence in favor of free will. For, as there is a logic of hell and of devils, so is there a logic of heaven and of its blessed angels; whose sublime song of freedom, and whose still 'sweeter discourse' of reason, infinitely transcends the song of fate, and all 'the reasonings high', of the bottomless Pit. The echoes of this song, of this divine harmony, are everywhere heard in the great poem of Milton, except among his demons.

Now, who would have believed it possible that, directly in the face of all our critic has so pleasantly said against the possibility of ever settling the question of free will, he sets up a method of his own for the settlement of this very question? 'There are', says he, 'two ways of settling the question which deserve very different degrees of attention'. Then, after dispatching one of these ways, he proceeds to give the second, which is approved and adopted by himself. 'The other explanation', says he, 'sins grievously against theology, as usually understood. It supposes complete fore-ordination, but looks forward to a final state in which what appeared evil shall be seen to be on the whole nothing but good, and in which the condition of created beings shall be one of mixed enjoyment and utility. St. Paul is strongly suspected of having held this opinion. (!) . . . The Privy Council having decided that a clergyman may hope for such a restoration without losing his livelihood, it may now be lawful for the gregarious laity to contemplate as possible what those who dare think for themselves have regarded as the easiest and most probable solution of the difficulty.' Such is our critic's short and easy method for solving the absolutely unsolvable problem of evil! Such is *his* 'moral quadrature of

the circle'! Let us look, then, at this wonderful solution of the wonderful problem, and mark its characteristics.

1. *It is an easy solution.* It is unspeakably more easy than the one set forth in *A Theodicy*. It took twenty years for the elaboration of *this*; and *that* could not have cost its author more than twenty minutes.

2. It possesses the very great merit of sinning '*grievously against theology, as usually understood*'. Hence, those who happen to entertain a profound contempt for all orthodox systems of theology, whether Catholic or Protestant, will find this an exceedingly easy solution. The simple fact that it sins so egregiously against theology, will give it a powerful attraction, if not an irresistible charm, to their highly illuminated minds. On the contrary, those who may happen to retain some little respect for the opinions of the wise and good of all ages, will find some little difficulty in the adoption of such a solution of the stupendous problem of evil. They will think twice, before they jump to such a conclusion.

3. This solution is wonderfully adapted to the genius of the present age. In this age, in which all reverence seems to be well nigh lost out of the world, and few things, except egotism and self-conceit, seems to take deep root, the above solution may hope to find many adherents. The opinions of its wise critics will, no doubt, flow into such a solution, even as the air rushes into a vacuum.

4. No conscience is required for the adoption of such a solution. Indeed, the less conscience a man has, the more easily may he embrace the above solution. The man who has no moral sense at all, or only a faint and feeble one, may easily embrace the doctrine that there is no such a sin, or evil, in the world, except in appearance only. On the contrary, the man who has a real conscience, or live moral sentiments, will be apt to retain a little of the old prejudice that evil is evil, and not good.

5. The above solution *is safe*. The Privy Council is on its side. Hence, if a clergyman may hold this theory without losing his livelihood, of course the gregarious laity may embrace it without the least danger to their souls. The Privy Council



will, of course, throw wide the gates of Paradise to all the gregarious bipeds by whom it may be adopted. All, then, who 'dare think for themselves' will embrace this solution as 'the easiest and most probable', and also as 'the safest', ever vouchsafed to the world.

6. The above solution saves a great deal of trouble. Solving, as it does, 'the old problem' by a single dash of the pen, it spares the sad votaries of truth the old means of thinking, and reading, and patient meditation, in order to comprehend the system of the universe. They can, with the aid of this solution, not only see through the system of the world at a glance, but they can, also, tell you all about *A Theodicy*, without once looking into its pages. Such are a few of the unspeakable advantages, which the above solution possesses over all others, that have ever been conceived, or invented, by the ingenuity or wit of man.

'Dr. Bledsoe', says our facile critic, 'is strong in the opinions of others: he has read much, and gives the minds of many'. Strong in the opinions of others! No criticism could possibly be farther from the truth. He 'has given the minds of many', it is true, but the opinions so freely and so fully quoted by him are opposed to his own views, and are, consequently, combatted by him. Indeed, in the investigation of any great subject, it has always been the habit of his mind to read and examine, almost exclusively, the great works of those most opposed to his own views, and to see that they are fairly and fully represented in his reply to them, by the quotation of their own language. This fact is obvious to all who have read his works. How any one, then, can assert in the face of this fact, that he is 'strong in the opinions of others', is more than he can conceive; at least on the supposition that the critic has read the work he criticizes. Can a man be said to be strong in the opinions which he opposes and combats? If so, then is Dr. Bledsoe strong in the opinions so freely and so fully quoted in his *Theodicy*, but not otherwise. Before proceeding to lay his own foundation, he aimed to clear the ground of all rubbish and loose material; and hence the appearance of so many quotations in his *Theodicy*. Our facetious critic, evidently not having read

the work, supposes that they are brought forward to bolster up the opinions of its author!

The complaint of our critic, that he cannot distinguish between what is Dr. Bledsoe's, and what belongs to others, is an equally unjust criticism. Or if he cannot distinguish between these two things, it is because he has not read the book, or made the effort. The leading idea of his *Theodicy* is Dr. Bledsoe's, and also the consequences to which it leads, as well as the manner in which other principles are coördinated with that leading idea. Now all this is so distinctly claimed in the *Theodicy*, is so clearly set forth, and so conclusively established, that 'he who runs may read'. Why, then, did the critic complain of such a defect in Dr. Bledsoe's work? Simply because, as the critic says, this 'is a frequent fault', and because the imputation of it to Dr. Bledsoe would afford the critic a fine opportunity to get off one of his brilliant coruscations of wit. 'We are vexed with a writer', says he, 'who loses himself in descriptions of others. We are inclined to imitate Front-de-Bœuf. When the poor priest is explaining what has happened to his abbot, and becomes discursive with "What saith St. Augustine?" the impatient Baron breaks in with "What saith the devil! or rather, what dost thou say, Sir Priest?"'

Having got off this fine coruscation, the critic then tells exactly what Dr. Bledsoe does say, and proceeds to blow him out of the water. He quotes the leading idea, or principle, of his *Theodicy*, and then, with his usual ease, shows that it is merely 'the silly perversion of a logical phrase'. Alas! for the vanity of all human hopes, Dr. Bledsoe labored for twenty long years; and yet, after all, he brought forth only 'the silly perversion of a logical phrase'! Our critic finds this silly perversion of a logical phrase, in the proposition, that 'A necessary holiness is a contradiction in terms'. Now this proposition, *as understood by our critic*, is, it must be confessed, 'the silly perversion' of a great truth. But the reader is invited to consider this great truth, not as it is seen in its silly perversion, but as it is spread out, explained, and illuminated, in the pages of *A Theodicy*.

The great truth, then, that a 'necessitated holiness is a contradiction in terms', is 'the precise point from which we should

contemplate the world, if we would behold the power and goodness of God therein manifested. *This is the secret of the world by which the dark inegma of evil is solved.*' (Theodicy, p. 200.) But no one can see, from this bare statement, (much less from the silly perversion of our critic,) how the great truth is made to solve the inegma of evil, and light up all things, from the highest heavens to the lowest hell, with the boundless glory of God's infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness. If the reader would see this, or comprehend the full import and illuminating power of the great truth in question, let him take his stand on this truth itself, as it is explained, illustrated, carried out, and guarded on all sides against perversions, and thence contemplate the wonderful order, harmony, and beauty of the universe.

'Necessary holiness', says our critic, 'is not a contradiction in terms; the terms do not contradict each other. "Necessary" is said of that which must have been: "holiness" of that which is free from sin'. Now precisely here is the gross blunder, the silly perversion, of the careless critic. 'Holiness is said of that which *is free from sin!*' Why, the stars of heaven, and the stones of earth, the winds of the air and the waves of the sea, are all 'free from sin'. Yet who ever predicated holiness, or virtue, or moral goodness, of such things? Their motions, too, are necessary; but they are not holy, nor virtuous, nor morally good. Though 'a necessary holiness *is* a contradiction in terms'; yet this can be seen only by those who understand *the meaning of the terms*, and not by those who lose themselves in 'silly perversions' of that meaning.

Our critic, at last, we are glad to perceive, approaches something like a solid argument. 'The holiness of God', he urges, 'is said to be necessary'. Now, in one sense of the word, this is true. The holiness of God is necessary, just because he is raised above all temptation to evil, and because there is no greater power in the universe than' himself, by which his omnipotent will could be turned from its self-appointed course. The idea would, however, be much better expressed by the term *certainty*, than by the word *necessity*. His holiness is not *necessitated*. If, indeed, there were any power greater than his

own, by which his will was determined, or necessitated, then he would not be free; he would not be holy; nay, he would not be God. On the contrary, the power greater than himself, by which his will was coerced, or necessitated, would be the real, the ruling God of the universe. But there is 'no God but the Lord'. He alone is absolutely free; and his holiness is absolutely *certain*. Moving always freely, as it does, in directions prescribed by his infinite wisdom and goodness, his will is holy, just, and good; but it is not necessitated, as the human will is said to be necessitated by the advocates of the scheme of necessity. If it were not free, it would not be holy; and if it did not move in obedience to the dictates of his infinite wisdom, justice, and mercy, it would not be the will of God. It would, on the contrary, be an unholy thing.

In like manner, the assertion that the holiness of man, or of angels, is *necessitated*, is 'a contradiction in terms'. It is one of those absurd and impossible conceits, which has no existence in the universe of God, except in the blind logic, or the darkened imagination, of the necessitarian. Moral goodness, or virtue, or holiness, 'consists not in the possession of moral powers, but in the free, proper, and obedient exercise of those powers. If infinite wisdom, and goodness, and power, should muster all the means and appliances in the universe, and cause them to bear with united energy on a single mind, the effect produced, however grand and beautiful, would not be the virtue of the agent in whom it is produced. Nothing can be his virtue which is produced by an extraneous agency, [any more than any thing could be the holiness of God, if it were produced in him by fate, or by any cause *ab extra*.] This is a dictate of the universal reason and consciousness of mankind. It needs no metaphysical refinement for its support, and no scholastic jargon for its illustration. On this broad principle, then, which is so clearly deduced, not from the confined darkness of the schools, but from the open light of nature, we intend to take our stand in opposition to the embattled ranks of atheism'. Now, the appeal is submitted to the reader, if this be merely 'the silly perversion of a logical phrase', or simply the utterance of a great and undeniable truth?

In addition to the charge of presumption, the *Athenæum* accuses 'the professor of mathematics' of having set limits to the power of God. Now this objection was anticipated, and is distinctly answered in the work he criticizes, (*Theodicy*, Part I., Chapter VII., Section II.,) an answer upon which, however, our critic has not been pleased to bestow even a passing notice. He found it very easy to repeat the objection; he would have found it more difficult, perhaps, to refute the answer. Indeed, he seems to have taken almost as little pains to understand the work he criticizes, and does in fact understand it almost as little, as if he were merely a magpie, or a parrot. He has echoed one or two other objections to the *Theodicy*; but as he has taken no notice of the author's replies to these very objections, so we shall bestow no attention upon his echoes.

Though the *Theodicy* sprang, as its author was most profoundly conscious, from a burning zeal in the cause of God; yet has he been accused of *atheism*. He was perfectly aware, that this charge would be made, and that it would proceed from two sources: 1. From those whose theological prejudices, or opinions, or dogmatism, his work might disturb; and 2. from those whose feeble brains might be tortured by an attempt to follow its severe analysis and close trains of reasoning. He has not been disappointed. For, amid the fierce roar of the artillery of the first class of opponents, he has also heard, in their wildest fury, the pop-guns of the second class of antagonists. Having considered, at too great length already, the principal pop-gun, he now proceeds to examine the enemy's artillery.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, it was, that a writer in *The Methodist Quarterly Review South*, delivered his broad-side against *A Theodicy*; with what effect it will soon be in the power of the reader to judge for himself. It is our intention, first, to return his fire, to silence his battery, and then to spike his guns. Indeed, if we had been at all disturbed by his broad-side, we should have made this attempt long ago; and that, too, of our own motion, without waiting to be solicited to prepare this reply. The distinguished theologian, (now a bishop,) by whom the *Review* was then edited, had, with nearly every eminent man of his denomination, most warmly, not to

say most enthusiastically, recommended the work in question; and yet he very properly admitted the said article into the pages of his periodical. It was indeed but fair and just, that the dissentient few should have a hearing in the very *Review*, which had so warmly recommended a work that had proved so obnoxious to them. Long has it been since the author of that work heard the shout of their victory, and even since he has forgotten its dying echoes. It has indeed seemed an age,—an awful age,—for, in the meantime, the thunders and the shouts of the most awful revolution the world has ever seen have been heard, and passed away.

The grave charge, which the writer of the article in question brings against the author of the *Theodicy*, is, that he denies the omnipotence of God, and takes ground with the atheist. The specification under this charge is, that the culprit has been so bold as to assert, that ‘God cannot work contradictions.’ The reviewer is greatly offended, that ‘Dr. Bledsoe’ should have thus denied the omnipotence of God, and impaled himself on ‘one of the horns of the atheistic dilemma’. ‘It is *certainly* very bold and rash’, says he, ‘in our author . . . to assert that omnipotence cannot do *this* or *that*, it matters not what it may be’; and he indignantly demands, ‘When and where did he learn so fully to comprehend omnipotence as to make such confident assertions’? Thus, in the estimation of the reviewer, it is the great heresy of the work in question, and the crying sin of its author, that it *actually* asserts, that ‘God cannot work contradictions’. When and where did he learn to make ‘such confident assertions’? such bold, rash, impious, atheistical assertions?

He answers: When he was a very young man, and merely a student of the first lessons of theology. He learned to make this assertion then, and he learned it everywhere; or, in other words, from all the great teachers of all the orthodox denominations of the Christian world. He told his reviewer, that the assertion in question, ‘is universally acknowledged,’ (*Theodicy*, page 193); but he found it impossible to put him on his guard. So heated was our critic, indeed, by his burning zeal for the glory of God, and his blind zeal against atheism, that he could

not be restrained from pouring ridicule and contempt on one of the most universally received, and most firmly established, truisms in the whole range of theological literature. Nay, he not only rejects, with impatient and imperial scorn, this 'universally acknowledged' truism; but he actually treats it as a dangerous *novelty*! as a first principle and postulate of atheism, which the author of *A Theodicy* has had the audacity to assert in the face, and to the astonishment, of the Christian world! He certainly refutes one assertion, at least, of *A Theodicy*; the assertion, namely, that the truism in question, 'will be readily admitted' by every one, (p. 193). By his passionate denial of this truism, the critic has, unfortunately, dashed his brains against a rock; and, great is the pity, for if he had not done so, he might have had some use for them in combatting the less certain principles of *A Theodicy*. The heaviest piece of artillery, indeed, that was ever fired, can make no more impression on such a rock, than the very feeblest of pop-guns. If our reviewer had only recognized the assertion in question, as a universally accepted truism in theology, and undertaken to refute all the great Christian divines by whom it is accepted; then we might have admired his boldness. But since, in the plentitude of his power, he has been pleased to treat this very innocent truism as an invented novelty; we cannot but admire his zeal more than his knowledge. Having sufficiently met the reviewers assertions with assertions, it is now high time to proceed with the proof.

We begin with the great teachers and divines of the reviewers own denomination. Watson, in his *Institutes*, says: 'When things in themselves imply a contradiction, as that a body may be extended and not extended at the same time; such things, I say, *cannot be done by God*, because contradictions are impossible in their own nature; nor is it any derogation from the divine power to say, *that* they cannot be done'. We have, in fact, been more careful than Watson to show, even in appearance, any the least limitation of the divine omnipotence. For he says, that such things do form 'one limitation' of the divine power; whereas we have repeatedly declared, in the *Theodicy*, that they constitute no limitation whatever of his power. Thus,



on page 198, it is said, 'it is no limitation of the divine omnipotence to say, that it cannot work contradictions. There will be little difficulty in establishing this point. Indeed, *it will be readily conceded*; and if we offer a few remarks upon it, it is only that we may leave nothing dark and obscure behind us, *even to those whose minds are not accustomed to such speculations*'. Then follow the remarks, which are intended to show, even to the novice in theology, that the assertion in question does not limit the power of God.

Since this assertion, however, this universally received truism, has been denied by a *learned* theologian, it may be well to repeat, in this place, the remarks in question. They are as follows: 'As contradictions are impossible in themselves, so to say that God could perform them, would not be magnify his power, but only to expose our own absurdity. When we affirm, that omnipotence cannot cause a thing to be and not to be at one and the same time, or cannot make two and two equal to five, we do not set limits to it; we simply declare that *such things are not the objects of power*. A circle cannot be made to possess the properties of a square, nor a square the properties of a circle. Infinite power cannot confer the properties of one of these figures upon the other, not because it is less than infinite power, but because it is not within the nature, or province, or dominion, of power, to perform such things, to embody such inherent and immutable absurdities in an actual existence. In regard to the doing of such things, or rather of such absurd and inconceivable *nothings*, omnipotence itself possesses no advantage over weakness. Power, from its very nature and essence, is confined to the accomplishment of such things as are possible, or imply no contradiction. Hence, it is beyond the reach of almighty power itself to break up and confound the immutable foundations of reason and truth. God possesses no such miserable power, no such horribly distorted attribute, no such inconceivably monstrous imperfection and deformity of nature, as would enable him to embody absurdities and contradictions in actual existence. It is one of the chief excellencies and glories of the divine nature, that its infinite power works within a sphere of light and love, without the

least tendency to break over the sacred bounds of eternal truth, into the outer darkness of chaotic night'.

Again, Bishop Burnet, in his *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles*, (pp. 31-2), says: 'A power of creating must be infinite, since nothing can resist it. If some things are in their own nature impossible, that does not arise from a want of power in God, which extends to everything that is possible. But that which is supposed to be impossible of its own nature, cannot actually be; otherwise a thing might both be and not be at the same time; and it is perceptible to every man that this is impossible'; except to the writer in *The Methodist Quarterly Review South*. In the *Princeton Theological Essays*, it is said: 'that God is not honored by attributing to him absurdities and contradictions. Omnipotence can perform whatever is an object of power; but to cause the same thing to be and not to be, at the same time, is not a possible or conceivable thing'. Would our critic, then, seek to honor the great and almighty God, who built and beautified the universe, by imputing to him the ability to make two and two equal to five, or to make a yard-stick or measure with only one end to it? Would he insist, that he can make a circle exactly like a square, or a square exactly like a circle, without changing the form of the figure? If so, then all that can be said is, that instead of magnifying the power of God, he would only display his own weakness.

In the *Theological Lectures* of Dr. John Dick, one of the staunchest advocates of the absolute sovereignty of the divine omnipotence that ever lived, it is said: 'God cannot work contradictions; as to make a thing to be and not to be at the same time; to make a part greater than the whole; to make what is past, present, or what is present, future'. (Lecture XXIII.) In like manner, the immortal Cudworth says: 'That which implies a contradiction is a non-entity, and therefore cannot be an object of the divine power. . . . Neither is it any derogation at all from the power of God to say, that he cannot make a thing to be that which it is not'. (Immutable Morality, Chap. III.) If it were necessary, extracts to precisely the same effect, from all the great teachers of the Christian world, might be in-

stead of having attempted to refute that proposition, distinctly affirms it as his own. Nor is this all. For, if our reviewer had only read the *Essais de Théodicée*, he would have learned from Leibnitz himself, that the truism which is so obnoxious to him, 'is the doctrine of an infinity of grave authors'. (Partie II., § 183.) It is the doctrine, not only of a Watson, a Burnet, an Alexander, a Dick, and a Cudworth, but, according to Leibnitz, of 'an infinity of grave authors'.

The reviewer under consideration says: 'Our author lacks, *we think*, the reverence and modesty of a profound and devout philosopher.' "A circle cannot be made to possess the properties of a square, nor a square the properties of a circle. Infinite power cannot confer the properties of one of these figures upon the other, not because it is less than infinite power, but because it is not in the nature, or province, or dominion of power to perform such things, to embody such inherent and immutable absurdities in an actual existence". What an air of competency to judge and decide where an archangel might tremble to be pryingly curious! Now all this may be very fine; and the writer by whom it is so eloquently uttered may be a very profound and a very devout philosopher; but still we prefer the company of 'an infinity of grave authors' to his society. Is it necessary, indeed, that a philosopher, in order to be esteemed profound, should be so very modest as to believe, that two and two may be equal to five, or that a circle may possess the proportions of a square? If so, then 'our author', it must be confessed, lacks the modesty of a profound philosopher. He is still, it must be confessed, in the conceited shallows of philosophy, and devoutly hopes he may never get so very far into its modest depths, as to lose the little common sense with which nature may have endowed him. The philosopher, indeed, who does not know, that two and two may not be equal to five, should truly be very modest; but, then, it would hardly follow, that his modesty would be conclusive proof of the profundity of his wisdom and knowledge. As for the other attribute of the great philosopher, *he* must, it seems to us, possess a 'reverence' for absurdity, rather than for truth, who should believe that two and two may be equal to five, or that a circle may possess the

properties of a square. It is true, no doubt, as our reviewer intimates, that 'fools frequently rush in where angels fear to tread'; but still, it can hardly be supposed, that an angel, and much less 'an archangel', would tremble at the enunciation of the awful proposition, that two and two are necessarily equal to four. Angels may sometimes be, for aught we know, very calm and composed, where poor weak mortals tremble. If the pelf of deep philosophy consists in denouncing, as atheism, the simple truisms of 'an infinity of grave authors', as well as of Christian theists; then is it to be seriously feared, that the devout philosopher is mad. In one word, if our critic 'possesses the reverence and modesty of a profound and devout philosopher', we are glad that we lack them. He is perfectly welcome to a monopoly of all such admirable qualities.

To prove that God can work contradictions, if he chooses to do so, the reviewer asks 'our author', if he does not 'know that men not unfrequently perpetrate contradictions'? 'Our author', does know this; and if he had never known it before, he would have been convinced of the fact by the critic before him. He agrees, for once at least, with his learned reviewer, that even 'the human mind is capable of contradictions, and sometimes performs them'; a truth which the article under consideration has most abundantly established, both by precept and example. But, then, he has always entertained the suspicion, that it was not the power, but the weakness, of the human mind, which gives it such a faculty in the 'perpetration of contradictions'. It would be no very great honor, one would suppose, to attribute to the omnipotence of God, that which solely and exclusively results from the weakness and blindness of man. Is it not barely possible, indeed, that the weakness which the critic sees in the positions of his author, or 'the madness' which he discovers in his speculations, may exist only in his own distracted imagination?

For his most eloquent and pathetic criticism, he selects from his author, the following words: 'In regard to the doing of such things, or rather of such absurd and inconceivable *nothings*, omnipotence possesses no advantage over weakness'. Now is not this perfectly true? Can not weakness just sit still and do

nothing as well as omnipotence itself? Weakness may, indeed, mistake 'such absurd and inconceivable nothings' for possibilities, or for realities. Omniscience cannot do this; for it is the sublime quality of omniscience to see everything exactly as it is in itself. Weakness may advance contradictory propositions, and believe them to be true; but omniscience is utterly incapable of such imbecility. But even if omniscience could regard such contradictions as true; omnipotence could not embody them in an actual existence. In the language of Leibnitz, and of 'an infinity of grave authors',—'It is certain that the existence of God is not an effect of his own will. [He did not create himself. If he had not existed, he could not have created himself; for non-entity or nothing could not create an infinite God. On the other hand, if he did exist, he could not create himself; for that cannot be brought into existence, which is already in existence. It is perfectly certain, then, that God did not create himself; and it is equally certain that he could not have created himself. He is, indeed, the uncreated, self-existent, eternal, and immutable God.] He exists not, because he wills to exist, but by the necessity of his infinite nature. He is not all-powerful, and he knows not all things, because he wills it so; but because these attributes are necessarily identical with himself. The empire of his will regards only the exercise of his power; he actually produces only that which he wills, and he leaves all the rest in pure possibility. Hence it is, that his empire extends only to the existence of his creatures, and not to their essences. *God can create matter, a man, a circle, or leave them in nothingness; but he cannot produce them, without giving them their essential properties*'. That is to say, he cannot make them what they are, and not what they are, at one and the same time. He cannot make a circle, without giving it a round figure; or a rational being, without endowing it with the attribute of rationality. Such are, in fact, precisely, and in his own words. the illustrations of Leibnitz, and of his 'infinity of grave authors'. (See *Essais de Théodicée*, Partie II., § 183.)

In the passage, then, which our reviewer has selected for his most pathetic criticism, there is nothing but one of the merest

commonplaces of theology. Yet he indignantly exclaims: 'How he talks about omnipotence, as if he understood all about it, and comprehended the whole range of its possibilities! How astonishing the assertion, that omnipotence is in every respect on a level with weakness, having "no advantage over it". If we were a weeping philosopher, we should undoubtedly shed tears here'. That is to say, if he were only a weeping philosopher, he would shed tears over the presumption and want of modesty in others, and not over his own. It is said that charity begins at home; it is certain that repentance should do so.

The above specimens of our reviewer's blunders must suffice. Many others might have been selected for examination; but as the object of this reply is to refute the charge of atheism, so it was necessary to notice only the blunders made in his attempts to establish that charge. If we did not believe, that the writer has a far greater power, if power it may be called, 'to perpetrate contradictions', than God himself has; then we should, indeed, consider ourselves guilty of the rankest atheism. In this respect, he has decidedly the advantage, if advantage it may be called, over omnipotence itself.

He reminds his author, in conclusion, that 'it takes a very great man indeed,—one of the aloe blossoms of humanity,—as they have been beautifully called, to know well, and at all times, what he is doing in the etherial regions of thought'. Now this is very true. It takes a wise man,—a very wise man indeed,—to know at all times what he is about in those etherial regions. Not one in a million ever makes the discovery. The author of *A Theodicy*, who is not a wise man, had to pore over 'an infinity of grave authors', and read, and reflect, and compare, and analyse, and combine, and reason, and meditate, long—long before he began to dream of what he was doing in the regions of pure thought. He could admire, but he could not imitate, the free and imperial flights of more gifted minds in the lofty regions of speculation. He had, on the contrary, to grope his way along the solid earth, and make careful, cautious observations of the regions above. Our critic would, perhaps, have found himself under the necessity of pursuing a somewhat

similar course, if he had not been 'one of the aloe blossoms of humanity'. As it is, we can discover no signs of the conscientious care, the truth-loving caution, or the persevering patience, which should accompany and guide every sincere and devout enquirer after truth. He soars, by one grand flight, far above an infinity of Christian authors; and, without ever having read one of them, he is perfectly sure that the truth which has been learned from them is 'atheistical'. Hence, he does not hesitate to hang the author of *A Theodicy* on 'one of the horns of the atheistical dilemma'. It was to have been expected, indeed, that when the author in question came into conflict with his little, hasty, crude, and superficial notions, he would incur the charge of atheism. If, in Egypt, he had refused divine honors to an onion, or a cat, he would, in like manner, have been regarded as an atheist by the devout worshippers of those great deities. If, indeed, he were compelled to make a choice, he would decidedly rather worship an Egyptian cat, or onion, than the little, crooked, conceptions of such a critic.

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ART. VIII.—*Constitutional Monarchy in France.* By Ernest Resnan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

It requires the greatest efforts of the greatest intellects to see, even partially or imperfectly, the 'tendency of things'; or to catch even a glimpse of the controlling principles and causes that are silently, and almost imperceptibly, working out the ends of the All-Directing Mind.

In considering the past, the most dispassionate judgment of the philosophic historian is required to detect and to trace the hidden causes of events, and to explain their slow and subtle



operations from age to age. How much more difficult, then, nay, how impossible, is it to discern such causes while they are at work around us, influenced, as we are, by the all-absorbing interests, and prejudices, and passions of the present.

Whenever events occur of more than ordinary interest, we generally expect innumerable efforts, to interpret and explain their bearing; but, if we are to judge of the importance of those that are before us to-day, by the number and variety of the attempts to gather from them the 'Signs of the Times', we must indeed be passing through a momentous and stirring period. The results, and the experiences, of the Franco-Prussian struggle naturally furnish the theme of the majority of these efforts; but, with many, these results of the war are made the occasion of more general observations upon the present condition and influence of the several great powers; or, more particularly, upon the elements of weakness and strength respectively exhibited by those two,—Prussia and France.

There are many indications that we are living in an important era. Without rehearsing such indications, we may remark—what is generally conceded—that, after making all due allowances for the changes necessarily brought about in warfare by the introduction and general use of railroads, the electric telegraph, and the improved weapons of destruction,—all tending to render wars now 'short, sharp, and decisive',—the recent campaigns of Von Moltke, in results, as well as in brilliancy, have no parallel in history, since the days of the first Napoleon.

Among the countless speculations recently advanced, we may cite, in the first place, the many and varied attempts to account for and explain the remarkable success of the Prussian armies in the French and Austrian wars. For ourselves, while we accord full credit to the wonderful genius of the great Captain of our day, the hero of a six weeks' campaign, which culminated so gloriously at Sadowa, as well as to the strategist who planned and executed this still more brilliant campaign from the Rhine to the walls of Paris; and, while we also accredit to the great brain of Prussia's great statesman what is so unquestionably its due, for the foresight and prudence, which secured every possi-

ble advantage that foresight and prudence could provide against the day of battle, inevitable in both cases, as that far-seeing mind discerned; we are, after all, still disposed to believe, with many whose opinions should carry weight, that these advantages are insufficient to account for the wonderful results of either of those wars. Nor are we entirely satisfied with that cursory view usually taken of the Austrian campaign, which attributes the acknowledged superiority of the Prussian soldier over the Austrian on the field of battle to the advantages of his needle-gun; but are inclined to adopt the views of those, who would account for the splendid success of the Prussian army, in both of the late wars, upon the ground of the superiority of the Prussian of this day over the Austrian, as well as over the Frenchman.

While it seems generally conceded, that the fresh vigor and youth of the Prussian soldier makes him more than a match for his older, and it may be, degenerate neighbor and rival of Austria; yet, it is somewhat startling to hear the same said in connection with the Frenchman, who has heretofore enjoyed so high a reputation as a soldier. Still facts,—stern facts,—are presented to us, and, if we refuse to accept the version above alluded to, we are called upon to give some other explanation of them.

Again, it comes to us from the most distinguished source, that the old European society is crumbling away, and that new centres of civilisation are being formed; and, further still, that the greatness even of old England herself is more apparent than real, and that the Northern hordes of Russia will now be no longer checked by her brilliant diplomacy, or by the dread of her hitherto all-powerful combinations.

We, of this country, are also called upon to note many strange things happening around us, which are magnified and colored by the particular influences under which they are viewed. And, finally, we are told that there is a general movement of the common mind upward; that working-men are coming into power all over Europe, and indeed all over the world.

Far be it from us, recognizing, as we do, the talent and the

ability that have been recently devoted to this subject, to attempt to read the 'Signs of the Times'; but we may, nevertheless, be permitted to consider briefly what appears the most plausible and reasonable of the many views recently advanced in this connection, and to apply to them such tests as we have been taught to use, in studying and analysing events of the past.

We are informed by one of the first philosophic historians of the age, that in examining events of history, with the view of discovering their true bearing, we must ever consider man *individually* and *socially*,—in his condition as regards *himself*, and in his condition as regards his *fellow-man*; that we shall find, upon close observation, causes and influences affecting man as an individual, elevating or lowering the individual type; that we shall also find subsequently, a corresponding elevation or decline of the social state; and, again, that we shall discover causes and influences affecting him *socially*, elevating or lowering his *social* condition, from which we may then expect a corresponding result upon the individual type;—a reaction for better or worse, as the case may be, of the changed social condition upon the individual. Here Guizot stops with his analysis. But there is another relation in which we must consider man, and one as important as either of the other two. He has considered man: first, as an *individual*, or in relation to himself; secondly, *socially*, or in relation to his fellow-man. There is a third relation which should not be omitted; we should consider him *religiously*, or in his relation to the Creator. The relation of man to his Maker, his religious nature, certainly appears as prominently in the history of humanity as do his moral and social natures; and, in considering those events which are acknowledged to have brought about great changes in the world's history, we find that their ultimate results have been as frequently affected by changing man's religion, by influencing his religious nature, as by changing his social condition, or his moral status. To read and understand, therefore, the tendency and influence of great events at any particular epoch, we must consider the *moral*, the *social*, and the *religious* developments which accompany them.

Let us now apply briefly these principles to some of the views most currently received as to recent developments. It is a very popular idea, as we have already intimated, that the present war in Europe has demonstrated the fact, that the Prussian is at the present day superior to the Frenchman; and there are undoubtedly many forcible reasons advanced to sustain this view. His superiority, it is contended, has been evinced in every rank and position, from the King on the throne, to the private soldier in the ranks. The superior diplomacy and statesmanship of the astute and brilliant Prussian Premier, have been apparent from the inception of the contest; and the genius of Von Moltke has been universally conceded. Prince Frederick Charles is no 'royal puppet'; he has invariably executed the part allotted to him by his distinguished senior, in a manner that has won for him the reputation and distinction as an officer. Genius, talent, and competency have been exhibited in every grade; and the private soldier, on the field of battle, has displayed a marked individuality and force of character.

But we do not propose to discuss this question here. Let us assume it as true, alleged as it is by so many, that the Prussian has evinced as a man, as an individual, a superiority over his opponent; in other words, that in his case the development of the individual life is more advanced than in the case of his rival.

Assuming such to be the fact, we naturally seek an explanation for this advanced development; first, in some causes acting directly upon the individual, improving and elevating him; or, secondly, in the enjoyment of a higher phase of religion; or, finally, in the combined influence of these last advantages. Upon the principles we have adopted for our guidance, we should seek to account for this assumed superiority of the individual by one or more of these influences. It may be that there are causes acting directly upon the Prussian, which will sufficiently explain such supposed individual progress; and, in this connection, there is some force, in the consideration that he has the vitality, the vigor, and the freshness which belong to youth, to the youth of a nation as well as to that of an individual.

But, when we consider the social and religious advantages that have been enjoyed respectively by the Prussian and the Frenchman, the comparison is most striking, and a bare reference to the subject would seem sufficient to show that, both socially and religiously, the former has enjoyed superior advantages. Without reference to the repeated changes in government, amounting at times to anarchy, which preceded the reign of Louis Napoleon; the weakness and imbecility of the government of the latter have become so apparent as to require no comments. While there was a certain appearance of material growth and development under its auspices, there were no such efforts to establish great public institutions for the improvement of the masses, no such attempt at a general system of education, as were pursued so assiduously during those years by the Prussian government. A Monarchy, a despotic government, as well as a Republican government, may study and care for the elevation and improvement of the masses by wise legislation and the establishment of great public institutions; and, if we are to judge of the merits and liberality of the Prussian despotism, by what it has accomplished in these respects, we must rank her government among the foremost of the world. The success and efficiency of the public school system of Prussia would alone entitle her to that rank.

So much for the comparison socially. When we compare the religions of the two countries, and consider the religious condition and development of the Prussian, as opposed to the comparative irreligion of the Frenchman, the contrast is still more remarkable; and to those who believe that the Protestant religion is a higher phase of Christianity than that of the Roman Catholic, and that the religion professed by the Prussian is more elevating and improving than no religion, to such the supposed superiority of the Prussian is easily accounted for.

The superior advantages that have been enjoyed, socially and religiously, by the Prussian are equally apparent when considered in connection with the social and religious condition of his neighbor, the Austrian. If the struggle between them for the mastery in diplomacy, as well as in arms, which culminated so gloriously for the former at Sadowa, indicates the superior in-

dividual development of the Prussian, we can find an equally ready explanation as in the former comparison.

While the social life of the Prussian, as we have seen, has been for years, advancement, progress, and improvement, under the direction, it is true, of a despotic government, but one of youth and vigor; on the other hand, the old, if not decrepit, government of the House of Hapsburg has dragged along in the ancient grooves, with no decided effort at social amelioration, or at the education and elevation of the masses of the people.

Austria may not have retrograded socially; but she has been certainly outstripped in social progress by her young and active rival. The comparison as to the religious state of the two countries can be easily made by the reader; but, in this connection, it is a matter of interest, to which we would call attention in passing, that while the growth, strength, and power of the Protestant and anti-Catholic governments have been and are steadily increasing, those of the Roman Catholic faith have been steadily on the wane; and, while heretofore two of the latter, France and Austria, have been classed among the great powers, the result of the recent struggles demonstrates their weakness and decline, if not in reality, certainly in comparison with the others—England, Prussia, Russia, and the United States.

We will not extend our comparison so as to include the Englishman; but we would say to those who charge that *he* has degenerated, or has not progressed, to wait until he is tested and found wanting. He has not yet shown any sign of weakness. If the progress of his country is not so striking and apparent as that of his young kinsman of Prussia, it may not be the less real.

It would indeed be sad to think, that *he* who was ever the pioneer in social reform, ever in the foremost rank of our civilization, so far at least as the social development was concerned, should now have lost his vigor; or that his social system, his government and institutions, the reflected wisdom and experience of ages, conceived, matured, and protected originally by his own sturdy *individuality* during the chaos, the tyranny, and the despotism of the later feudal ages, and moulded and

improved by him, from age to age, to meet the wants and the aspirations of the *individual life*, as it also grew, improved, and flourished under their benign influences;—sad we say, would be the reflection that these institutions, so true and tried, should have lost their invigorating power; or, on the other hand, should now be, as asserted by some, incapable of receiving without destruction those changes and modifications, which an advanced individual life may demand. We cannot believe it possible.

While our attention is monopolized by the thrilling events now taking place in Central and Southern Europe, we are apt to lose sight of two great movements that have been, and are still, progressing silently but uninterruptedly. We refer to the steady growth and expansion of the Russian empire, by the natural increase of its prolific population and by conquest; and the equally, or even more, rapid growth and extension of the United States, more particularly by immigration. These are really the great movements of the age; and, they are truly wonderful to contemplate. The sudden establishment of a great, warlike empire in Central Europe, is unquestionably an event of no minor importance to the future of the civilized world; but we can see and define the limits within which its influences will be confined. And it may be that among the purposes for which that warlike power has been reared by the Supreme Arbiter of events, we shall hereafter discern that of presenting a strong bulwark against the pressure of Russian expansion upon southern Europe; which will turn the tide of northern conquest more easterly, and direct it from civilized Christian Europe to the countries degraded by Mahomedan superstition, where the cross of the Russian may overshadow the crescent of the Mussulman. Important and fruitful of results as may be this change in Central Europe, which has been effected by Prussian statesmanship and valor, its influence, we repeat, is limited within the boundary of our present vision; but, who will attempt to define the lines within which the power and influence of the Russian or the American nations may be ultimately confined?

This wonderful growth and expansion may, for aught we



know, be suddenly checked, but viewing them as they appear to-day, and as they have appeared during the present century, what growth, what greatness in the future are shadowed forth for them! When we reflect upon the history of the United States during the past fifty years, and more particularly upon its material development and growth; and contemplate what is still going on around us, we are filled with amazement and wonder. There is no parallel in history. Consider the immense territory, ready for the reception of emigrants; the favorable climate, the fruitful, generous soil; and the immense mineral deposits of every kind. Consider the inexhaustible beds of iron and coal alone, and bear in mind that these minerals form the very basis of all material prosperity and greatness; nay, even afford the measure for determining such material prosperity and greatness in the future. They are the mute, but not the less fruitful interpreters, of the will of Providence as to what sooner or later shall be the favored future of this broad territory. Consider, also, the configuration of her coasts, and the extent of her river navigation; the innumerable indentations, bays, inlets, rivers, and lakes; the Mississippi, and her tributaries. No equal amount of territory in the civilized world has the promise from nature of such a commercial future.

Consider, finally, the manner in which this territory, so rarely endowed, has been, and is still being, peopled. With the strong Anglo-Saxon blood as the basis of her population, she is receiving emigrants from all the world; but the vast majority come from communities of the Caucasian race. These different races cannot mix their blood without deterioration; yet a mixture of a blood of different *nations* of the same *race* has always been productive of increased health and vigor. The Caucasian emigrants on this continent are mixing their blood, under the most favorable circumstances; but, 'miscegenation is a failure,' for it is unnatural, and but very little mixture of the blood of *different races* is to be found here. Observe this fact, and then say whether natural causes are not now in operation to secure for this American territory, in the not distant future, a population of that freshness, vigor, and vitality, which have

always characterized a people formed from a mixture of blood of the *same race*.

Consider these facts collectively, and then say whether we are going too far when we assert, that they indicate some great destiny which the God of nations has in store for this country; not for this nation alone, but for the whole country. It may be for one nation, or many nations; no human wisdom can foresee or determine.

Again, we are told, generally, that there is a movement of the common mind upward, and that a stronger individuality is to be observed throughout the civilized world, upon the part of the masses. While we do not propose to review the many reasons advanced in support of this assertion, it may be of interest, in connection with the ideas that we have been suggesting in this paper, to remark, that such a fact, if fact it be, is only what we might naturally expect as a result, as a reaction upon the individual life, of the many acknowledged social and religious advantages enjoyed by this age and generation; advantages, so far as the masses are concerned, more elevating and invigorating than any heretofore enjoyed. And it may be true, that we are now at the threshold of one of those epochs, one of those crises, in the cycles of progress, in the history of action and reaction between the moral, the social, and the religious tendencies of man, in which the individual, recently improved, elevated, and advanced, by the influences of superior social and religious privileges, evinces higher aspirations; and is, even now, moving onward and upward to demand and grasp a higher sphere of social or of religious life, as well as a larger measure of power in shaping his social, or, it may be, his religious future.

## ART. IX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. AD CLERUM: Advices to a Young Teacher. By Joseph Parker, D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The reader is sure in advance, that he is taking up something written with ability. Dr. Parker, a British divine, is the author of it, as he also is of *Ecce Deus*, a book which, written, on the basis of true doctrine, is as largely read as its counterpart, *Ecce Homo*, which owes at least some of its popularity to the doubtfulness of its teaching.

The subject at once attracts attention. The world has more at stake just now, in the character and power of the Christian ministry, than in anything else that concerns its welfare. A really good book of advice to a young clergyman is something to be thankful for; nevertheless, the general reader might be disposed to avoid a work with this title, as likely to be as dull as it is good. To modify any such impression, let him read the following extract. The author is urging it upon the minister to 'be natural': 'A ministerial acquaintance of mine is entirely innocent of imitating any one, and yet a more unnatural speaker never addressed an audience. . . . I have heard him give a public announcement of a tea-meeting,—tickets, nine-pence each, in a manner quite as solemn and urgent as if, in one hurried breath he had been announcing that there was a flood in England, a fire in Scotland, and an earthquake half-over the continent of Europe. The consequence was, that no timid persons ventured to go near the tea-meeting, and not more than half a dozen adventurous youths took a nine-penny ticket each, in order to see what was going to happen! He cannot be easy: he cannot lower his pompous tone to an ordinary key. If he were to ask a chamber-maid for a candle, he would leave on her mind the impression that the morning would rise in the smoking ruins of the house.'

“ Well, madam ”, he said, addressing my wife one day late in April, “ the days are gradually attaining a very agreeable continuity.”

‘ With a most reprehensible simplicity my bewildered wife merely answered—“ Yes.”

“ The services, madam,” he continued, “ which are now in contemplation will be sustained under auspices of a character decidedly flattering to our denominational status.”

‘ With scandalous absence of mind, my wife amiably replied—“ Indeed ”!

“ Quite so, madam. Not only the worshipful, the Mayor, but also the whole corporation, arrayed in full official costume, will condescend to honor us with their patronage; and I do fervently hope that we may be favored firmamentally as well as municipally.”

‘ Now when a man talks in this manner about the anniversary of a ragged school, what may you expect when he begins to preach ’?

Taking this extract as a specimen of the book, the reader’s foregone conclusion as to its dulness, if he entertained any, may well find sufficient correction. In *Ad Clerum* there is no scarcity of wit and not a little humor; much of it is superior to what we have given, though not so quotable. On looking still farther through these pages, the verdict may be arrived at, that Dr. Parker is not sparing of sarcasm, and the reader, though he may be unhurt by his snap at *Comptism*, and other follies, may find nevertheless what may touch some special foible of his own. As illustrative of the sarcastic vein to which we have alluded, take the following:

‘ Another class of unsuccessful men may be ironically described as *hyper-super-intellectualities*, something in spite of the ugly word, very aerial and sublime. These magnificent and unapproachable royalties throned among the stars, and clothed with clouds of many colors, extend their lines in one desperate determination to say something that is not in the New Testament. The moment they are about to put a word of Gospel into their sermons, they recoil from the vulgarity as from a temptation to be profane. As a consequence, they excel in not

preaching the Gospel. They delight to prove that they are "abreast with the foremost thinkers of the day"; they refer with great familiarity to "a certain school of thought", and with infinite skill, gibbet Neo-Platonists, Trancendentalists, Pantheists, and Positiveists, before a wondering, if not an applauding, audience. But their chief joy, their sweet, precious, transporting joy,—their joy of joys,—their dancing, screaming, delirious joy,—is to discourse upon a most mysterious, dangerous individual called *Comte*. When a reverend snob of the *hyper-super* class can bring in the name of Comte, he is sure that it will instantly show the features, and the might, and the majesty, and the glory of the learned minister. He would not, for the world, refer to Baxter, or Henry, or Doddridge, or Watts, or Owens: Bates, Charnock, and Howe, he does not deign to know: he knows *Comte* (as far, at least, as translations can reveal that personage)—and is not that the last reach of culture,—the crowning-point of attainment? M. Comte himself would wonder, could he know how many magnificent nobodies conjure with his name'.

We are half afraid now, from the extracts furnished, that the reader will begin to doubt whether, among all the qualifications Dr. Parker may have, as a teacher of young divines, he possesses as much as could be desired, of a truly pious spirit. In order that this may be judged of, permit us to quote still further, some passages which show the fervid temper of the man. 'Truly in us who are called to preach Jesus Christ, the word of God ought to dwell richly and abound. . . . I venture to say again and again, that unless you be shut up, as it were, with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in secret retirement,—no unction will rest upon your ministry, however eloquent your language, or splendid your illustrations, or vehement your public appeals. It is impossible to disguise the spirit which comes of profound contemplation of religious subjects: it is impossible to conceal the fact which is produced by prolonged and loving intercourse with the Saviour. If the countenance itself do not shine with an unearthly lustre, there will be in the whole manner an influence which will proclaim itself to have been originated by the highest intercourse. Let us

live very near the Cross: Let Jesus Christ be the One all Commanding Object of our attention and our love. If such be the case, we shall know what it is to long with unspeakable desire for the presence and guidance of the Holy Ghost. Some of us, indeed, are in danger of forgetting that this is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, and that all Christian usefulness is now to be conducted and directed by Him alone.'

Such sentiments as these are not occasional, nor perfunctory, but pervade the entire volume, with their solemn, deep-toned utterances. Everybody, or almost everybody, likes a liberal-minded writer. Dr. Parker is absolutely free from all denominational narrowness; indeed, as far as we can recollect, from narrowness of any sort, unless it be his prejudice against written sermons. We need no more conclusive proof of his liberality, than what he says of Mr. Beecher. "I have need to speak gratefully of Mr. Beecher; his words, so natural, so human, so divine, have stimulated and blessed me, when the refined analysis of Bushnell, the vehement eloquence of Chalmers, the waxen beauty of Harris, and the perspirational rhetoric of Melville, were unsuited to my spiritual condition." Perhaps, if our author lived on this side the Atlantic, and knew all, he might modify some of his opinions about Mr. Beecher. But let that pass. It may be we are narrow-minded without being aware of it. At all events, if he praises Mr. Beecher, (it may be injudiciously,) he does not take him for his own model, but gives us his idea thus: "Peter and Paul were preachers,—Knox and Bunyan were preachers." Of all uninspired preachers, he seems to admire Whitfield the most, though Spurgeon also, he speaks of in high terms.

The rather copious extracts we have given, indicate the variety and freshness of the book. Indeed, it may be said to be almost miscellaneous: There is, for example, an extended and minute portraiture of a man of whom we, on this side of the water, have chanced to know little,—Dr. John Campbell.

*Ad Clerum* is an interesting book even to the unprofessional reader; and to the Young Preacher, or indeed to one not young, it must prove a valuable help, so full is it of thought, experience, wisdom, and glowing piety.

2. L'HISTOIRE GENERALE: de la Partie qui comprend les Hommes de Guerre existants ou morts dans le Siècle. Par des écrivains de Différentes Nations. En cours de publication A Genève, a la Direction de l'Histoire Générale.

In this work, published at Geneva, we have a sketch of the life and military services of Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, of the United States. We do not like his middle name; but we do not think that he was to blame for this, any more than for the original sin, or native depravity, which he brought into the world with him. If he had been consulted, he would, perhaps, have preferred some other name; but, however this may be, we have to do with his nature, and not with his name.

His nature is a noble one. In the midst of so much that was mean and cruel in the Commanding Generals of the Federal Forces of the Late War, it gives us a peculiar pleasure to witness, in any case, the opposite qualities of a brave, magnanimous, and generous disposition. Hence the present allusion to the character of Major General Hancock. If the writers of the North are too malignant, or too cowardly, to do justice even to the transcendent nobility of a Lee, this is no reason why we should remain silent in regard to the merits of a Hancock. Like most of the Federal officers, who did not disgrace themselves and their profession during the Late War, General Hancock enjoyed the advantages of a military training and education at West Point. Officers of this description, however, did not, as a general thing, possess the confidence, or receive the honors, of 'the best government the world has ever seen'. Accordingly, when General Mansfield was recalled from Fredericksburg, and was asked why this was done, he replied—'My Government has no use for a gentleman in its service'. There were a few exceptions to this rule; and General Hancock was one. He is not, however, nearly as great a favorite with 'the best government the world has ever seen,' nor with the people by whom that government is sustained, as the notorious 'Beast' whose passion for spoons is so well known to the whole civilized world. Greater is the reason, then, that his virtues should be known, and celebrated, by every honest man in America, whether of Northern or of Southern birth.



‘Major General Winfield-Scott Hancock,’ says the *Histoire Générale*, ‘was born in Montgomery Square, district of Montgomery, in the State of Pennsylvania, the 14th of February, 1824. In 1840, he entered as Cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1844, he was commissioned second Lieutenant of the sixth regiment of the United States infantry, with which he served during the war with Mexico. He took part in the battle of *San Antonio*; and was appointed first Lieutenant for his ‘gallant and meritorious conduct’ in the battle of *Churubusco*. He assisted also, as Adjutant of his batallion, in the battle of *Molino del Rey*, and in that of the *City of Mexico*. At the end of the Mexican War, he become the Quarter-master of his regiment, and, in 1849, he was appointed its Adjutant.’

‘In 1855, he was promoted to the grade of Captain in the Quarter-master’s department; and, in that capacity, he served during the war of Florida with the Indians. A Captain and Quarter-master’s Aid in the expedition to Utah, he received, after that campaign, orders to repair to California, where he was in service when, in 1861, the great civil war broke out.’

The services and career of General Hancock during ‘the great civil war’, as it is called at Geneva, are too well known to require a notice at our hands; especially such brief notice as our present limits would necessarily prescribe. General Hancock is, not only a gentleman, but he is also, we believe, a soldier *sans peur, sans reproche*. His dignified and patriotic letter to Governor Pease, of Texas, and his General Order while in command of New Orleans, deserve, in our humble opinion, a permanent place in the literary records of the country. Hence, as the Journals of the North are not likely to do justice to such deeds, it is the more incumbent on us, for the sake of our common country and our common humanity, to give them a place in the pages of *The Southern Review*. They are in the following noble words:

‘HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT, }  
*Office of Secretary for Civil Affairs.* }  
*New Orleans, La., December 28, 1867.*

HIS EXCELLENCY, E. M. PEASE, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

‘SIR:—Brevet Major General J. J. Reynolds, Commanding

District of Texas, in a communication dated Austin, Texas, November 19, 1867, requests that a Military Commission may be ordered "for the trial of one G. W. Wall, and such other prisoners as may be brought before it," and forwards in support of the request the following papers:

'*First*.—A printed account taken from a newspaper dated Uvalde, October — 1867, (contained in a letter of James H. Taylor, and in another from Dr. Ansell, U. S. Surgeon at Fort Inge), of the murder of R. W. Black, on the — day of October, 1867. In this account it is stated Mr. Black was shot through the heart by G. W. Wall "while lying on the counter at Mr. Thomas' store."

'*Second*.—A letter of Judge G. H. Noonan to Governor Pease, dated November 10, 1867, informing him that "Wall, Ehacker and Pulliam are in confinement in Uvalde County for murder." In this letter it is asked: "Would it not be best to try them by Military Commission?"

'*Third*.—A letter from Governor Pease dated, "Executive of Texas, Austin, November 11, 1867," in which the Governor states that he "received a telegram from Judge G. H. Noonan, an extract from which I transmit herewith." In the letter of the Governor the further statement is made that "Uvalde County, where the prisoners are confined, is on the extreme Western frontier of the State, and has only about one hundred voters in a territory of about nine hundred square miles," and he then adds: "It is not probable that they (meaning the prisoners) can be kept in confinement long enough ever to be tried by the Civil Courts of that County;" and expresses the opinion that they never "can be brought to trial, unless it is done before a Military Commission." And he therefore asks that a Military Commission be ordered for their trial.

'For an examination of the papers submitted to the Commander of the Fifth Military District, it does not appear that there is any indisposition or unwillingness on the part of the local civil tribunals to take jurisdiction of, and to try the prisoners in question; and a suggestion made by the Governor that it is not probable the prisoners can be kept in confinement long enough to be tried by the Civil Courts, (and which is ap-

parently based on the fact that Uvalde County is a frontier county, and does not contain more than a hundred voters), seems to be the only foundation on which the request for the creation of a Military Commission is based. This, in the opinion of the Commanding General, is not sufficient to justify him in the exercise of the extraordinary power vested in him by law "to organize Military Commissions or tribunals" for the trial of persons charged with offences against the laws of a State.

'It is true, that the third section of "An Act to provide for the more efficient Government of the Rebel States," makes it the duty of the Commanders of Military Districts "to punish, or cause to be punished, all disturbers of public peace and criminals;" but the same section also declares that "to that end he may allow local civil tribunals to take jurisdiction of, and to try offenders." The further power given to him in the same section, "when in his judgment it may be necessary for the trial of offenders," to organize Military Commissions for that purpose, is an extraordinary power, and from its very nature, should be exercised for the trial of offenders against the laws of a State, only in the extraordinary event that the local civil tribunals are unwilling or unable to enforce the laws against crimes.

'At this time the country is in a state of profound peace. The State Government of Texas organized in subordination to the authority of the Government of the United States, is in the full exercise of all its proper powers. The Courts duly empowered to administer the laws and to punish all offenders against those laws, are in existence. No unwillingness on the part of these Courts is suggested, to inquire into the offences with which the prisoners in question are charged; nor are any obstructions whatever in the way of enforcing the laws against them said to exist. Under such circumstances there is no good ground for the exercise of the extraordinary power vested in the Commander to organize a Military Commission for the trial of the persons named.

'It must be a matter of profound regret to all who value constitutional government, that there should be occasions in

nouns and verbs in such form as to 'stop instantly the progress of any pupil who has not mastered the regular formation.' This conspectus itself, though it occupies but thirty-five pages, is worth, as a means of *securing* the progress of the pupil, the price of the book.

4. A COMPENDIOUS GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE, WITH COPIOUS EXERCISES. By Charles D. Morris, M. A., Late Rector, &c. New York: F. J. Huntington & Co. 1870.

To those who have used Mr. Morris's Greek Grammar, noticed above, it will be sufficient to say that his Latin Grammar is on the same plan, and that the carrying out is equal to the conception. The terseness and precision of the author's style has enabled him to comprise (without compressing) the whole Grammar proper, including a Syntax decidedly superior to that of the Bullions, or of Andrews & Stoddard, or of Harkness, and a concise but ample Prosody, in exactly two hundred pages, duodecimo, of clear and distinct type, with more than usual space between the several Paragraphs, of which there are over thirteen hundred, consecutively numbered. Those teachers who wish to make scholars of their pupils, and who are competent to do it, will find in Mr. Morris's Grammar just what they want.

5. THE EARTHLY PARADISE. By William Morris. Part IV. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Dreamer, 'born out of due time,' as he says of himself, has brought his delicious and pathetic dreams to an end: and we close this, his last book of stories with a sigh,—not of relief, but of regret,—that we are not to be led, any more, through the scenes of enchantment conjured up for us. In one of the closing verses of the *Introduction* to his first volume, the author says:

'———A Wizard to a Northern King,  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,  
That thro' one window, men beheld the Spring,  
And thro' another, saw the Summer glow,  
And thro' a third, the fruited vines a-row,  
While still unheard, but in its wonted way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December day.'

Mr. Morris has kept his promise to the reader of his stories. With his wizard-eyes, we have 'beheld the Spring,'—the 'Summer glow,'—the 'fruited vines,'—and the drear of Winter. Never, surely, not even in the crisp, wholesome, realistic lines of old Chaucer himself, has Nature been delineated with so true, so minute, so simple, so pre-Raphaelite, (if we may use so over-used a term,) a touch. Yet he lacks the gracious cherri-ness of the old Poet whom he professes to regard as his master Prof. Lowell, the latest and most graceful critic of Chaucer says, in his freshly-published *Study Windows*,—'he was a poet who did not waste time in considering whether his age were good or not. . . . He could be happy with a crust and spring-water, and could see the shadow of his benign face in a flagon of Gascon wine, without fancying Death sitting opposite to cry, *Supernaculum!*—when he had drained it.'

Now, while there are some striking points of resemblance between Chaucer and our Poet, which he himself touchingly acknowledges in his *L'Envoi*,—those aspects which Prof. Lowell points out, mark the two as greatly differing. Mr. Morris *does* see that neither his own nor any other age is thoroughly happy; and Death *does* stare at him over his wine. Among beauties so innumerable that a long article could not exhaust them, we find ever and ever behind them all, the shadows of emptiness, disappointment, hopeless longing.

Yet, while the constantly recurring sadness begets within the reader a distrust of ail earthly joy, it is nevertheless not devoid of wholesome and solemn uses. We differ from a late criticism in *The Saturday Review*, wherein the character of Mr. Morris' work is intimated to be one of 'unmistakable skepticism.' The critic seems to forget that the themes dealt with, are not such as allow of the introduction of Christian faith. If we mistake not, there is not one Tale in the whole twenty-four which make up the three volumes, in which allusions to the Christian religion could be indulged in without anachronism, or offense given to artistic rules, except the last one. This Story is founded upon an old mediæval legend, and so far as we remember, the only lines that bear reference to the Saviour of men, occurs in it. We may object to Mr. Morris' selection of themes, as being

without the Christian pale; but allowing him his own choice, we cannot find fault with his mode of handling; inasmuch as, simple as it is, it keeps rigidly within the laws of art. It is not therefore fair treatment of Mr. Morris, to set him down as an unbeliever. When he treats of Greek myths, (in which his supreme power seems to consist,) he is necessarily constrained within the limits which such a subject imposes. Who considers Tennyson an upholder of the 'Atomic theory of the Universe,' because of his fine poem of *Lucretius*?

Indeed we cannot help feeling that an important lesson is taught by the sad and hopeless fatalism that marks the characters in these Greek stories; and we find ourselves continually contrasting their blind Fate, and their joyless Hereafter, with the omniscient Providence and the assured Heaven of the Christian.

The volume with which we have do in this brief notice, is the last and concluding one of the series. Of the six Tales which fill the book, we like best the Danish legend—*The Fostering of Aslang*. The stainless purity and modesty born of nature, which characterize the heroine, are brought out in Mr. Morris' most felicitous style. And this story is fitly followed by one in which a Lycian Queen is painted in the strongest contrast with the pure-hearted *Aslang*.

Some of Mr. Morris' critics charge him with prolixity; but of this Kaleidoscope-power,—this thousand-sidedness, in which Nature's infinite changeableness, rather than human passion, is portrayed, we shrink from complaining. Vasari relates of one of the old Masters, that the minute finish of the flesh, in his pictures, could only be judged of, by subjecting them to the test of the microscope. This is the case with much of the description called 'prolixity' which we are considering; and it is only by comparing, with the utmost pains-taking, the work of the artist, with nature's myriad moods, that an idea of its truthfulness can be arrived at.

Of the surpassing industry of the author of these volumes, we scarcely know how to speak in sufficiently moderate terms. That work covering so much ground as this, should be done rapidly, is no matter of astonishment; but when, on opening

any random page, we see evidence of the highest finish,—of that art which conceals art,—we cannot but be surprised. It is generally conceded that one long poem is sufficient for a lifetime: yet here we have one, containing, in the American edition, some twelve hundred pages, brought to a conclusion in an incredibly short space of time. England's Poet-Laureate has been for more than twenty years laboring at the temple of his fame; Mr. Morris, whose *Earthly Paradise* will take its place as one of the finest poems of the Nineteenth Century, beside *The Idylls of the King*, has seen *his* spring into being in less than three years.

6. THE PSALMS INTERPRETED OF CHRIST. By the Rev. Isaac Williams, B. D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Vol. I. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place. 1864.

This work, whose general purpose appears from its title, throws much light on many portions of the Psalms. There are, indeed, many passages in the Psalms which, at first view, seem in harsh discord with the general spirit of Holy Writ: such, for example, as those in which David seems to speak of his own exalted righteousness, and to desire the destruction of his enemies. If such passages are to be understood as expressing the sentiments of a man; then, it must be admitted, that they are fearfully impious. But, considered as the language of Christ, for whom David, as his type and representative, speaks in the first person, every obscurity vanishes, and the harmony of Holy Writ is perfectly restored. For we then see that the real speaker, 'the Lord our Righteousness', neither unduly exalts himself, nor violates the spirit of Christian charity in merely predicting the destruction of his enemies. Thus, is the spirit of the Psalms, even when they seem harshest to a superficial reader, brought into perfect agreement with the spirit of Christ himself, as set forth in the matchless words of his infinite mercy.

Take, for example, the forty-first Psalm, in which David seems to long for the destruction of his enemy. 'Mine enemy speaks evil of me, when shall he die, and his name perish. . . . Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat my bread, hath lifted up *his* heel against me.' Now, we



have the authority of Christ himself, that this passage referred, not to David and his enemy, but to himself and Judas Iscariot. 'I speak not of you all,' said he; 'I know whom I have chosen; but that the Scripture might be fulfilled, He that eateth bread with me, hath lifted up his heel against me.' (John xiii. 18.) Here, he repeats the prediction of the Psalm, and immediately indicates Judas Iscariot, as 'the familiar friend' by whom he should be basely betrayed. 'Now I tell you before it come,' said he, 'that when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am *he*.' Thus David, instead of pining for the destruction of his own enemy, is merely predicting the treachery of Judas, and pointing, with prophetic finger, to his awful death. The same interpretation is given to this passage in Matthew xxvi. 23-26; in Luke xxii. 21; in John xiii. 18; and in Acts i. 21-23, as well as in other parts of the New Testament.

Now this principle of interpretation is, of course, known to all who have written on the Psalms; but by no one, so far as we know, has it been more fully, or more satisfactorily, applied, than by the author before us. By simply viewing Scripture in its light, or making the Bible its own interpreter, he makes the obscurities of the Psalms vanish, and apparent discord give place to real harmony. His labors will, however, be lost upon those who read to find fault, or to pick flaws in the word of God; for they will never examine his interpretation of the Psalms. On the contrary, they will,—poor, blind, deluded souls!—still fondly cling to first appearances, and delight to regard David,—'the man after God's own heart',—as a monster of self-righteousness and vindictive malice. Instead of seeing in the sublime words of the Psalmist, as they should do, the awful 'Wrath of the Lamb'; they will still continue to exult, in their own fancied goodness, over the impotent rage, and half-frenzied hate, of 'the man after God's own heart.'

7. PROPHECY A PREPARATION FOR CHRIST; eight lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1869, on the Bampton Foundation. By R. Payne Smith, D. D., Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1870.

We have read this book with inexpressible delight. There is indeed not a lecture in it, which might not easily be made

the subject of a long article. We have no such theological writers in this country. Profoundly acquainted with both Greek and Hebrew, and master of the great critics and commentators of Germany, Dr. Smith has given the world an invaluable work on the subject of *Prophecy as a Preparation for Christ*. The following extract, though by no means one of the more striking or valuable portions of Dr. Smith's book, cannot fail to interest our readers:—

‘The two oldest written prophecies are those of Jonah and Joel. The object of the former of these books is to set before us the nature of prophecy itself, while Joel strikes the key-note of that spiritual teaching which has made the prophets the instructors, not of one age, but of all ages and of all peoples. These two books form the proper introduction to the whole series of the prophetic records; but instead of arranging them in chronological order, we have adopted from the Jews a method apparently devised to make it impossible to read our Bible intelligently. The book of Jonah would never have been regarded as a mere tale, nor its importance missed, if it had held its proper place at the head of the roll. And so Joel. Ewald has well remarked that Isaiah would have been, morally speaking, an impossibility, had not Joel and other spiritual prophets preceded him, and yet we put Isaiah first, while Joel, whose teaching prepares for that of Isaiah, is put away in a corner, as if the importance of a prophet depended solely upon the number of chapters which he wrote. So, too, Isaiah's quotation from Micah would have been ten times more obvious and forcible, if Micah had held his proper place in the canon; while Jeremiah's narrative of the outcry raised against Micah, and of the effect produced by his prediction upon Hezekiah's mind, and of the national mourning to avert Jehovah's anger,—all this and more would have come home to us with double force and fuller meaning, if in the course of our daily readings that narrative had followed instead of preceding the prophecy which led to such remarkable events.

‘Now what is the nature of the teaching of this Book of Jonah? The first thing that strikes us is, that this, the earliest book of written prophecy, is a narrative of a mission to a Gen-

tile city, and that city the sworn foe and enemy of Israel. Jonah did labor for Israel, as we learn in the book of Kings; but in his written prophecy Israel holds no place. And next it is an errand of mercy. Nineveh repents at his preaching, and is spared. Now the prophets generally have a message for the heathen nations round, only two or three confine themselves to Israel and Judah. The heathen nations do not lie beyond the pale of God's providence; and thus Nahum's one subject is Nineveh, Habakkuk's is Chaldea, Obadiah's is Edom. But this is no case merely of sending them a warning, or recording a condemnation of their sins. Jonah has to labor in person among these heathens, and his whole Jewish nature rises up against such a service. He will flee to the ends of the earth rather than so violate his prejudices. His name, Jonah, means a dove; but he cannot brook the thought of carrying the olive-branch to those hateful Assyrians. Nothing short of evident necessity can induce him to obey God's command. So it was with the Apostles. Simon Bar-jonah will go and receive the Roman centurion, Cornelius, into the Church only after he has thrice had a command from heaven, not to call, in his Jewish way, that common and unclean which the Holy Ghost had sanctified. Had Jonah been quite sure that Nineveh would be destroyed, then he would have nerved himself to go. What he could not endure was the feeling that there might be mercy for these ruthless Assyrians. "This was what I said when I was yet in my country, and therefore I fled before thee into Tarshish; for I know that thou art a gracious God and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest Thee of the evil."

'Jonah knew, then, the nature of prophecy better than most expositors do now, and his book is more remarkable for what it teaches us about prophecy itself than even for the fact that he was sent to labor in a Gentile city. The great lesson of the Book of Jonah is, that prophecy is no blind fate, threatening men with an irrevocable destiny; but that it has a moral purpose, and is a warning given by an omniscient but merciful Ruler to beings capable of repentance, and of thereby reversing the decrees of justice. In the heathen world you even find the

idea of evil impending upon men without the possibility of escape. This is the one ground-thought of the Greek drama, and the more innocent the sufferer the more tragic and interesting is the onward course of events by which, though no fault of his own, he is doomed to destruction. This, too, is the one idea of all ancient oracles. Obscurely and in enigma they predict some calamity. The prediction must be so given as that it shall not serve as a warning, but, if possible, rather invite its victim to his fate. In the opening book of prophecy all these detestable views are carefully guarded against. It is no blind fate, but a kind, a merciful, a man-loving God, who orders all human things for man's good, and who directs the course of history, and guides the very laws of nature so as to make them serve for moral purposes. If there is one lesson clearly taught in the prophetic writings, it is God's long-suffering. It is even startling to find Jeremiah declaring in Jehovah's name to Zedekiah, but a short time before Jerusalem was captured, that if he would even then submit, God would spare him and the city. Our patience has long been too utterly exhausted with that weak, bad man, for us to imagine that God's patience has not been exhausted too. But his compassions fail not. There is mercy even after the eleventh hour has struck. It is man who obstinately persists in his evil courses. The danger of a death-bed repentance does not consist at all in God not being ready to spare, but in the moral certainty that such as a man has lived, such will he also die.'

8. THE HISTORY OF METHODISM IN KENTUCKY. By the Rev. A. H. Redford, D. D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. 1870.

This work, in three volumes, has been for some time before the public, and has met with a very decided success. In all the *essential elements* of style, it is well written; that is to say, its style is simple, direct, perspicuous, and manly. We nowhere detect the least trace of that miserable pedantry, that propensity to trick one's self out in all the far-fetched and fine-spun words of the language, and even to invent affected barbarisms for the sake of self-display, which, in this number of the REVIEW, we have had several occasions to signalize as the

vice of half-educated American writers. Dr. Redford evidently writes to recommend his subject, and not himself, to his readers. The interesting passage with which the first volume opens, and which may be taken as a fair specimen of his style, is as follows:—

‘The early history of Kentucky presents a record of savage cruelties, of extreme suffering, and of heroic endurance. The name of Daniel Boone, the first white settler who sought a home amid its dark and almost impenetrable forests, and whose dust now slumbers beneath its soil, will always be held in kind remembrance. The first discovery of Kentucky, however, was made by James McBride, who as early as 1754 “passed down the Ohio River, with some others, in canoes, landed at the mouth of the Kentucky River, and marked the initials of his name and date upon a tree.” Four years later, Dr. Walker, led by curiosity, or by the spirit of adventure, made a brief trip to the north-eastern portion of the District. Nine years afterward, and only two years previous to the date of Boone’s first entrance into Kentucky, John Finley, with some other Indian-traders from North Carolina, made a considerable tour through it. The stay, however, of McBride, Walker, and Finley, was short, and to Daniel Boone belongs the honor of being the first pioneer.

‘The first emigrants to the District of Kentucky were chiefly composed of men who were “rough, independent, and simple in their habits, careless and improvident in their dealings, frank of speech, and unguarded in their intercourse with each other and with strangers, friendly, hospitable, and generous.” Deprived of educational advantages, they were generally their own school-masters, and their book the volume of nature. It was not the dull, the unaspiring, the idle, but the bold, the resolute, the ambitious, who came to carve out their homes from the kingly forests of the fresh and untouched wilderness.

‘The settlement of Kentucky by the Anglo-American pioneer was no easy task. The fierce and merciless savage stubbornly disputed the right to the soil. The attempt to locate upon these rich and fertile lands was a proclamation of war—of war whose conflict should be more cruel than had been known in

all the bloody pages of the past. On his captive the Indian inflicted the most relentless torture. Neither the innocence of infancy, the tears of beauty, nor the decrepitude of age, could awaken his sympathy or touch his heart. The tomahawk and the stake were the instruments of his cruelty. But notwithstanding the dangers that constantly imperiled the settlers, attracted by the glowing accounts of the beauty of the country and the fertility of the soil, brave hearts were found that were willing to leave their patrimonial homes in Carolina and Virginia, and hazard their lives amid the frowning forests of the West. Thus valuable accessions were continually received by the first emigrants.

‘In the winter of 1776, Kentucky was formed into a county. Although this act invested the people with the right to a separate county court, to justices of the peace, a sheriff, constable, coroner, and militia officers, but few instances occurred in which it was necessary for the law to assert its supremacy. Banded together by the ties of a common interest, and alike exposed to suffering and peril, it was but seldom that any disposition was evinced to encroach upon the rights of another. For mutual comfort, as well as for mutual protection, the people dwelt principally in forts, by which means they were the better prepared for a defence from the frequent attacks of the Indians.

‘It would be impossible to describe the sufferings of the first settlers in Kentucky—they are beyond description; yet we may imagine the anguish of heart endured by the husband and father, whose wife and children had become a prey to savage vigilance and cruelty, or to the tortures, worse than death, inflicted upon the Indian’s helpless captive; or we may attempt to realize the grief, whose deepest shades had fallen upon the breaking heart of the wife and mother, as the shadows of the evening gather around her lonely home, and she listens in vain for the familiar footstep of him on whose strong arm she had trusted for protection, or for the return of those little ones that had been the light of her own home and the joy of her heart. Words cannot express, nor mind can scarce conceive, the pain that hardy race endured. A lifetime of suffering is sometimes crowded into a single hour. It was so with them.

The hostility of the Indian never slumbered; and during this period, capture, torture, and death inflicted in the most cruel manner that savage malignity could invent, were of common occurrence. On one hand were instances of shocking barbarities; and on the other of long captivities, of untold sufferings, of deeds of daring, and of heroic achievements, which seem more like romance than reality. These noble men, so patient under all the pangs of war, and want, and wretchedness, were the benefactors of the West; and though no marble pillar may mark the spot where many of them rest, yet they live embalmed in the affections of a grateful people—a monument far more enduring.

‘It was during this period and amid these dangers that James Haw and Benjamin Ogden were appointed missionaries to the District of Kentucky. Previous to this time Methodism had been established in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and in portions of South Carolina and Georgia; but up to this date the General Minutes report no Church under its auspices in Kentucky. Baptist ministers were the first to proclaim the truths of Christianity here. As early as 1776, the Rev. William Hickman, a man of piety, came from Virginia on a tour of observation, and during his stay devoted much of his time to preaching the gospel. He was perhaps the first preacher of any denomination who lifted the standard of the cross on “the dark and bloody ground.” Other Baptist ministers soon followed, among whom were James Smith, Elijah, Lewis, and Joseph Craig, and Messrs. Tanner, Bailey, and Bledsoe.<sup>1</sup> The Baptist Church, however, was not organized until the year 1781. Their first organization was known as the Gilbert’s Creek Church, located on Gilbert’s Creek, a few miles from where the town of Lancaster now stands.’

Such was the wilderness into which the bold pioneers of

<sup>1</sup> There were two Baptist ministers by this name,—William M. Bledsoe and Moses Bledsoe,—who were among the very earliest settlers in Kentucky. They belonged to a band of brothers, and bold adventurers, who removed from Virginia to Kentucky, long before this existed as a State. All the brothers, except William, had Bible names:—Abraham, Moses, Aaron, Elijah, Joseph, and the celebrated Jesse Bledsoe.



Methodism plunged, fearing nothing but God, and laboring there, side by side with Baptist and Presbyterian ministers of the Gospel, planted the first germs of religion and civilization in the Great West. The history before us relates how, from the year 1783 to the year 1832, a small society, of less than a dozen members, spread into a vast denomination of zealous, self-denying, and hard-working Christian men and women. 'The History of Methodism in Kentucky', says our author, 'cannot be otherwise than interesting, if faithfully delineated. Organized in the District when there was scarcely a cabin outside of the forts in all its broad domain—its standard-bearers exposed to privations, sufferings, and dangers, the recital of which seems more like romantic stories, selected from the legends of fable, than the sober realities of history—planted and nourished amid opposition and difficulties that brave hearts only could surmount, the extraordinary success that has attended it, growing up in eighty years from a single society of only a few members to a membership of nearly fifty thousand, with more than five hundred ministers, (travelling and local,) church-edifices in every community, schools and seminaries of learning in different portions of the State—its truths proclaimed in every neighborhood, and its vital energies and hallowed influence imparting life to other Christian communions, it is invested with an importance at once attractive and commanding. While the rich have sought its temples, and worshiped at its altars, its peculiar glory has been that it searched for the poor, and carried the tidings of a Redeemer's love to the homes of sorrow and of want'.

Now it does seem to us, that no one should forget by whom the seed of the true religion were first sown in the great wilderness of the West; and, least of all, should this be forgotten by those who have since followed them, and helped to reap the harvest. On the contrary, it seems to us, that it were but a small act of gratitude on the part of such persons, if they would read the story, and learn to appreciate the labors, of those bold pioneer preachers of the everlasting Gospel, by whom the wilderness of the Great West was cleared for them, and converted into a goodly inheritance forever. In his great vineyard of

the world, God has, indeed, laid out work for many and for manifold workers; and there is ample room and eminent need for them all. And he who, in the narrowness of his creed, despises his brother laborer in the great vineyard of the Lord, because he is not like himself, is,—whatever else he may be,—still more or less of a barbarian at heart. He still lacks that sublime elevation of soul, and that all-embracing charity, which is the last and the finest result of a true Christian civilization.

9. CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY IN FRANCE. By Ernest Renan, Member of the Institute. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

This little work, translated from the second French edition, we have read with an interest proportional to the magnitude of the great subject of which it treats. 'The French Revolution', says the author, in his opening words, 'is an event so extraordinary that it must needs be the starting-point in any series of considerations on the affairs of our time. Nothing of importance happens in France that is not a direct consequence of this capital fact, which has thoroughly changed the whole condition of life in this country. Like all that is great, heroic, bold, like everything which exceeds the common measure of human strength, the French Revolution will continue to be for centuries the subject about which the world will talk, upon which they will divide, which will be the occasion of their friendships and their hatreds, which will furnish the subject of dramas and novels.'

All this is very true. Indeed, there are many true things in his little work; but, after all, they are true things, which lie on the surface of his theme. But, although laying the surface of his subject, they required an acute observer, and no little good sense, to detect their existence and set them in a strong light. In this our author seems to have consummate success. Many of his utterances are, indeed, as familiar as household words; and yet we never cease to read them again and again with a profound interest, because they are as true of America as they are of France.

In turning over the leaves of this charming little book, we have marked, with pencil, many short passages or sentences,

which may well be treasured up and remembered as apothegms. We quote, in conclusion, a few of these sayings, or sentences. 'A centralized republic of thirty millions of souls is absolutely without precedent.' (p. 38.) 'We looked upon ourselves, (as we also did on this side of the water,) as the favored generation destined to profit by the faults of generations past.' (p. 41.) 'Nothing that is strong and sincere is lost in the world.' (p. 48.) 'Permanent government can only be maintained on condition of being always and everywhere glorious. How could it be expected, unless the country were kept constantly dazzled by prosperity, that it would go on forever casting into the ballot-box the vote which the administration put into its hand?' (p. 69.) 'A liberal form of government is an absolute necessity for every modern nation. Those which cannot accommodate themselves to it, will perish.' (p. 70.) 'Paris ignores (and so does America) the two chief virtues of political life,—patience and oblivion of the past.' If, indeed, the North had only possessed the magnanimity to practice this great political virtue,—oblivion of the past,—how much grander and more glorious had been the destiny of the whole country! The North could, perhaps, have easily forgiven all the injuries she received from the South; but how could she cease to hate the South on whom she had inflicted so many wrongs?

10. NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. W. P. Harrison, D. D., Editor. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. March, 1871.

This number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, the first that has been placed before us, has made a most favorable impression on our mind. In point of mechanical execution, it is worthy of the best publishing houses in New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston. The paper, the typography, and the binding, are all excellent, and exceedingly pleasant to the eye. The articles, too, if we may judge from the few we have had time to examine, are as readable and racy as those of any monthly in the land. Beside the stories, short essays, and other articles of the present number, it contains fourteen engravings, or illustrations. But what we rejoice over, particularly, is to see the *New Monthly Magazine* so beautifully free from typographical

blunders. Typographical blunders! How long have we, in spite of the wearing minute mechanical labor of eye and brain, been doomed to see such blunders disgrace the pages of the *Southern Review*? How long have we, in spite of such cruel stupifying tax on mind and brain, failed to realize the beatific vision of a correctly-printed *Review*? F rewell ye horrors—ye publishing houses without proof-readers! We bless our stars, and congratulate our readers, that the *Southern Review* will hereafter be published by the same House with the *New Monthly Magazine*; which House has several proof-readers as good as any in America. And besides, once delivered from the ineffable drudgery of proof-reading,—the deliverance so long prayed for,—we can give our whole time and attention to the delightful duties of Editor.

NOTICE.—The Editor has often been asked, if he will remove to Nashville with the *Southern Review*. He will remain in Baltimore.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Prince of Pulpit Orators: A Portraiture of the Rev. George Whitefield.* By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. San Francisco: E. Thomas. Cincinnati: Hitchcock and Walden. 1871.

*Impressions of Spain.* By Lady Herbert. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau street. 1869.

*Hand-Book of Bible Geography: With Descriptive and Historical Notes.* By Rev. George H. Whitney, A. M. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. San Francisco: E. Thomas. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 1871.

*Companions of my Solitude.* By Arthur Helps, Author of 'Friends in Council,' 'Reahmah,' 'Casimeri Maremma.' From the Seventh London Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

*The Silent Partner.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Author of 'Gates Ajar,' 'Hedged In.' Boston: James R. Osgood & Company, late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1871.

*Margaret—A Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom.* By Sylvester Judd. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

*Roman Imperialism and other Lectures and Essays.* By J. R. Seeley, M. A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Author of 'Ecce Homo.' Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

*The Invitation Heeded.* By James Kent Stone, late President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio; and of Hobart College, Geneva, New York; and LL. D. Fourth Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren street. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1870.

*Esther, or the True and the Beautiful.* A Poem. By Nobody Nothing, of Nowhere. Washington City: W. H. & O. H. Morrison. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger. 1871.

*Speech of Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, in the United States Senate, March 20th, 1871.*

*Studious Women.* From the French of Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1869.

In the above list of *Books Received*, there are some excellent volumes, and delightful to read, which we have not had the time to notice in our present issue; at least in a manner at all worthy of their very great merit. We shall, in our next July number, endeavor to do them full justice.



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Baltimore, September 13, 1869.

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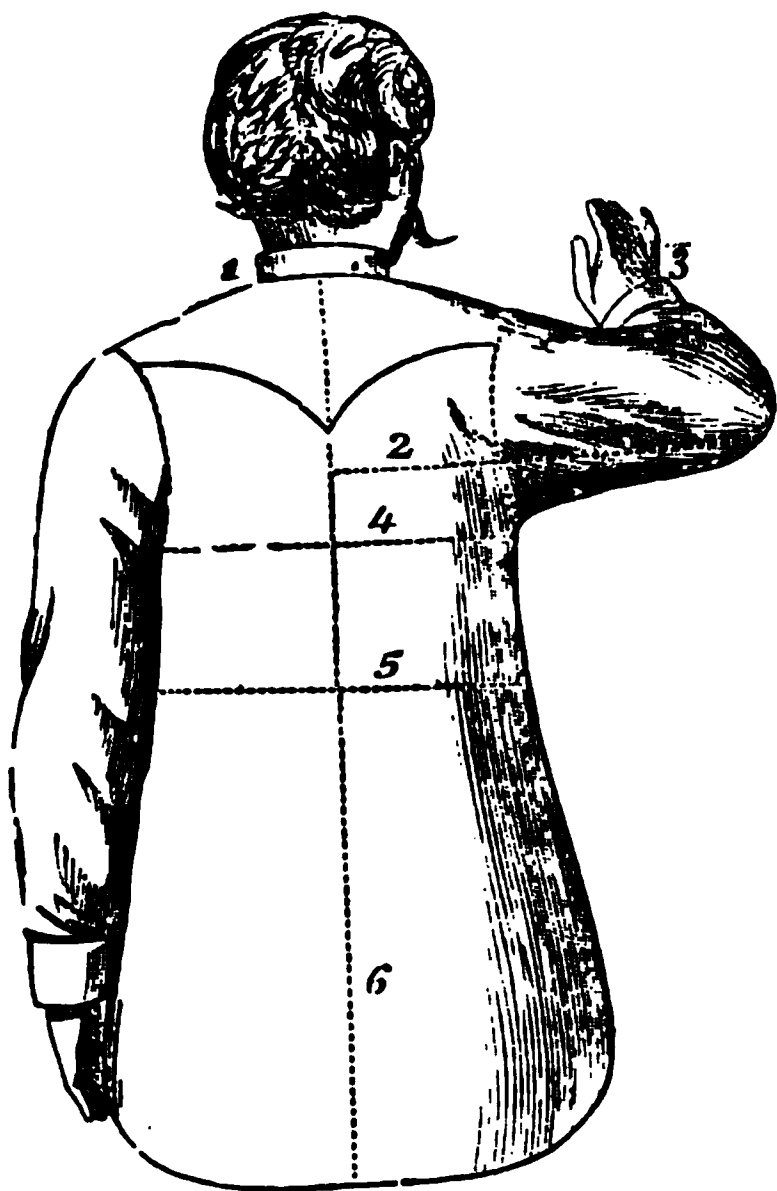
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## CONTENTS OF No. XIX.

---

	PAGE.
I. THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MEN FOR THEIR BELIEF.	497
1. History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M. A. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.	
II. AMERICANISMS: A STUDY OF WORDS AND MANNERS.	529
1. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. 2d Edition. Boston. 1859.	
2. An American Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL.D. Springfield, Mass. 1855.	
3. A Collection of College Words and Customs. By B. H. Hall. Cambridge. 1856.	
4. The English Language in its Elements and Forms. By William C. Fowler. New York. 1855.	
5. Language and the Study of Language. By William Dwight Whitney. New York. 1867.	
6. Curiosities of American Literature. By Rufus W. Griswold. New York. 1856.	
7. A Diary in America. By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York. 1839.	
8. Lowell's Poems. ('The Biglow Papers.') Boston. 1858.	
9. Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia. 1869.	
10. Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman. Brooklyn. 1856.	
11. A Cyclopædia of American Literature. By Evart A. and George L. Duyckhinck. New York. 1856.	
III. VIEWS OF THE COSMOS.	561
1. The Subject Matter of a Course of Six Lectures on the Non-Metallic Elements. By Prof. Faraday. Delivered before the Members of the Royal Institution in the Spring and Summer of 1852. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longman.	
2. Chemistry as Exemplifying the Wisdom and Beneficence of God. By George Fownes, Ph. D., Chemical Lecturer in the Middlesex-Hospital Medical School. New York: Finley & Putnam. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.	
IV. ROMAN LAW AND MODERN IDEAS.	592
1. Ancient Law: its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas. By Henry Sumner Maine, Member of the Supreme Council of India; formerly Reader on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law at the Middle Temple, and Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. With an Introduction by Theodore W. Dwight, LL. D., Professor of Municipal Law, Columbia College, New York. First American, from Second London, Edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.	

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
2. Cambridge Essays. Contributed by Members of the University. [Essay I, Roman Law and Legal Education, by H. J. S. Maine, LL.D., late Queen's Professor of Civil Law, Trinity Hall.] 1856. London: John W. Parker & Son.	
8. Reeves' History of the English Law, from the Time of the Romans to the End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. A new edition, in three volumes, with numerous Notes and an Introductory Disserta- tion on the Nature and Use of Legal History, the Rise and Progress of our Laws, and the Influence of the Roman Law in the formation of our own. By W. W. Finlason, Esq., Barrister at Law. London: Reeves & Turner.	
 V. THE FATHER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.	616
1. Reminiscences of the Last Days, Death and Burial of General Henry Lee. By Charles C. Jones, Jr. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell. 1870.	
 VI. A PLEA FOR GENIUS.	628
1. Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets. By William Howitt. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: 1847.	
2. Characteristics of Women, Moral, Political and Historical, with fifty Vignette Etchings. By Anna Jameson. 2 vols., 12mo. London. 1832.	
3. Romance of Biography; or, Memoirs of Women Loved and Celebra- ted by Poets. 2 vols., 12mo. By Anna Jameson. London. 1837.	
 VII. THE MISSION OF GREAT MEN.	643
1. Lectures on the Philosophy of History. By G. W. F. Hegel. Transla- ted from the third German Edition, by J. Sibree, M. A. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1857.	
 VIII. PLATO AND ARISTOTLE.	664
1. Plato's Works. Vol. II. The Republic, Timæus, and Critias. (Bohn's Classical Library.) London: Bohn.	
2. Aristotle's Politics and Economics. (Bohn's Classical Library.) Lon- don: Bohn.	
 IX. THE GREAT VIRGINIAN.	685
1. Robert E. Lee. In Memoriam. A Tribute of Respect offered by the Citizens of Louisville. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1870.	
 X. THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.	700
1. The Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin. New York: D. Apple- ton & Co. 1871.	
 XII. THE FUNERAL OF LEE.	728
 XIII. NOTICES OF BOOKS.	731

# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XIX.

---

JULY, 1871.

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ART. I.—*History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M. A. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

Few writers of the present day, if any, have attracted greater attention, or excited a more profound interest, than Mr. Lecky, at least among the class of readers who feel the importance of the great questions of morality and religion. The work before us, as well as the *History of Rationalism in Europe*, has been extensively reviewed, both in this country and in England. The *North British Review*, the *London Quarterly* and the *Edinburg* have devoted long, if not elaborate, articles to the works of Mr. Lecky. With these articles, indeed, we are as little satisfied as we are with the too hasty works on which they have pronounced their too hasty judgments. In the author, as well as in his critics, we discover much good English, and no little splendid writing; so that if style were, or should be, the chief aim of such productions, they would, one and all, be entitled to our unqualified admiration. But we perceive, at the same time, both in the author and in his critics, the deep and unmistakable traces of a *fast*



*age.* Among the innumerable points handled by Mr. Lecky, some of the most fundamental and important questions of morals are merely glanced at, or else peremptorily decided without discussion, while if they are not despised by his critics, they are certainly neglected by them, and passed over in profound silence.

This remark is especially true with respect to the great fundamental and all-important doctrine of 'The Responsibility of Men for their Belief.' That this is a doctrine of Revelation, is not, and cannot be, denied. For, as the divine author of Revelation declares, 'If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins;' and again, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' Now, this doctrine of Jesus, whom Mr. Lecky admits to be the greatest teacher the world has ever seen, is not even honored with a serious examination by him. On the contrary, he merely sets it aside as absurd, by an imperial wave of the hand, just as if he, even more than Jesus, were entitled to teach 'as one having authority.' This doctrine, it is true, has in all ages received the sanction of the Christian world; but yet this authority, however imposing, does not seem, in the estimation of Mr. Lecky, to entitle it to a serious examination or discussion. On the contrary, he just puts his *ipse dixit* in the opposite scale, and the authority of Jesus, together with that of all the great thinkers of the Christian world, is made 'to kick the beam!' The authority of a Newton, a Leibnitz, a Locke, and of the whole Christian Church, in all ages, just goes up, as lighter than a feather, in comparison with the word of a William Edward Hartpole Lecky! And yet, strange to say, each and every one of his reviewers has, to this day, permitted this grand assumption, this Titanic audacity of the 'Spirit of Rationalism,' to pass unchallenged. We shall, then, in the name of Jesus, call upon Mr. Lecky to stand and give a reason for the faith that is in him; and shall hope to show that, in reality, his authority, however sublime in his own estimation, is lighter than the small dust of the balance. And as he is an avowed champion of Rationalism,

so we shall leave Revelation out of the question, and try him before the tribunal of Reason alone. We shall weigh this dictate of *his* rationalism, and its proud contempt of Revelation, in the balance of Reason, and see, if possible, what it is worth. For we, too, are rationalists; though, we humbly trust, not of the modern school, whose hasty spirit opposes itself to a wisdom infinitely higher than its own. We are, on the contrary, or at least profess to be, of the number of those rationalists who, instead of leaning to their own understandings, sit at the feet of Jesus—the uncreated and eternal Word—until, by a patient study and clear comprehension of things, their imperfect reason is raised, expanded, illuminated and transformed, in some measure at least, into the image of the divine Reason, or Wisdom; or who, in one word, in a deep sense of their own littleness and profound humiliation of the soul, love and seek a reason infinitely higher than their own. Now, in order to distinguish this species of rationalism and its spirit from that so highly vaunted by Mr. Lecky, we shall call it philosophy, or the love of wisdom; or, for the sake of brevity, we shall simply call it wisdom. In thus stating the method, and naming the spirit, which we profess to follow, we mean to claim no sort of superiority over Mr. Lecky whatever, but merely to make known the attitude and the banner in and under which we intend to meet him, as equals, on the arena of logic.

Let Reason, then, since Mr. Lecky appeals to her authority, be the tribunal to decide between us. Nay, if he so choose, let Reason be the supreme rule of life and conduct to all created intelligences. And let all other rules, such as expediency, or the relations of things, and so forth, be only so many means or methods of ascertaining the sense of this one universal and ultimate rule of life and action. What, then, does this rule teach respecting the great fundamental tenet of man's responsibility for his belief? This question, if Mr. Lecky were only an infallible oracle, might be easily answered, for he does not seem to entertain the shadow of a doubt that the doctrine of Christ on this subject is absurd in the extreme. But where and what are his reasons? He does

not even pretend to give reasons! He simply pronounces the doctrine absurd, and denounces it as the source of all the vile persecutions in the world. He is, in other words, a rationalist without reasons; and who, therefore, must expect his followers to 'walk by faith,' and not by sight or reason. Nor has this expectation been in vain; for, in spite of the great contempt of his followers for 'the children of the faith,' as poor, priest-ridden weaklings, there is no class of men who, as a general thing, are more completely under the dominion of a blind, unreasoning and passionate credulity than themselves. The only difference is, that the one submit their faith to Christ, or to his Church, and the other to Mr. Lecky, or to his school. As for an examination into the grounds or reasons of his oracular utterances, or into the correctness of his historical statements, this is quite too much to expect of men who do not believe themselves at all responsible for their religious opinions or belief. Why, indeed, should they read, and examine, and study, with infinite weariness to the flesh, to form correct opinions, if they are not responsible for their belief, either to God or man? Why should they not, on the contrary, adopt those opinions, or that belief, which is the most agreeable to them? And why should Mr. Lecky, the great high priest of the school, plague or torment his easy-going believers with *reasons*?

As to the doctrine under consideration, he deals only in assertions or oracular utterances. This was, no doubt, very wise, if he merely wished to find followers, and not enlightened disciples. Mr. Bailey, who advocates the same doctrine with Mr. Lecky, has been less discreet, if more philosophical; for he has, and that, too, with great ability, set forth the grounds and reasons of the position, that men are not responsible for their opinions or belief. Hence, where Mr. Lecky has found a hundred followers, Mr. Bailey has scarcely had one. Mr. Bailey, appealing to reason, aims to make proselytes by means of metaphysical argument, and, consequently, has had few followers or converts. Mr. Lecky, on the other hand, although the great boasted champion of rationalism, has found troops of disciples by merely appealing to the credulity of an unbelieving world.

After assigning some of the causes of the rapid progress of Christianity, as understood by himself, Mr. Lecky adds: 'Above all, *the doctrine of salvation by belief*, which then for the first time flashed on the world, the persuasion, realized with all the vividness of *novelty*, that Christianity opened out to its votaries eternal happiness, while all beyond its pale were doomed to an eternity of torture, *supplied a motive of action as powerful as it is, perhaps, possible to conceive.*' (Vol. 1, p. 414.) 'Which then for the first time flashed on the world!' Is it possible that Mr. Lecky has never read that 'Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness'? or that he has forgotten this utterance of the Hebrew Scriptures? As the doctrine of salvation by faith had, in fact, a long dawn, so will it have a glorious day. It neither came in a flash, nor will it go in a flash. Great, no doubt, is the power of credulity, and greatly has Mr. Lecky profited by its influence. Admirable, indeed, would be his scheme of rationalism, if men could only escape the damnation of hell, as easily as they may escape its present terrors, by only hiding their heads, in imitation of the silly ostrich, in the ever-shifting sands of unbelief. Is it not wonderful, that Mr. Lecky, who so well understands the tremendous power of credulity, did not see in it the great secret and motive of the spread of his own doctrine? Is it not wonderful, that it did not occur to him that if 'the doctrine of salvation by belief' in Christ is a powerful motive, so also is that of an escape from the terrors of damnation by belief in Mr. Lecky? But if we would examine the grounds of either doctrine, and plant our feet on the immutable rock of reason, rather than on the shifting sands of credulity, we must turn from the finely-worded oracles of Mr. Lecky, and give our attention to the *Essays* of Mr. Bailey.

The uncreated Reason, or Wisdom, is, as every one knows, the inexhaustible fountain of that infinite variety of the fair and the good which, with such overflowing fulness, enriches and adorns the universe. From that fountain it is that every ray of life and light and loveliness emanate—that they are continually replenished and sustained in all their glory. The wide universe is, indeed, in all its boundlessness and beauty,

everlastingly upheld and sustained in being by the ceaseless impulses of that Wisdom, as the image of a self-luminous object is upheld and sustained in a mirror by the never-ceasing activity of its rays. If that Wisdom were, but for a moment, unveiled, who, in heaven or earth, could look on its brightness and live?

‘ But we, fraile wights ! whose sight can not sustaine  
The sun’s bright beams when he on us doth shyne,  
But that their points, rebutted back again,  
Are dulled—how can we see, with feeble eyne,  
The glorie of that Majestie Divine,  
*In sight of whom both sun and moon are darke,  
Compar’d to his least resplendent sparke ?*’

In the present paper, however, we have no occasion to contemplate, or to analyze, the wonderful displays of the Divine Wisdom, as they beam upon us from every portion of that stupendous scheme of symbols, which is called ‘the material universe.’ We must, on the contrary, bring our minds down at present, and confine them to the limited sphere of human duty. Even within this comparatively limited sphere, we can here attempt only a glance at the displays of the Divine Reason, or Wisdom. It is, indeed, impossible to devise, or conceive, any better rules for the attainment of the end of life, which is likeness to God in holiness, than those which have been presented by infinite Wisdom. But what are those rules? Is the law which holds man responsible for his belief one of them? Or is this merely the invention of human weakness and folly? ‘There be two things,’ says the philosopher, ‘which are beautiful—the stars in the blue vault of heaven, and the law of duty upon earth.’ But is the rule which holds a man responsible for his belief a part of that beautiful law, or is it merely an element of error and darkness? This is the question, and the only question, which we are about to discuss with the so-called rationalists of the present day.

The law of duty covers the whole sphere of human life. It demands a perfect conformity of the *intelligence*, the *sensibility*, and the *will* to itself. Over the moral world, as over the natural, the first word of the divine Wisdom is, ‘Let

there be light.' But this word comes to the moral world, not as it came to the natural—that is, as a cause leaping into instant effect. It comes, on the contrary, as an utterance which demands a *voluntary* obedience, and, consequently, waits for a compliance. Hence we must, under God, work out our own light, and achieve our own order. The new creation is not, like the old, exclusively the work of God; it is rather a joint production, a great theandric work, in which God does all that is possible to infinite wisdom and power and goodness, and then commands our co-operation. As on the first day he created light, so his first word to the moral world is, 'Let there be truth.' Hence, our duty to seek and to find the truth, or to form a correct belief.

This manifestation of the wisdom of God most perfectly commends itself to the moral reason of man. For as it is impossible for man to do his duty until it becomes known to him, so if it were not our first duty to seek and to acquire a knowledge of duty, the government of the world would be defective in its plan, in its very foundation. Nothing could be more absurd than to create a moral world, and to give laws for its government, without requiring its inhabitants to study and to know such laws. Hence God first reveals, and then requires us to receive and believe his truth.

Infidels and atheists cry out against this as a hard and unreasonable demand, and insist that they should not be required to believe. And it is to be deeply regretted that, in some cases, the friends of Revelation lend their countenance and support to this great fundamental error, this loud and universal protest of infidelity. Sir James Mackintosh, for example, in his *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*,<sup>1</sup> insists that we are in no case responsible for our opinions or belief, because they are wholly independent of our wills, being necessarily determined by the evidence in view of the mind. 'It would be an act of injustice,' says he, in the same work, 'to those readers who are not acquainted with that valuable volume entitled "*Essays on the Formation of Opinions*," not to refer to it as enforcing that neglected part of morality. To it may be added a mas-

<sup>1</sup> p. 148.

terly article in the *Westminster Review*, occasioned by the Essays.' As that volume has been so extravagantly praised by the 'masterly article' referred to, it may be considered as having exhibited the strength of the cause it has undertaken to support. But what is that cause? Is it the cause of morality in regard to the formation of opinions? Does it enforce the much neglected duty of forming correct opinions? Does it insist that all men are responsible for their belief, and as truth is of infinite value, so it is the duty of all men to seek and to find it? Far from it. The author, on the contrary, contends that no man is responsible for his opinions or belief, in any case, or under any circumstances whatever. This is, indeed, the burden of his book.

No part of morality, it must be conceded, has been more shamefully neglected than that which relates to the duty of forming correct opinions, or a sound belief. This is the first great duty of man, and yet you may search through whole libraries without finding one word on the subject. None of our writers on moral philosophy have touched it, or come near it. If, in any language, there is any discussion of this all-important subject, it has never come within the very limited range of our knowledge. We have repeatedly searched for it in vain. The duty of belief is, indeed, a great fundamental article of Revelation of the Christian Scriptures. Yet may you examine a thousand volumes of Christian theology without finding it even so much as noticed, much less discussed and vindicated. Every metaphysical nicety and conceit, every logical subtlety and device, seems to have claimed the attention and raised the clamor of the schools. But in regard to this great practical question, which lies at the very root of human life, the most profound, the most universal silence seems to have reigned. In the meantime, infidels, atheists and unitarians have been sufficiently busy on the other side of the question. The Voltaires, the Gibbons, the Broughams, the Baileys, the Channings, and an immense host of others, have all labored, with various success and in various ways, to undermine the very first article of all morality, whether natural or revealed—that man is responsible for his belief. Is it



not high time, then, that all their cavils and objections were blown away, all their misty metaphysics and cloudy jargon dissipated, and the great duty in question, which lies at the very foundation of the spiritual temple of the world, shown to be worthy of the Wisdom by which it was ordained and rendered all over radiant with the beauty of the Source from which it emanated? To begin, and, according to the best of our ability, to complete this task, let us examine the *Essays* which are so highly recommended by Sir James Mackintosh to all students of moral science.

The great reason assigned by the *Essays* to show that men are not responsible for their opinions or belief is in these words: 'Those states of the understanding which we term belief, doubt and disbelief, inasmuch as they are not voluntary, nor the result of any exertion of the will, imply neither merit nor demerit in him who is the object of them. Whatever be the state of a man's understanding in relation to any possible proposition, it is a state or affection devoid equally of desert or culpability. The nature of an opinion can not make it criminal. In relation to the same subject one may believe, and another doubt, and a third disbelieve, and all with equal innocence.' Here, as well as in other places, the broad ground is assumed by the author, that no error of opinion, however great, can imply any demerit in the subject of it; that one man may adopt and another reject any conceivable proposition with equal innocence. This ground is as broad as that taken in a work by Lord Brougham, who supposes that Voltaire may have been perfectly fair and honest in his inquiries after truth, although he may have come to the conclusion that there is no God. Even this monstrous opinion, if we may believe the author in question, implied no demerit in Voltaire. He was not to blame for it, because it resulted, 'not from any exertion of his will,' but, necessarily, from the evidence in view of the mind.

This reason, if good, would show that we are not responsible for our affections. It may be used, with exactly the same degree of plausibility, to sweep away all accountability for the state of our hearts, as it is to destroy all responsibility for our

opinions. As the latter are determined by the evidence in view of the mind, so the former are determined by the object under contemplation. If an object, however amiable and lovely in itself, should happen to excite our aversion, it is no more in our power, by an immediate exertion of the will, to prevent such an emotion than it is by a like effort to resist the influence of evidence. If there be no free agency in the one case, there is none in the other. Hence the same kind of logic which the *Essays* employ to absolve us from all responsibility on the score of belief may be, and indeed often is, employed to demolish the whole foundation of human responsibility.

Again, when it is said that belief is involuntary, and does not depend on the will, the language is ambiguous, and deceives by its ambiguity. Belief, it is true, is independent of the will in one sense; but in another sense it is, in many cases, most absolutely dependent on the will. With evidence in view of the mind, it is impossible, by an immediate exertion of the will, to resist the influence of that evidence. Opinion, it is admitted, is wholly beyond the control of a direct act of volition. But if we bring all the arguments and lights within our reach to bear on the mind, we may induce ourselves to believe some things rather than their opposites. This we may do in relation to every question, the one side of which is more strongly supported by evidence than the other. All that is necessary to control our belief aright in such cases is a steady regard for truth and a habit of fair investigation. Hence it is clear that belief does, in regard to the class of questions just mentioned, depend on the will, or a virtuous exercise of the will.

Shall it be thought that we are responsible only for the *direct* or *immediate* effects of our volition? If so, then the triumph of the sceptic is complete, and all sinners may rejoice in their new-born freedom. We cannot gratify a single appetite, nor produce a single change in the external world, by a direct act of volition. We cannot hurt the hair of a man's head by such an effort of the will; but take a suitable weapon and we may destroy his life. Now, who will say that because

such an effect is independent of an immediate or direct act of the will no man can be to blame for murder, or for taking the life of his fellow-man? Everybody must see, at the first glance, that such a position would be absurd; yet it is precisely the position assumed by those who contend that a man is not accountable for his belief because he cannot control it by a direct act of the will, and must resort to the use of means to do so.

It is worthy of remark that the very circumstance which is supposed to destroy accountableness for belief is an indispensable condition of such accountableness. It is imagined that as belief is necessarily determined by evidence, so it can be an object of neither praise nor blame; but, in reality, if this fixed relation between evidence and belief did not exist, it would be absurd to contend that any man could be responsible for his opinions. For if such were the case, all our researches and inquiries after truth would prove utterly unavailing. Our opinions would float up and down at random, in mockery of our efforts to control them, and we should be no more accountable for them than for the course of the winds. Or if we could believe a thing merely by willing to believe it, in opposition to the weight of evidence, it is impossible to conceive how such an obstinate resistance to the light of truth could deserve the praise of virtue. Hence the very circumstance which is supposed to take away responsibility for belief is that without which such responsibility could not possibly exist. We must distinguish between the *will* and the *intellect*. If the will were necessarily determined, we should not be accountable for its volitions, nor for anything else. But as the will is free, so we may be held responsible for its volitions, as well as for the consequences of its volitions, whether these consequences or effects are produced in the external world of matter or in the internal world of mind. The *will* is the seat of all freedom and the centre of all responsibility.

All our external acts are necessitated, and yet we may be held responsible for them, because they depend on our wills. In like manner we may be responsible for some of our opinions and feelings, because they may be also controlled and de-

process? Such consolation would have just about as much power to dispel the agonies and the terrors of death as the logic of our author would have to curb and restrain the fell malice of the persecutor.

The author of the *Essays* seems to have been aware that this reply might be made to his reasoning; for he assumes the position that no opinion whatever is any evidence of the fairness or the unfairness, the purity or the pravity, of the motives which led to its adoption; that there is no proposition about which any two men may not differ, and yet be equally upright and honest, equally sincere in their love and pursuit of the truth. 'It will be probably alleged,' says he, 'that in so far as belief, doubt, and disbelief, have been the result of wilful partiality of attention, they may be regarded with propriety as culpable, *since it is common to blame a man for those things which, though involuntary in themselves, are the result of voluntary acts.* To this it may be replied, that it is, to say the least, a want of precision to apply blame in this manner; and it is more correct to regard men as culpable on account of their voluntary acts than on account of the result over which volition has no control. There would, nevertheless, be little objection to considering opinions as reprehensible in so far as they were the result of unfair investigation, if it could be rendered a useful or practical principle. In all cases where we make involuntary effects the objects of moral reprehension, it is because they are certain proofs or positive indications of the voluntary acts which have preceded them. Opinions, however, are not effects of this kind; they are not positive indications of any voluntary acts; they furnish no criterion of the fairness or unfairness of investigation, since the most opposite results, the most contrary opinions, may ensue from the same degree of impartiality and application.'

Alas! that any man of undoubted ability should suffer himself to be drawn into such a position rather than relinquish a favorite dogma! What! rather than believe that we are accountable for our opinions, must we believe that two men, equally honest and devoted to the cause of truth, may arrive at opposite conclusions respecting the existence of a God, re-

specting the difference between good and evil, right and wrong? Or if both should happen to believe in the existence of a God, that one may regard him as the Father of Mercies, as the inexhaustible fountain of all good, while the other may regard him as the author of all evil, and yet both be equally pure and innocent?

There is much truth in the saying of M. Victor Cousin, 'Tell me the philosophy of a nation and I will tell you its character.' The moment we cast our eyes on the polluting errors which prevailed in the reign of Charles II. we feel that no farther evidence is necessary to satisfy the mind of the fact that it was a corrupt and profligate age. Every man must feel that some opinions are the certain marks of moral depravity. We may, indeed, as infallibly discover and detect a bad man by his sentiments as by his deeds. The author of the *Essays* himself shows, by his warm indignation against those who believe in the right of persecution, that the better part of his nature refuses to work in unison with his theory.

The distinction which holds that a man is accountable for the voluntary process of investigation, but not for the involuntary result of it, is founded on a false notion. It proceeds on the supposition that a man is not responsible for the well-known consequences of his conduct. Though the unforeseen results and consequences of a man's actions should not be laid to his charge, yet he certainly ought to be held responsible for the well-known and inevitable consequences of them. Hence, as error is the natural and well-known result of ignorance and prejudice and passion, so we are accountable for permitting these to preside in the formation of our opinions, and for all the errors flowing from them.

We have supposed that there are some opinions which have a preponderance of evidence in their favor, and that it is only necessary to examine them with a fair and candid mind to be compelled to assent to them. But this is denied. The author in question declares, as we have seen, that there is no subject about which two men, equally upright and sincere in the pursuit of truth, may not arrive at opposite conclusions. Is it not wonderful that after such a declaration he should be so strenu-

ous in denying that men are accountable for their belief? After having pronounced all opinions equally uncertain, is it not too late for the author to hold up any dogma as unquestionably true? He certainly should blame no one for holding the opposite opinion.

It is difficult to conceive that the advocate of such a doctrine is not trifling with his fellow-men. He tells them, in effect, that notwithstanding all he may advance in favor of his own doctrine, another individual, equally dexterous with himself, might say just as much against it. He proclaims to the world that, however it may be with others, the search after truth is not a serious business with himself; and that if anything should happen to appear more true than another, it is only because it has been so fortunate as to enlist a more adroit advocate in its favor. It is not because it is really more true in itself. He does, indeed, turn the work of his own hand into ridicule, and send it out into the world labeled with the jest—'Herein is contained a very rational belief that there is no rational belief.'

According to his philosophy, all things are, at least for the human mind, involved in clouds and darkness. The most sacred truths, if truths there be, are necessarily vexed with interminable doubts. The most glorious objects in the universe are impenetrably veiled from mortal vision. The Father of Mercies, if any such being there be, has cast us, without chart or compass, on a dark and troubled sea, and left us to drift at random on the wide waste of waters. We are poor, forlorn creatures, wandering up and down, we know not whither, amid gloom and sadness, without one certain ray to illuminate and cheer our path, or to kindle a solitary gleam of hope. Nature itself recoils, with instinctive horror, from the intolerable gloom of such a philosophy, and needs not the aid of logic to reveal its intrinsic hideousness and deformity. The Christian religion must expect to have such philosophers for its enemies. The very atheists rise up in judgment against them. For, as we all know, atheists themselves maintain the great truth, that the only idea worthy of a God is that of a being who confers all possible good on his creatures. But the God

of these philosophers has set man on an eternal search after truth, and yet forever conceals it from his eyes.

We have frequently observed that when the unbeliever is driven from his arguments in favor of one position, he does not hesitate to shift his ground, and, instead of fairly yielding the point in dispute, he does not scruple to assume an entirely new position. This disposition to fly from point to point is one of the most remarkable features of infidel warfare. When the unbeliever contends, for example, that we are not accountable for our opinions, because they are beyond our control, because they are involuntary, if you urge it upon him that we may control our belief in all cases where there is a preponderance of evidence in favor of one side of a question, he will be sure to reply, 'You take the very point in dispute for granted. You say I am morally bound to believe when there is a preponderance of evidence by which I may determine my belief, but I deny that there is such a preponderance of evidence in favor of Revelation.' This is the course he will be almost sure to take. But this is to shift the ground of dispute. The position thus assumed is not only different from the one with which he set out, but it is also inconsistent with it. For when he excuses himself for not believing, on the ground that there is not sufficient evidence to determine and fix his belief, he tacitly admits that if there were sufficient evidence for that purpose, then he might be bound to believe. Nay, the author in question expressly admits this; for, as we have seen, he says there would be little objection to considering opinions as reprehensible, if they were only certain proofs or positive indications of the voluntary acts which preceded them. And they would be such indications or proofs, as he admits, if the preponderance of evidence were such as to bring all fair inquiries after truth to the same conclusion. Let us suppose, then, that such is the preponderance of evidence in favor of some positions. Then, in such cases all fair minds would come to the same conclusion, and these conclusions would be certain proofs or indications as to who were fair and earnest inquirers after truth, and who were otherwise. In such cases, supposing them to exist, the author admits we might be held responsible for our



contrary, instead of persecuting we feel constrained to pray for those who are in error, as well as for those who have committed any other manner of sin.

The consequence of imputing guilt to opinions is, as the author alleges, an endeavor to *prevent* the existence and the spread of error. This, we admit, is every man's duty. On the other hand, the natural consequence of imputing innocence to every possible error is a profound indifference to truth, and a disposition to leave all men to wander amid delusions and lies, without even so much as raising a warning voice to caution them against the perils and the pitfalls at their feet. But we cannot allow our fellow-men to sleep in such courses. If it be persecution to disturb them therein, then are we bound to be persecutors. If it be persecution to declare the unspeakable importance of truth, as well as the ruinous consequences of all radical error in religion, then are we the warm friends and advocates of persecution. Nay, if such be the meaning of the charge, then are we, and always intend to be, the most uncompromising of persecutors. It is the spirit of paganism and infidelity to set but little value upon truth, and to regard all opinions as equally innocent and inoffensive. But the Christian religion is founded in truth, and, as the professors of this religion, we are constrained to teach its doctrines. The evil spirit of error may cry out, 'Why tormentest thou me before the time?' yet shall we never cease to declare, 'He that believeth not is condemned already.'

In fact, although the author of the *Essays* in question has preached a crusade against persecution, it is his doctrine, and not ours, which would justify the practice. If a man really believes that the heretic deserves punishment, and that it is the prerogative of the orthodox to inflict it, the writer under consideration should not blame him for so doing. For what could he blame him? Certainly not for the opinion that he ought to punish the heretic, since no man is censurable for his opinions; nor for acting in accordance with that conviction, for the *Essay* does not, and cannot, deny that every man should be governed by his convictions of duty. Nor could he find fault with him on account of the prejudices, or bigotry, or

malice which may have led to the formation of such an opinion, as no tenet is any criterion of the motives which led to its adoption. Thus, according to his own principles, the author in question has no right to regard the most relentless persecutor in any other light than as a perfectly innocent and well disposed man ; that is, provided he should not display any bad passions in the execution of his holy mission, but should set about the work of death and destruction in a cool and deliberate manner.

This is not all. The cluster of doctrines, which have been found so essential to the support of each other, will appear still more extraordinary when viewed in another light. They justify not only persecution, but every other monstrous thing. If a man should believe, or pretend to believe, that there is no difference between right and wrong, the author of the *Essays* should not find it in his heart to censure him for the commission of the grossest atrocities. He should not doubt his sincerity in pretending to believe that there is no difference between right and wrong, as candor and the love of truth are just as likely to reach this conclusion as its opposite. Nor should he condemn his conduct, whatever it might be, since it is impossible for his practice to become worse than his principles. Who knows, then, but that Carpocrates was among the wisest and the purest of mankind when he contended that the shortest and surest way to heaven is to sin with all one's might and in all possible ways? Surely we should not suspect his wisdom, since his opinion, for aught we can see, was just as fairly formed as any other ; and we should be equally far from suspecting his virtues, unless, perchance, we should happen to perceive where he had slackened his pace in the career of vice, or grown weary in evil doing.

Let us suppose, in conclusion, that the Christian Scriptures set forth the doctrine, that men are not accountable for their belief—that they are never to blame for their errors. This would be a revelation more to the mind of the unbeliever ; but what a spectacle would it present ! It would teach us that God had seen our lost and helpless condition ; that, being moved by his infinite compassion, he had undertaken to deliver

us from the power of death, and restore us to a kingdom of life and light and immortality; that to accomplish this great object he had employed means infinitely beyond the conception of men or of angels, and which would continue to engage their admiration and wonder forever; that in doing all this he had not left himself without witness, but had attested his glorious work for the restoration of man by pouring around it such a flood of light that all must be convinced of its divine origin, except those who love darkness rather than light: and yet, after all, he had declared it to be a matter of perfect indifference whether we believe or not; whether we should gladly receive his communications or remain ignorant, and, consequently, unbelieving; whether we should joyfully accept the offers of his boundless mercy, or despise and reject them. How inconceivably preposterous would such a revelation be!

It is certain, that if God has made a revelation of his will to man, he has given sufficient evidence to satisfy the candid inquirer of its truth; and if the Christian religion is destitute of such evidence, this is a valid objection to it. But to leave the sufficiency of its evidence out of the question, and still object that Revelation holds men accountable for their unbelief and consequent rejection of its claims, is a manifest and gross absurdity. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the fatuity of objecting to Revelation, that it holds men accountable for their unbelief, since every one must see that a pretended Revelation which should not so hold us accountable would be absurd and preposterous in the extreme. This were, indeed, to object to Revelation because it contains what it is seen a true Revelation would contain. This were to deny its divine origin, because it bears, on its very forefront, a conspicuous mark of such an origin. If it bore no such mark, if, on the contrary, it allowed all men to despise and reject its claims with impunity, it would be justly exposed to the ridicule and scorn of all rational beings, except our modern *Rationalists*.

Nothing could be more absurd than to create a moral world, to give laws for its government, and then leave all its inhabitants free from the obligation of studying and knowing these laws. The infidel may ridicule Revelation because it lays so

much stress on the formation of correct opinions and views of life, but this is as much a dictate of nature as of religion, of reason as of Revelation. He would have much better ground for his ridicule, and indeed there would be no end of his sneering, if this provision of the divine Wisdom were stricken from its code of laws and all men were allowed to think and to believe just as they please—to learn or to remain ignorant of the laws of God. If such a defect, if such an anomaly, if such a solecism, if such a monstrous blunder could be discovered in Revelation, he would be at no loss for arguments to expose its weakness. But since no such imperfection exists in Revelation, since it requires all men to examine and to believe the truth, he is compelled to turn against this tenet, this rock of adamant, the shafts of his sophistry.

No one is, however, responsible for unavoidable error. This is denied by those who imagine that the heathen will be condemned for not believing in Christ, of whom they had never heard, and in whom they have never had an opportunity to believe. But this imagination is not a dictate of the divine Wisdom. Indeed, we are expressly told, that those who have not the law of Revelation shall be judged without that law, and according to the law written in their hearts.<sup>1</sup> If men were required to believe truths entirely beyond their reach, this would work intolerable hardships. Such a provision would be more worthy of the Roman tyrant, who judged his subjects by a law which he had purposely concealed from them, than of the great and good God, who is reasonable and just in all his ways. Instead of promoting the grand aim of life, such a provision would ensnare men in unavoidable sins and overwhelm them with unjust punishments. There are no such traps and dead-falls in the government of God. Everything therein is arranged, not to ensnare and to ruin, but to liberate and to save immortal souls. All the provisions of the divine Wisdom point to, and would fain lead us toward, our high destiny.

What shall we do, then, with the law maxim so often appealed to by divines, '*Ignorantia juris non excusat*'? Is

<sup>1</sup> Epistle to the Romans. Chap. ii. 14, 15.

not this a rule of justice which has received the sanction of the wisdom and experience of ages? Truly, this is a maxim which has received such sanction, having been borrowed by the common from the civil law, and now forms a part of the code of all civilized nations. But yet, like every other maxim, it may be applied rashly, according to the sound rather than according to the sense. If, instead of following the letter of this maxim of human justice, we look to its sense or reason, we shall find that it is often rashly applied to the government of God. This maxim is a universal rule in the administration of human justice, because if the plea of ignorance were allowed, no earthly tribunal could determine whether it were well or ill founded.

It is adopted by human legislation, not because it is the best which can be conceived, but because it is the best which can be practically applied by the imperfect tribunals of earth. It is not, like all the laws of the divine government, a rule of strict, absolute and perfect justice, but only an approximation which the imperfection of man compels him to adopt, although he may see and lament the hardships which, in some cases, it must inevitably work. If it were possible, it would be better for human legislation, like the divine, to require men to make the best use of the means in their power to become acquainted with the law, and then excuse them in all cases of unavoidable ignorance. But this is not practicable, and hence the expedient, or approximation to justice, set forth in the maxim, '*Ignorantia juris non excusat.*' As an expedient of human weakness, it is only justifiable on the ground of the necessity of adopting some rule, together with the impossibility of discriminating between cases of voluntary and of insurmountable ignorance. Hence it should not be applied to the divine government. The Supreme Ruler of the world, who can so easily discriminate in all such cases, is under no necessity of adopting the expedients of human weakness. His government is one, not of weak expedients, but of absolute justice; not of rude approximations, but of pure and exact truth. If we would behold the sublime image of the divine Wisdom, we must contemplate it, not through the distorting medium of

human institutions, but through the transparent medium of the divine institution of the world. The longer we thus view it the more grand and beautiful will it become, and the more profoundly shall we be convinced that all its provisions are so admirably adapted to the great end and aim of human life that no imagination of man can possibly conceive of any improvement therein.

This is eminently true in regard to the rule now under consideration. One of the most sublime truths ever uttered is, that '*God is light*, and in him there is no darkness at all.' If we would live in him, then, we must dwell in the Light. We must not close our eyes, involving the whole body in darkness, nor look with a too complacent leer on the masks and mummeries of the world. We must, on the contrary, by deep and earnest and fair inquiry, work our way into the bright and shining light of eternal truth. That is the only way to become like God. Otherwise we shall, by a natural process, and by the manifold seductions of the senses and of the desires, drink in lies and delusions like water and be filled with all manner of false pleasures. 'Truth,' says Bacon, 'is an open and naked daylight that doth not shew the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-light. Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl that sheweth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or a carbuncle that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?'

But how different is it with those who, instead of feeding on the wind, or drinking in the '*vinum dæmonium*' (the wine of demons), feast on the natural food of immortal minds—the glorious repast of truth which God has so richly set before them in his Word and in his works! But although 'these things are thus,' continues the master of wisdom, 'in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth

judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of sense; the last was the light of reason, and his Sabbath, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet,<sup>1</sup> that beautified the Sect,<sup>2</sup> that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mist, and tempests in the vale below; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling and pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.'

Turn upon the poles of truth! But how shall a man's mind thus turn or enjoy this heaven upon earth, which is but the germ of a greater heaven hereafter, unless, in the first place, and above all, he is at the pains to seek, and to find, and to embrace the truth? There is, indeed, in every undepraved soul a secret sympathy, a natural affinity, a sweet and mutual attraction between truth and goodness, between the Word and the Spirit of God. Hence, wherever his Spirit dwells, there will his truth be recognized at once, and joyfully embraced. If, then, the Word of God, 'which was made flesh and dwelt among men,' had not thus attracted the pure in heart, by the divine beauty of his own intrinsic majesty and sweetness, he would have lacked one of the credentials that he was 'the light of the world.' But, Mr. Lecky himself being the judge, he did not lack this sublime credential. For, says he, 'Chris-

1 Lucretius.

2 The Sect of the Epicureans.



tianity presented an ideal of compassion and love—an ideal destined, for centuries, to draw around it all that was greatest, as well as all that was noblest, upon earth.' Thus, according to Mr. Lecky, as well as Renan, Christ has for long centuries drawn to himself, by the indescribable charm of his character, so full of grace and truth, and the simple power of his word, 'all that was greatest and noblest upon earth.' Why, then, should it be thought so strange or so absurd that He, speaking in his character as the Son of God, should say: 'My sheep hear my voice, . . . and they *follow me*. But ye *believe* not, because ye are not of my sheep.' 'He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.' Only 'the children of the wicked one' reject his words and perish. 'This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.' 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

Now, this doctrine, it is true, is reasonable only on the ground or supposition that Christ was the Son of God. Considered as the teaching of a mere man, it would appear ridiculous. But surely since Christ professed to be the Son of God it became him to speak in conformity with such a character, whether that character were real or assumed. Hence we might just as well object to the sun on account of its beams as object to the words of Christ because they were in such perfect and sublime keeping with his character as the Son of God. If, indeed, while professing to be the Son of God, he had wrangled like a school divine, or preached like a Pharisee, he would have incurred the scorn and derision of mankind. As it was, however, nothing impressed his contemporaries more deeply than the fact that he spake as one having authority, and not as the Scribes and Pharisees. 'He spake as never man spake.' Nay, he not only lived and acted, but he spake as a God; and even in modern times, from a Rousseau to a Renan, the unutterable charm of his character and his words have not failed to impress the very heart of infidelity itself. In the language of the latter, 'He for the first time gave utterance to the idea upon which shall rest the edifice of the everlasting religion.'

He founded the pure worship—of no age, of no clime—which shall be that of all lofty souls to the end of time. Not only was his religion . . . the benign religion of humanity, but it was the absolute religion; and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality, their religion cannot be different from that which Jesus proclaimed. . . . Man has not been able to abide by his worship; we attain the ideal only for a moment. The words of Jesus were a gleam in thick night; it has taken eighteen hundred years for the eyes of humanity (what do I say! of an infinitely small portion of humanity) to learn to abide it. But the gleam shall become the full day, and, after passing through all the circles of error, humanity will return to these words as the immortal expression of its *faith* and its hopes.”<sup>1</sup> Thus, in spite of his infidel philosophy, in spite of the hard rationalism of his intellect, the words of Jesus did not fail to impress the heart of Renan as more than human.

Again he says: ‘There lived a superior person, who, by his bold initiation, and *by the love which he inspired*, created the object and fixed the starting-point of *the future faith of humanity*.’ ‘He never argued in relation to God, for *he felt him directly within himself*. The shoal of metaphysical subtleties on which Christianity struck in the third century was in no wise the work of its founder. Jesus had . . . a fixed personal resolve, which, having surpassed in intensity every other *created will*, directs, even to this hour, *the destinies of humanity*.’ Now, was the person who, without the advantages of education, or any sort of wordly position and influence, did all this merely an humble Nazarene? Was the person who, merely by ‘the love which he inspired,’ did all this the most despised individual of the most despised race on earth? Was he, after all, what Renan would have him to be, a self-deceived and a world-deceiving impostor? We could, for our part, as soon believe that the all-creating and the all-beautifying sun of heaven is merely an exhalation from the earth.

Napoleon Bonaparte is reported to have said to General

<sup>1</sup> Life of Jesus. p. 215.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 51.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 83.

Bertrand: 'I see in Lycurgus, Numa and Mohammed only legislators who, having the first rank in the State, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself—foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

'It is not so with Christ. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and sentiments, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or the nature of things.

. . . . 'The nearer I approach the more carefully I examine; everything is above me; everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality which has created a series of words and maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from the sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and from the commencement his disciples worshiped him. He persuades far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

'In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing to salvation, and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him, the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At his voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has re-

conquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*Faith*. What a master and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray? He imposes his belief.' . . . .

'It is not a day, nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth are arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy; individuals scattered here and there, in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the Cross. What a mysterious symbol! The instrument of the punishment of the Man-God.

. . . 'You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they kindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory. My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

'Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal emperor of the Roman Senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of his Church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is, then, the power which has protected this Church thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

'Alexander, Cæsar, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the erections of our genius? Upon

*force.* Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon *love*, and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

‘In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections! Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last he is the same, always the same—majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle. . . .

‘What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, *the union to that which is true*, the holiness of the soul. Christ *speaks*, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, by the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself believed*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ’s greatest miracle, undoubtedly, is the reign of charity. . . .

‘Now that I am at St. Helena—now that I am alone, chained to this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Who are the courtiers of my misfortunes? Who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes—you share, you console my exile. . .

‘Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. . . . Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God.’

In reply to the argument of General Bertrand, to prove that

Christ was merely a man, Napoleon said: 'I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.'

Such, during his imprisonment at St. Helena, were the meditations which the reading of the great Napoleon suggested to his wonderful mind. They remind one of the celebrated confession of Rousseau, which, as everybody knows, ends with the memorable words, 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a god.' The author of that confession—the most impassioned genius of the eighteenth century, as Napoleon was of the nineteenth—labors for words in which to express his unuttered and unutterable conceptions of the superhuman character of Christ. But, after all, he adds, '*I cannot believe.*' Now, why could neither a Rousseau nor a Renan believe in Him whose ineffable glory seems to have so completely captivated their imaginations and cast so powerful a spell over their genius? The secret of their unbelief is laid bare, and its philosophy explained, by the words of Jesus: 'He that is of God heareth God's word: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.'<sup>1</sup> 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, *and they follow me.*' 'But ye *can not believe*, because ye are not of my sheep.' 'If God were your Father, ye would love me; for I proceeded forth and came from God.'<sup>2</sup> 'Ye are from beneath, I am from above; ye are of this world, I am not of this world. I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins; for if ye believe not that I am *he*, ye shall die in your sins.'<sup>3</sup> 'Ye have not his word abiding in you: for whom he hath sent, him ye believe not. . . . I receive not honor from men. But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you. I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if *another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive.* How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that *cometh* from God only?'<sup>4</sup>

1 John viii. 47.

2 Ibid x. 26, 27.

3 Ibid viii. 42.

4 Ibid. viii. 23, 24.

5 Ibid. v. 38-44.

- ART. II.—1. *A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States.* By John Russell Bartlett. 2d Edition. Boston. 1859.
2. *An American Dictionary of the English Language.* By Noah Webster, LL.D. Springfield, Mass. 1855.
3. *A Collection of College Words and Customs.* By B. H. Hall. Cambridge. 1856.
4. *The English Language in its Elements and Forms.* By Wm. C. Fowler. New York. 1855.
5. *Language and the Study of Language.* By William Dwight Whitney. New York. 1867.
6. *Curiosities of American Literature.* By Rufus W. Griswold. New York. 1856.
7. *A Diary in America.* By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York. 1839.
8. *Lowell's Poems.* ('The Biglow Papers.') Boston. 1858.
9. *Breitmann's Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia. 1869.
10. *Leaves of Grass.* By Walt Whitman. Brooklyn. 1856.
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In a previous article it has been shown that we have been false, in many particulars, to our birthright in the hearty English speech; that, so far as we have gone aside from the accepted standard of that speech, we have gone astray—gone contrary to good usage, to propriety, to the genius itself of the English tongue. It remains to trace the causes of this deterioration in our language, and we must seek them, as has already been shown, in ourselves. If we were not deteriorated our language would not be so.

The leading causes which, in our judgment, have wrought this evil, have been our national ignorance, acted upon and



intensified by our national vanity. It is not worth while to mince matters, nor to hide our heads like ostriches, nor to pretend to be unconscious of what all the world knows and sneers at. Education is unquestionably more widely diffused in this country than in any other; but then, education here is more than proportionately diluted. Everybody has a feeble smattering of culture; but there are fewer persons who have more than a smattering than in any other civilized region of the globe. When it comes to high culture, where is the class, in any of our communities, which may be honestly said to possess it? Are our politicians a cultivated class? Are our divines? Our members of the learned professions? Nay, are our educators themselves, our college professors, our makers of books, and inventors of systems, fortified for their tasks, we do not say with a culture equal to that of the first men of Europe, but with a cultivation sufficient even to enable them to comprehend the form itself of the problem they have undertaken to solve? This condition of defective culture need not to have been, for in our colonial and revolutionary periods we had a class of divines, statesmen, and schoolmasters—a large class in proportion to our scanty population—that were admirably instructed, and fully competent to transmit their gifts and influences to their successors. Nor would they have failed to do so but for the disastrous influences brought to bear upon our affairs by our inordinate national vanity, our crazy ambition to be peculiar and notorious at all hazards, and our proclivity to make the leveling instinct of democracy the one single law of social culture as well as of political life. Under these influences we cut ourselves adrift from the lessons and fruits of experience elsewhere; we grew not only impatient of study and control, but came to scorn all but short-cuts, and we fancied the slightest thing we did at our ease to be better than the best products of the most zealous labor of all others. ‘If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall in the ditch?’ Blind vanity conducting off blind ignorance upon a devil’s dance through all the limbos of undigested folly, whither would such a march tend but one way? Because we had stumbled upon new political forms outside the region of ex-

perience, we must set ourselves to invent new social forms, contrary to experience, to feign new modes of thought and new conditions of manners; and thus, in spite of us, we have had new linguistic forms to grow up within us, like those parasites which seem to spring spontaneously into life as soon as an organization gets to be unhealthy.

The effect of those things is painfully perceptible throughout the entire range of our culture. 'Our literature,' as Professor Lowell has well said, 'has no centre; or, if it have, it is like that of the sphere of Hermes. It is divided into many systems, each revolving round its several suns, and often presenting to the rest only the faint glimmer of a milk-and-water way.' But this literature is not only clique-ridden and acephalous, it is almost entirely without the instinct of art. Its most disagreeable trait to highly cultivated students is its bad taste. Our national taste is worse than none at all, for it seems to be an inherently vicious taste. We incline to the tawdry in style, to the violent in manner; we admire a profusion of commonplace ornament, not the natural growth of a subject, but stuck on as inconsequently as a lady's *pannier*, and we cultivate a diffuseness and verbosity which cannot be consorted with strength. We commit these faults, it would seem, not so much from lack of models of a better sort, but because our taste inclines us to 'fine writing,' to the 'spread-eagle' style, to a preference for extravagance over beauty. This is a right parvenu tendency, and, sooth to say, we have a general admiration for parvenu things. Our ear is a bad one, and we cultivate it to choose discords and clash, rather than to seek what is harmonious and in keeping. What Walter Scott said of us socially is measurably true of our letters likewise: 'They are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honorable love of their country and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of the art of good breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes and comforts to those of others.' The consequence is that the great

1 Letter to Miss Edgeworth, in Lockhart's Life.

body of our writers have treated the noble materials of the English speech at their command as Joel Barlow was accused, by a contemporary poetaster, of treating the Psalms :

‘ You’ve proved yourself a sinful creeter,  
You’ve murdered Watts and spoilt the metre ;  
You’ve tried the Word of God to alter,  
And for your pains deserve a halter.’<sup>1</sup>

These inartistic qualities of our literature give it a wretched air of inefficiency and incondition, which tends to make it seem much more feeble than it actually is. There is a sort of hobble-de-hoy manner in even our best writers, and a provincial quality in our best speech, which are fatal at once to the proper expansion of our intellect and the competent establishment of our reputation. What standing have we? What standing deserve we? What do we do unto others that should make them do well by us? What class is there in our communities which merits to be addressed in the tones of scholarship, taste and thought? Do we appreciate learning for learning’s sake? Do we nurture art for art’s sake? Do we give an honest reception to genuine original thought, and rejoice because it *is* genuine and original? How bitterly true the critic’s scornful remark concerning Mr. R. H. Dana’s literary ventures, that he had acquired ‘ the experience hitherto not uncommon in the higher American literature, that if he would write as a poet and philosopher, and publish as a gentleman, he must pay as well as compose!’ Mr. C. T. Brooks’ translation of Jean Paul’s *Titan* abided twenty years in MSS., not able to find a publisher who was rash enough to print it; but Mr. Mark Twain’s burlesque ‘ Travels ’ circulate immediately by the hundred thousand, and Mr. Josh Billings’ ill-spelt twaddle is making his own fortune, and his printer’s also! Such a condition of things is simply fatal to culture. Thought will not venture into fields where it is continually disprized. As a keen observer once said, referring to this very subject: ‘ The actor, in order to act well his part, must have a good theatre and a respectable audience. Would Demosthenes and Cicero have astonished mankind by their oratory, if they had

<sup>1</sup> Duyckhinck’s Cyclopædia.

spoken in Sparta or in Carthage? Would Addison have written his *Spectator* in Kamschatka, or Locke his work on the *Understanding* at Madrid? Destroy the inducement to act, take away the capacity to judge, and annihilate the value of applause, and poetry sinks into dullness, philosophy loses its power of research, and eloquence evaporates into froth and mummary.<sup>1</sup> We do admire, however! Albeit we neglect true merit, we admire with a forty-horse power those things which we conceit to be admirable. Aye, this new *Græculus esuriens* of an American literature will not perish for a deficiency in blowing its trumpet! Triton's horn were no more audible than the thin quaver of a penny whistle in comparison with the resonant blast we continually hear. The paladin's bugle that sounded so far over the hills from Roncevalles; the expiring effort of Anthony van Corlaer, which is said to echo still among the Highlands of the Hudson—nay, even the nine times repeated fanfaronade before which the mighty walls of Jericho crumbled and fell like a child's card-castle—none of these can compare with the brazen fury and impetuous tumult with which the Genius of America 'sounds his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.' How we bespatter ourselves with laudation, like ducks that play in a puddle after it has rained! The 'young England' poets, Dobell, Bulwer, Swinburne, Morris and Rosatti, seem to have effected an arrangement by which whatever any one of them writes the others shall criticise; and the quantity of hysterical admiration and puelline raising of hands and eyes and waving of applausive cambric that has already resulted from this *camaraderie* is really surprising, not to say alarming. But in this land of ours we are all of us critics just as we are all poets; and the only trouble is that the hue and cry has been so great, the epithets are growing scarce. We do our admiration just as we make our shoe-pegs, by wholesale; and our praise is not subject to other conditions than limit of space or defect of verbiage. So it happens that the 'hifalutin' blows amongst us like a scarlet peony, in whose bursting coarse glare no

1 DeWitt Clinton. Discourse on Provincial Influences on Literature.

2 Whitman. Leaves of Grass.

other flowers can be seen. All that we have, all that we are, all that we expect to be, is incomparably superior to corresponding things elsewhere; and this superlative transcendence breaks out constantly in our speech like the measles among children. We use so many intensives in our common, every-day dialect that we are quite poverty-stricken in the presence of extraordinary occasions. 'Magnificent,' 'splendid,' 'grand,' 'superb,' 'awful,' 'dreadful,' are the qualities which our facile tongues ascribe in turn to every event and nearly every object encountered in the ordinary passages of hum-drum life. Our panegyric style redounds with such amiable qualitatives as 'justly celebrated,' 'famous,' 'gorgeous,' 'superb.' Simplicity has no currency in our mart of words. If it rains, the floods pour; if it snows, the earth is at least enveloped in her ermine mantle. Beecher's sermons are never less than divine; Colfax's grin is an angelic smile; and Grant's stolid countenance is engraven deep with the mystic wrinkles of a Sphinx!

But our panegyric style is just our every-day style, and we have no better for Sunday. The thread of bombast is drawn through all the woof of our talk. This, as some one has forcibly said, 'keeps *pari passu* with our walk; our speech is quite commensurate with our greatness; we talk big as we grow big; our style, with our smart doings for our theme, is like young America's trowsers, generally of the *criard*, loud order, showy in color and large in pattern.' The misfortune of this, the writer seems to think, is that after all we end in uttering Nick Bottom's roar, not the lion's. It is certain that Mr. John Neal's voice is not bovine, albeit very blatant, when he says to us, in one of his prefaces, that 'I do not pretend to write English; that is, I do not pretend to write what the English themselves call English. I do not, and I hope to God—I say this reverently—that I never shall write what is now worshiped under the name of *classical* English. It is no natural language—it never was; it never will be spoken alive on this earth, and therefore ought never to be written. We have dead languages enough now, but the deadest language I ever met with or heard of was that in use among the writers of Queen Anne's day.' Mr. Lowell's critique upon Neal, we

may observe in passing, will suit nearly all our writers, and perhaps supplies a leading cause of the absence of art from the style and frame-work of our speech.<sup>1</sup> Neal is a typical American, and we wish to know how it is possible to impart culture to one so completely satisfied with himself, and so totally ignorant of the existence of better things?

We do not pretend to say, however, that we ourselves are exclusively to be blamed for this inordinate feeling of self-consequence which is our national foible. In many respects we merit to be pitied rather than blamed. We have been lapped in very pleasant delusive dreams, from which, so far, we have had no rude awakings. From being a puny population, scattered in disjointed colonies over an extensive region of country, and that country so rough and rude that the business of mere existence was the sole business we had time to engage in, and even then it was almost a life-and-death struggle, in some parts, against the towering forces of an unkind, minatory and repulsive Nature; from having a 'government derivative and dependent, without patronage and influence, and in hostility to the public sentiment;' from enjoying that peculiarly small consideration which is accorded to colonies—the sinecures in office for unpensioned younger sons, and the laughing-stock of ensigns and the military snobs of garrisons—from this lowly sphere 'these United States' suddenly bloomed into a power upon earth, an independent congeries of individual States, which had baffled and defeated the greatest power in Europe, proud England, mistress of the seas. We became the favored ally of great kingdoms and powerful sovereigns; the land of the Future, the hope of unborn millions, the effective example of beneficent institutions never before conceived

1 'He might have been poet, but that in its stead, he  
Professed to believe that he was so already:  
Too hasty to wait till Art's fruit should drop,  
He must pelt down an unripe and colicky crop. . . .  
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late—  
Could he only have waited he might have been great,  
But he plumped into Helicon up to the waist,  
And muddled the stream ere he took his first taste.'

*A Fable for Critics.*

except in the brains of dreamy philosophers. Ours, too, was the land of many prophecies. Here was to be the seat, so men said, of that Scriptural Fifth Monarchy about which the Puritan brain grew so inflamed. This was the region into which the arts and sciences, weary of ancient and foredone Europe—‘*cette vieille Europe qui m’ennuie*,’ as Napoleon said—were to leap rejoicing, as Ponce de Leon leaped ashore at Biribi, seeking the fountain of perpetual youth. This was the land of which saintly George Herbert prophesied such wonders in his *Church Militant*, saying,

‘Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand.’

This, too, was the theme of Sir Thomas Browne’s rhymed *Prophecy*, and especially was it the text of good Bishop Berkeley’s world-famous verses—

‘Westward the course of Empire takes its way,’ &c.

From the very first, indeed, America has been looked to by the nations as a resting place for the weary-footed doves of human hope, as a tree whence would be surely plucked an olive branch in which there should be no deception. Columbus, Amerigo, and their companions, saw in it the mighty empire of Genghis, through which the Christian realm of Prester John would be reached, the whole world christianized, and the time made to arrive when the lion should lie down with the lamb. Enthusiastic admirers of Celtic antiquity discovered in it traces of the voyages of Madoc, son of Owen Guineth; Chapelaine was saved from the scalping-knife of the Tuscaroras by addressing them in ‘their native Gaelic;’ while dreamy philosophers were everywhere convinced that in the new land was realized Plato’s dream of Atlantis, and Seneca’s vision of the hoped-for Saturnian realm. ‘I would wish never more to quit Spain,’ writes Anghiera, a contemporary of these great discoveries, ‘since I am here at the fountain head of tidings of the newly discovered lands, and where I may hope, as the historian of such great events, to acquire for my name some renown with posterity.’ And Jerome Cordan, speaking of the discoverer, says ‘*at nunc quibus te laudibus*



*offeram Xtophore Columbi, non familiæ tantum, non Genuensis urbis, non Italiæ Provinciæ, non Europæ, partis orbis solum, sed humani generis decus.*"<sup>1</sup>

But even after the first flush of enthusiasm had long faded, and America had settled down into a sober and not very progressive colonial existence, she was still looked toward as the land of the future. The British settlements were especially contemplated as a harbor of refuge for the English language, if that period should ever arrive when Lord Macaulay's New Zealander should stand moralizing over the ruins of London. When Gibbon submitted his first essay, written in French, to David Hume, the latter said: 'Why do you compose in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace says, in regard to Romans who wrote in Greek? . . . Let the French triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we less dread the innovations of barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language.' And John Adams, near about the same time, wrote to Benjamin Rush that 'There is nothing in my little reading more ancient in my memory than the observation that arts, sciences and empire had traveled westward; and in conversation it was always added, since I was a child, that their next leap would be over the Atlantic into America.'

Speedily the child of prediction, that had been crowned with the aureola at birth, and had strangled serpents in its cradle, sprang into actual strength and began to do actual deeds of prowess against lions and monsters:

'So folk knew this was he  
That in Amphytrion's palace first saw light,  
And whose first hour began with deadly fight,  
Alemena's son, the dreadful Hercules;  
The man whose shout the close Nemean trees  
Had stifled, and the lion met in vain;  
The ravisher of hell, the serpent's bane,  
Whom neither Gods nor fate could overwhelm.'<sup>2</sup>

1 Humboldt. *Cosmos* ii.

2 William Morris' *Jason*.

Had we not cause to be arrogant, impatient of authority and establishments, eager to perpetrate reforms and neologisms? We had given to the world new political forms, a modified social system, and new doctrines of economy; and already we beheld the powerful contagion of these novelties fermenting in the sick and longing heart of weary Europe, and promising to work the good there that they had wrought within us. The best and surest way for us to cement, solidify and crystallize these blessings to ourselves, and for the use of humanity at large, was through the invention of new forms of speech that should be perfectly consonant with our recently developed utilitarian notions about other things. Why obey tradition and weigh ourselves down with the lumber and clumsy contrivances of the past in respect of language when we had just now so happily rid ourselves of such burdens in respect of other things? This is the way the matter was discussed, even by our people of the highest culture; and the attempt was deliberately made to found an 'Americanese' dialect, in which the features that distinguished us from the English might take root, flourish and perpetuate themselves. In the earliest correspondence between Franklin and Noah Webster we find that the philosopher—who, though essentially genial in habit, was a thoroughly-convinced disciple of that narrow sort of utility which limits itself to the exigencies of to-day, and aims no higher than present convenience and immediate satisfaction—was very ready to predict a great influence to the English language through the rapid spread of that speech in American settlements, and eager to forward what he considered the happy movement by suggesting the expediency and propriety of orthographic reform, and such other changes as would make the language easier for foreigners to acquire. He even went so far, indeed, as to propose to remove the difficulty of ambiguous and conflicting sounds by the heroic method of a new and more copious alphabet. Had this notion been carried out, the queer whimsy of one of our Secretaries of State might have been realized, and our ambassadors to foreign powers have added a republican dialect to their republican court-dress and republican manners. Mr. Webster's first thought in regard to

his spelling-book did not contemplate so much an orthographic reform as a politic expurgation from our text-books of obsolete and un-American teachings in respect of regal rights and hierarchical assumptions. He wanted our children to be taught to regard 'the good King George' as a bloody and stupid old tyrant; 'the virtuous aristocracy' to be held up in the light of corrupt minions of despotism; and 'the union of Church and State' to be understood as a halting substitute for 'Papacy and Prelacy.' But Webster's passion was like the passion of all reformers—it grew by what it fed upon. Before his spelling book had reached many thousands of the many millions who have thumbed it, he projected and published his essay proposing that reform in orthography which has made him the laughing stock of linguistic students. In this programme—which was nearly identical with the 'sweating process' resorted to by the gentry who tamper with coinage—he coolly recommended to drop all silent and superfluous letters, to substitute 'characters of a certain and definite sound for those more vague and intermediate,' and to alter certain characters so that they might be used to mark the distinctions of sound more accurately. He urged the expediency of this reform upon a variety of grounds. By cutting away superfluous letters, he said, pronunciation would not only be made easier for foreigners and children, but, by the reduction thus effected in the space of our texts, we should actually be able to save one page in every seventeen or eighteen printed, an item of thrift that could not fail to benefit the nation very largely.' 'But a capital advantage of this reform,' urged Mr. Webster, with a force that must have wrought irresistible conviction in New England, 'would be that *it would make a difference between the English orthography and the American.* This will startle those who have not attended to the subject, but I am confident that such an event is an object of vast political consequence. For the alteration, however small, would encourage the publication of books in our own country. It would render it, in some measure, necessary that all our books should be printed in America. The English would never copy our orthography for their own use, and, conse-

quently, the same impressions of books would not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation<sup>1</sup> would read the English impressions; but posterity, being taught a different spelling, would prefer the American orthography.' What a right peddler's argument this, that we could compensate ourselves, out of the base and vulgar returns of a mere mercantile advantage, in dollars and cents, for the loss of all the traditions of our noble speech, for its conversion into a mere mechanical engine, and for the transformation of Shakspeare, Bacon and Milton—our glory, our pride, our honor—into authors virtually foreign, and who would need to be translated before the vulgar could comprehend them!

Webster's base, material, vulgar and narrow-minded utilitarian views struck speedy root and bore abundant fruit. The soil was congenial to them. In 1804, that most ridiculous of all the petty he-cotqueans who have ever piddled about on the fringes of science, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, gravely proposed that we should adopt a new name, a peculiar designation, for the country, calling it FREDONIA, or FREDON! The people could then sail the seas and peddle notions as *Fredes*, or *Fredonians*, and their goods would be known as *Fredish* nutmegs or *Fredonian* wooden-wares, &c.<sup>2</sup> This crazy crotchet—worthy the brain of poor Tom o' Bedlam, or McDonald Clarke, or Mr. Secretary Boutwell—has been a frequent conceit of many persons who should have known better. Various substitutes for our present name have been at various times proposed, ranging from Columbia down to Pedunkia, from Alleghania down to Communipaw. Even Edgar A. Poe was so absurd as to seriously advocate the adoption of Appalachia instead of the United States. Webster's orthographic gingerbread work found an unhappy imitator in Thomas S. Grimké, of South Carolina, who even went so far as to utter books in his revised text, saying, 'I hav publishd sevrал pamphlets accordingly.' Grimké, however, was a man with a very palpable bee in his bonnet. Another of his whimsies was to

<sup>1</sup> Webster, we must remember, wrote what he taught—Americanese. Hence this peopling of Time.

<sup>2</sup> See Duyckhink's Cyclopædia.

object to classical and mathematical studies—the entire curriculum, in fact—upon the ground that they were ‘defectiv, irreljus and un-American’!

The injuriousness, as well as fallacy and absurdity, of this sort of reform by the strong hand is immediately apparent to all save minds twisted all askew by foregone prejudice. Sensible men, indeed, have often claimed—and not without some show of reason—that a radical reformation could be advantageously brought about in our speech, and one that would contribute largely at once to facility in acquiring it, and ease in giving precision and euphony to its utterance. Thus Cobbett, that incarnation of the practical, wanted to drop all irregular preterits, and form all verbs in *ed*; while archdeacon Hare has suggested a return to the practice of Spenser and Milton, by employing *t* instead of *ed* in all past terminations, writing *stept* and *lookt*, &c., in place of the usual forms. Thus again, that wiseacre, Pinkerton, has discovered that our rhythmic short-comings are due to our deficiency in vowel terminations, and he suggested that our tongue would be made harmonious as the Greek and flowing as the Italian by the trifling addition of some eight thousand suffixes, by sounding all final vowels, changing final *s* into *a*, and appending *o* to all words ending in harsh consonants! A sentence in Pinkertonese would read somewhat in this fashion: ‘Givé me the eggo, ando I will maké you an omeletta whica shall ticklé youra palaté!’<sup>1</sup>

The disciples of the modern schools of phonetics are even at the present day striving to force their systems upon us, and to secure the certainty of a radical orthographic revolution, by having a complete system of phonographic spelling and writing introduced into our schools, along side of and in competition with our present system.

But no radical reform in orthography is compatible with the integrity of a language, nor is it advisable that such a reform should be attempted, even upon the grounds claimed by its most urgent advocates. The error into which Webster fell was in respect of his right province as a lexicographer. He

<sup>1</sup> Fowler. *op. cit.*

should have made it his real and only business to record the language as it was, and to instance and collate the orthography and the interpretation of words as these were established in their actual use by the best authors. He had no mission to ventilate his notions of emendation and reform, nor to attempt to impose new and arbitrary conditions upon speech ; for language is an actual, not a hypothetical, matter. It is a series of facts, not a series of possibilities. It reforms itself, just as a child grows, and may not be tampered with nor twisted, any more than we may tamper with the sunshine or try to alter the scale of colors in the solar spectrum. We may theorize about it, but we cannot use it for the counters of our speculations. Shall a surgeon use his knife to make six fingers or six toes grow where nature intended five only ? Just as well try to do this as to attempt, by arbitrary means and in pursuance of dogmatic theories, to constrain a language to wear one form, when nature, in the person of those who use it, has determined it shall wear another form. Let us see if all the lexicographers in the world can constrain an Englishman to use the guttural *ch*, or a Frenchman to use the English *th*. Let us see if all the utilitarian philosophy in the world can teach the Polynesian to eschew his vowel terminations, or the Chinaman to give up his favorite nasals ; can make the Irishman discard his accent, or the Scotchman let drop his burr. And Webster's attempt, even if it had succeeded, would simply have broken down all the historical associations of our speech, in favor of a system of arbitrary symbols and combinations that possessed neither value nor significance beyond their transitory usefulness at the moment. Who but a madman or a fool would seriously endeavor to force the great storehouse of our literature, where are treasured up the accumulated experience and wisdom of the glorious past of a noble and virtuous race, and all the records of heroisms and magnanimities, flights of fancy and towerings of imagination, that have been laboriously set down for us, to be our patterns and ensamples in conducting the great business of life, and, having forced it, and ruthlessly scattered its most precious contents, would contemptuously bar it against all future comers ? Who

but a lunatic would conceive it to be useful so to arrange matters as to make it necessary for us to study as a foreign tongue that glorious English—the common treasure of poor and rich, lowly and exalted—in which our Bible is written—*our* Bible, the common Bible of the English-speaking people all over the earth, ‘that fountain of pure speech, that anchor of our language’<sup>1</sup> equally as much as it is the anchor of our faith? That noble English, moreover, in which the body of our grand old poetry is written, so full of music and rhythm, so full of flame and tears, so full of wisdom and thought, that superb aggregate of the feeling and emotion, the passion and the impulse, the condition and the history, the fire and flow of the very life itself of the noblest, because the bravest, most sincere and most untiring of all the noble races! Well says John S. Mill—that ‘*we have no right* to prevent ourselves from transmitting to posterity a larger portion of this inheritance than we may ourselves have profited by.’<sup>2</sup> As far as regards a phonetic spelling, it seems to us that Archbishop Trench’s protest<sup>3</sup> is conclusive: ‘I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue, no scheme that would go so far to empty it, practically at least, and for us, of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination and history which it contains—to cut the vital nerves which connect its present with the past.’ Every word, as he has forcibly said, has ‘two existences—as a spoken word and as a written,’ and we have no right to sacrifice, nor yet to subordinate, the one to the other. Besides—and this, as a practical argument, ought to have weight with the Websterian school—the actual gain in the matter would really amount to nothing, because pronunciation is always changing, so that in a few years the sound and spelling of words would be as wide apart as ever. Etymological spelling is the only safe anchorage by which language can be kept off the lee shore of self-destruction. In the final analysis, the proposition to adopt a phonetic spelling is simply a proposition to do away with education, by nullifying its advantages, and subordinating the conquests of culture to the blind conceits of ignorance. When a language is trans-

1 R. H. Dana.

2 Logic.

3 On the Study of Words.



formed into a mere shifting quicksand, that changes its place with every tide, there will be small profit in lighting beacons and erecting landmarks.

Besides its Jack Cade destructiveness, this attempted reform in the direction of an 'Americanese' is wrong in principle. A true reform should back backward, in quest of purer, because more primitive forms, but this is a *ça ira*, a scramble, a *sauve qui peut* movement toward the coming disease. Change never needs to be encouraged; it always comes fast enough. It is perfectly right that we should uphold American ideas, and encourage our bards to believe in the use and beauty of American themes in preference to old world ones.<sup>1</sup> But to attempt to persuade our bards, upon this flimsy patriotic pretext, to pipe their lays to melodies not drawn from the healthy old English tongue, so full of poetic fire and noble memories, but from the cracked alembic of an impracticable Connecticut schoolmaster, is to tell them that the chatterings of a Brazilian ape are music, and Nilsson's divine songs mere cacophony and discord. To our notion, the man who deliberately perverts or degrades a word by changing its use or by disguising its etymology, conducts himself at once as ridiculously and dishonestly as those snobbish parvenus and *nouveaux riches* of our cities who paint their carriage panels with the blazons of all the nobility of England. Why not filch a coat of arms from Gower or Courtenay, from Ripon or De Vere, just as well as pervert a word out of Shakspeare, or corrupt a spelling out of Pope? Words are not counters, neither are they simply *feræ naturæ*, to be every man's game that shoots a shaft toward them. They are solid, substantial existences, protected by law and reason, and not to be driven out of the limits of common sense. 'To coin new words,' says Kant,<sup>2</sup> 'is a pretension to legislation in language which

1 'But know thy Highest dwells at Home; there Art  
And choral Inspiration spring;  
If thou wouldst touch the Universal Heart,  
Of thine own Country sing!'

[Rather vague, but very charmingly patriotic lines of Mr. Wm. Ross Wallace. Mr. Elbert H. Smith has acted upon such counsel.]

2 Preface to Kritik.

is seldom successful; and, before recourse is had to so desperate an expedient, it is advisable to examine the dead and learned languages, with the hope and the probability that we may meet with some adequate expression of the notion we have in our minds.' There is a perpetual warfare going on in language between the rebellious incursions of inaccuracies and vulgarisms and the defensive patriotism of culture and good usage. The 'American system,' if it had entirely prevailed, would have thrown the gates wide open to every raid of the Goths and Vandals of barbarism and ignorance, and there would have resulted so chance-medley a gibberish that it would have taken the tongues of two generations to lick the ill-favored cub into grammatical shape.

The immediately injurious influence of this attempted reform, in segregating ours from the English speech, has never been fully appreciated. It did more than anything else to prevent the young, fresh and ardent American mind from sympathizing with and taking part in that great revival of English literature which commenced shortly after the termination of our revolution. At the very time when Bishop Percy, and Cowper, and Bowles, and Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge and Wordsworth were bringing poetry back to its old excellence of form and content, and when all the English critical world was agog with newborn fervor on behalf of the Elizabethan age, *our* critics and grammarians were casting about for means to cut us entirely adrift from the English language, as a dead, unworthy thing, and *our* poets—if our prosy Barlows and Dwights and dull Trumbulls are so to be styled—were limping along in stilted, inane parodies of Pope's cæsura and Dryden's flowing line. The result was, we were left as completely behind as if we had gone to sleep for half a century; and Tennyson was a rising poet of the new school before 'Maria del Occidente' had won Southey's easy praise, and Lowell and Poe found out Shelley and Keats. Even if we had possessed superabundance of liberal culture and overflowing imagination, it would not have been easy for us to recover at once so much good ground lost.

But we do not think one can have read the foregoing details

without the disagreeable suspicion arising in his mind that we have *not* given evidence hitherto of the overflowing imagination, much less of the superabounding liberal culture. It must, indeed, be conceded that a part at least of the backward fall and the deterioration of our language has been due to a tenuity and starveling inadequacy — not to say sterility — of our land in respect of the real creative genius of art. Our earliest promise was not an excessively brilliant one; but we have not even redeemed that. Outside the province of practical statesmanship we have had no alpha stars. Franklin and the Bartrams were well enough at the beginning, but we do not see that they have been prosperously followed. After Dennie came Washington Irving—a very decided advance; but who has succeeded Irving? After Hamilton and Madison came Webster and Calhoun; who after them? Robert Fulton and Eli Whitney were unquestionably men of the greatest endowments; but neither has *their* tribe—the most prosperous of any in America—had descendants who were rivals of its founders. After Brockden Brown followed Fennimore Cooper, and him succeeded Hawthorne—who comes to fill that vacant throne? Throughout our history we have had good and creditable store of men eminently wise and patriotic, honest, honorable, safe; industrious, steady plodders; sterling men of business, in public affairs as well as private; but we have had scant allowance of the other class: artists, poets, dramatists—swift, startling minds that dart among us with blaze and flame, dazzling all eyes, then off into the spaces and unknown dark, leaving great and memorable trails of glory behind them. We have been redundant in the gifts of the practical intellect, but the idealized imagination has been almost absolutely barren and fruitless among us. Our actual life is, in many regards, a grand life, probably for the reason that our difficulties in the actual have been such as to call for great forces to subdue them. We have grown to be the wonder and the admiration of the world for our conquests in the material universe by force of the practical intellect. We have had a great sum to do in arithmetic: to create a nation and its institutions, its homes, trade, wealth; and we have encoun-

tered the problem only the more manfully that the odds seemed to be against us; we have encountered it and mastered it, and to-day we are a great and prosperous people, who, in spite of many drawbacks, are capable of measuring resources with any other people on the globe. This is much, but it is not all; and here is the danger that chiefly menaces us. We have let the absorbing business of our grapple with the material so completely engage our faculties that we have come to look upon our triumph as an insurance of every quality necessary to a right condition of life. Action, while it has animated, has narrowed us, until there is not room within us for the adequate expansion of thought.<sup>1</sup> Hence it is that our ideal life has hitherto been, and continues to be, so mean and low, so servile and echo-like. We have neglected our spiritual muscles until they have dwindled and shrunk into decrepitude and atrophy. Men may not live by bread alone, as we have tried to do. Intellect and brain-force that is only prized and encouraged as it is the coadjutant of material work, a help to wealth, a means to economical and successful achievement in invention, engineering, building, plowing, digging, comes finally to take the shape of the mould in which it is constrained. Pegasus will come to drag a plow as well as any other horse, if trained; but his wings must be cut off for him to do that work properly, otherwise the harness will not fit him. And so, when our intellect becomes the slave of public opinion and public need, it loses its spiritual soul, and gets finally to be a mere dull, plodding, manufacturing body, setting material concerns above all things else. 'Utility grows to be our decalogue.' Food and clothes, ease and riches, pomp and parade—these are what labor insures to us, and what we have striven to get so persistently, so exclusively, that we have finally come to rest upon them as 'final and supreme gratifications,' instead of using them as 'stepping-stones to a purer and nobler life.' Hence our culture is low and narrow, setting material aims above art, and sensual satisfaction over spiritual expansion. Hence poor Clifton did

1 'Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows.' Goethe's *Meister*.

not croak nor exaggerate, but simply told the truth, when he lamented 'these shifting skies,'

'Where Fancy sickens and where Genius dies.'

Hence there is a foundation in our actual circumstances for the laughable fish-out-of-water sensations of the foreigner who comes to us—sensations that made Beauvallet laugh like a Thersites who flees but rails; that made Tocqueville philosophize upon the leveling tendencies of institutions like ours; that made the snob, G. A. Sala, scold us like a fish-wife for our color-blindness, our mechanical, right-lined, numbered and lettered streets, our black coats and simultaneous fashions; that finally made Thackeray, in a fair *mal de mer* fit of 'form-sickness,' throw up all his prosperous lecture engagements and escape over the seas, like an Israelite fleeing to a city of refuge. For we are a people of unquestionably prosaic intellect, and we have given evidence of deficiency in taste, in feeling, and in generous looking before and after, that may not be controverted. Where else but in this country would Noah Webster have been honored as a typical etymologist? The man who could delve as he did for fifty painful, laborious years among the deep-lying, intricate roots of words, and turn up no better product than we have evidence of in his writings, must have been as essentially barren in soul as Obadiah's bull was in the town close. Yet we deck Webster out as a young mother would be-ribbon and belace her first and only offspring!

In nothing have foreigners been more surprised than to observe how apathetic we have been in regard to our magnificent landscape. That perfervid Scot, Alexander Wilson, who had no sooner touched our shores than he was converted from a blue-fingered weaver into a genuine poet and enthusiastic naturalist, has most pathetically expostulated,

'Yet Nature's charms, that bloom so lovely here,  
Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear;  
While bear-black heaths, and brooks of half a mile,  
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's isle.'

Washington Irving's surprise, when Sir Walter Scott introduced him to the low, common, treeless hills of the Tweed, 'that lives and murmurs in immortal song,' is testimony almost

ludicrous to this condition of our intellect. 'I gazed about me with mute surprise, I may almost say, with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of gray, waving hills, line beyond line, as far as the eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks; and yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England.' Irving forgot that the wealth of genius and the riches of its vocabulary are measured, not by what impinges upon the mind from without, but by what swells and throbs and glows within it. The content of a language is the measure of the mental content of those who use it.<sup>1</sup> Our speech is no more than the symbol of our culture, the test of the degree of our refinement. And this it is which makes the palpable fact of the deterioration of our speech from English standards such a tremendous witness against our culture. For there cannot be a degradation of words unless there is a corresponding degradation of things. 'When Thucydides would paint the fearful moral deterioration of Greece in the progress of its great civil war, he adduces this alteration of the received value of words, this fitting of false names to everything—names of honor to the base, and of baseness to the honorable—as one of its most striking signs, even as it again set forward the evil, of which it had at first been the result.'<sup>2</sup> And the character of our culture is a witness, again, to our poverty in spiritual forces. It reaches at nothing but auxiliary ends. It strives to make us not cultivated men, but merely skillful men, apt at the use of tools. It helps us to be lawyers, doctors, preachers, engineers, merchants, but takes no thought of education for education's sake. The business of life has no place in our culture, but only some special matter of livelihood. Hence, as has been well said, the man does not educate himself, but is educated by his trade. 'The man is

1 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.'

2 Whitney, *op. cit.*

3 Trench on Words.

made by his business, represents its relations to society, and beyond it he is nothing but a cipher or a bigot.'

Now, if we collate all these different circumstances which have been shown to be operating upon our culture with the mingled national vanity and national ignorance which lie at its roots, we shall be easily able to diagnose the causes of the decline of our speech in richness of texture and abundance of material. 'It is especially observable,' says an acute critic,<sup>1</sup> whose wise moments, if few and very far between, are still very precious ones, 'It is especially observable that, in adopting the cant of thought, the cant of phraseology is adopted at the same instant.' There is vital truth here. We have indulged so long and so unrestrainedly in the cant of egotism and the cant of self-sufficiency that we are like the hasty cock, which, by incessant crowing, fancies it has brought back the morning. We have actually, by assuming, taught ourselves, in the very face of fact and reason, to believe and to build upon our own inordinate pretensions. 'We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us!' What is the use of study, and culture, and long avenues of preparation, we argue, when our own untutored faculties, 'warbling their native wood-notes wild,' compass already more than all the laboring world achieves elsewhere? What is the use of English when our own unpolished Americanese is able, in our accredited phrase, to 'wallop all creation'? Who does not recall how often it has been proposed in Congress to abolish West Point—that aristocratic pest-house—because our untaught, undrilled volunteers are already the best soldiers in the world? Our institutions must all be *American*, for without that stamp upon them they are sure to be counterfeit and base. To be sure, modesty is not claimed to become nations so well as individuals. We may be quite right in indulging our conceits privately; and those who tell us otherwise, or say disagreeable things about us, may be only rascally Marryatts and scandalous Trollopes, seeking to belittle us with false and defamatory reports and insinuations. It is quite possible all this (from our domestic point of view, that is), and possible, also, that we are

<sup>1</sup> Edgar A. Poe.



in the unhappy and ill-appreciated situation of the twelfth jurymen, who is the only one of the panel with reason on his side. Possible, in fine,

. . . 'that we are, as ourselves have voted,  
The most enlightened people ever known; . . .  
And, furthermore, in fifty years or sooner,  
We shall export our poetry and wine—'<sup>1</sup>

and, consequently, that the present pages of the *Southern Review* contain an unpatriotic, narrow-minded, ungenerous diatribe from the pen of some 'disappointed Rebel' or 'bloody Britisher.' But, nevertheless, do *not let us say so*, for nobody besides ourselves believes it. If it is possible, do not even let us think so. It does no good. It has already done us sensible hurt in many ways, and especially in regard to our language. We have the testimony of our best scholars, that 'national self-sufficiency' and 'inherited prepossession' have largely contributed to 'narrow the limits imposed by unfavorable circumstances upon the extent of linguistic knowledge.' We have lost, or partly lost, one of the noblest and most redeeming of virtues—reverence. We do not venerate, we do not even respect, the past; and the lives we live in the present are very narrow lives and very selfish ones; for the 'extravagant spirit of Utility invades every scene of life, however sequestered,'<sup>2</sup> and sends us to botanize upon our mother's graves. It might not matter much if we contemptuously kick Johnson's Dictionary out of doors, and pin our faith to Webster and the undiluted Americanese; but if the same spirit should finally instigate us to set our foot upon Shakespeare and Milton, upon Keats and Tennyson, upon Thackeray and Browning, what hellebore will cure our madness?

How much of this inordinate self-sufficiency may come of pure conceit—how much may be the unhappy offspring of our ignorance—would be hard to determine. It is certain that such courses are what might be expected of ignorance, and it is certain that we are more deficient in what the world accepts as high culture than any other people. The bulk of the perversions of our speech, for instance, have originated with men

1 Halleck.

2 Whitney.

3 H. T. Tuckerman.

of the best intentions, who did no better simply because they could not. Some of our most grating and offensive barbarisms are due to the clergy, who certainly would not have perpetrated them had they possessed sufficient knowledge to enable them to construct words properly and in accordance with history and right analogy; for it is their interest, beyond that of any other class, to have words established definitely and within imperishable landmarks. A right standard of good and reputable usage for speech is hardly possible in any land except where high culture and complete systematic education have especially fitted certain classes to determine authoritatively what that usage should be. But the very spirit and genius of our institutions have all along been hostile to that sort of culture, and diametrically opposed to fostering any such learned class. Our system of early instruction is notoriously incomplete, particularly in linguistic regards, and it is characteristic of our selfish and suspicious national character to despise and to obstruct the efforts of those who would in after life repair their deficiencies by systematic self-instruction. We are mistrustful of every attempt to introduce a bookish element into connection with the every-day practical business of life. The literary statesman does not exist; the lawyer who writes must hide behind a *nom de plume*, or risk losing his clients; the doctor who cultivates art is suspected of having no patients; the farmers sneer at book-farming and condemn chemistry; and the popular conviction is almost universal that the preacher who writes his sermon loses in fervor and eloquence what he gains in style and argument. Hugh S. Legaré once said, with great force and truth, that 'nothing is more perilous in America than to be too long learning, or to get the name of bookish.' We are confessedly not bookish ourselves, and we make a merit of it, and, consequently, did we permit learning to become honorable for its own sake, we should be entitling certain persons to arrogate a superiority over us that is utterly intolerable to all our notions of equality. What sort of a democracy would that be wherein a certain class claimed eminence on account of having read certain books more than the rest of us? So we teach our youth to despise learning

and culture as being things that are obstructive in the highest degree to that only kind of success which we hold in esteem. Those who make themselves scholars do so in spite of our sneers and at the sacrifice of all claims to our consideration. Our only aristocracy, that of wealth, must remain an aristocracy of wealth only; for wealth holds its curule chair too precariously in a republic like this to venture to add culture for the embellishment of the uneasy, languid leisure of its heirs, lest such a multiplication of attainments should exasperate the class jealousies already existing, and lead on to agrarianism and socialistic confusion. Our men of leisure, therefore, instead of being able to correct our evils, are only competent to give them greater force and poignancy.

Hence it is that we have no learned class, or, if there should be a small one among our forty millions, it is without influence that can bear upon the character of our institutions. Our young men of talent and enterprise all go to the newspapers, to the pulpit, to the bar, or 'into business.' It is the rarest phenomenon in this country to see a person give himself up to study for its own sake, or to art or literature for the pure love of their interior gifts. 'The book-producers of the country have mostly devoted their lives to other callings. They have been divines, physicians, lawyers, college professors, politicians, orators, editors, active military men, travelers, and, incidentally, authors.' Hence, even our scanty literature has not been literary, but of the crowd, and its diction has taken its tone and character from the influences of the common and vulgar speech, without being purified and refined by passing through the alembic of a superior, more cultivated influence that might have strained away at least some of its grosser viciousness. And, moreover, our uneducated thought, untamed, uncurbed, has careered just where it listed, free, indeed, as the wild mustang of the plains, but also as unkempt as he, as willful, and often as ill-fed. So we have, indeed, made it free as the wind, but at the cost of having it as unsubdued, also, as the wind, and as impatient of guidance and impossible of control. Hence all our mad systems, our

lunatic religiosities, our bastard, drivelling philosophies and those hideously corrupt and filthy socialisms and communisms that have borne their nondescript fruit among us, puckering our mouths with their brash bitterness, and defiling our souls even more than they have befouled our speech.

This non-existence of a cultivated class has done much to foster and aggravate that inherent bad taste of which we have already spoken. It does not so much matter if nine-tenths of a people, through ignorance and conceit, are the captives of glare and glitter, tawdriness and tinsel, discord and barbarism, false analogy and solecism, provided the remaining one-tenth are in possession of resources which will enable them to spy out and repair the breeches made in the vocabulary. Children may be safely trusted to be children, and fools fools, if there be nurses and keepers near by to save them from falling into the fire or tumbling into the water. But a vineyard that has no pruning-knife in reserve for it must inevitably grow to be a wilderness, too thick for the sour grapes to do aught save rot and mildew ; and the relapse will always be rapid in proportion as the soil is fertile and the growth luxuriant. We have the vines and the rich, deep soil ; the *vigneron* is certainly absent, and it is no wonder our children's teeth are set on edge. Our lack of guidance has brought about not only a lack of art, but also a contempt of art, of elegance, of propriety ; has made us contend for coarseness as if it were strength, and accept a spurious, namby-pamby affectation in the stead of real taste and refinement. Nay, more than this, we find a stolid sort of satisfaction, a matter of brutal pride, in our ignorance and deficiency as regards those æsthetic sensibilities and artistic endowments in which so much of the enjoyment of other people lies. We claim to have so much to *do* that we have no time nor occasion to *be*. We never turn from our daily, plodding, material work, unless it be to die, or to awake (with a sense of unutterable sadness, finding it too late,) to the knowledge that, while labor and science, money-getting and material progress, have their vast and noble uses, 'the great art,' after all, is, as Francis Jeffrey has said, 'the art of living ; and the chief science, the science of

being happy.' Hence, we are dragged like slaves at the wheels of our own triumphal chariots, and our laurel wreaths are truly crowns of thorns. 'There is no nation in the world,' observed Thomas Carlyle, 'where there is so little misery and so little happiness as in America.' The æsthetic consciousness is as real and necessary a part of each one of us as the discerning reason and the energizing will. If we neglect to cultivate this function of the perfect life we expose ourselves to become victims of a thousand dreary longings and sickening reactions of the palled spirit, sealed like a bottle-imp within sight of 'the joys it may not taste and the freedom it craves in vain.

We must attribute a great deal of this narrowing of the sphere of our faculties within such restricted regions to the injurious predominance of New England in all the concerns of our intellectual development. Puritanism has invaded our thought, and descended in among our institutions with the murky gloom of a November fog coming down upon London streets. It is a sombre, saturnine, splenetic spirit, this of Puritanism. It contends that life is all the better for being mechanical, repressed, monochromatic; that no day has the right to its siesta; that *dolce far niente* is but another guess-name for laziness, which should be sent to the cart-tail; and that elegant letters, divine philosophy, and those fine arts which lighten the drear burden of material existence, by sustaining it upon the aerial wings of the idealizing spirit, are 'not worth a bawbie.' The spirit of Puritanism is the spirit of New England. And the influence of New England is as pervasive, as irrepressible and as trying to human patience as those summer insects which have Beelzebub for their symbol and divinity. Where these people have not conquered they have maligned; what they would not assimilate they have marred and defaced. They have taken our history in charge and falsified it; our poetry, and belittled it; our philosophy, and polluted it. As for art, they have denied it to us altogether, not seeming to need it for themselves. They have laid a grimy, churlish grasp upon each one of our institutions, and everywhere the contact has wrought lewdness and

corruption, depravity and canker. In the inconceivable arrogance of their vanity they have claimed our whole people to be the progeny of their Pilgrim Fathers, and asserted that—

‘ When the warm bard his country’s worth would tell,  
To Massachusetts’ length his line must swell.’<sup>1</sup>

As Dr. Bethune once complained, ‘ they look upon the whole continent as their rightful heritage, their Canaan, and upon the rest of us as Hittites, Jesubites, or people of a like termination, whom they are commissioned to root out, acquiring our money, squatting on our lands, monopolizing our votes, and marrying our heiresses.’ That eminent professor of puerile platitudes, Edward Everett, was once commissioned to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His selected theme was *American Poets*, and his argument a lament for the prosaic character of our local names, which obstinately refused to be wedded to immortal verse. However, the orator ventured to predict for our muse a final victory over the harsh and uncouth syllables, and thus he apportioned the poetic significances of our noteworthy spots :

‘ O yes ! in future days, our Western lyres,  
Turned to new themes, shall glow with purer fires ;  
Clothed with the charms to grace their later rhyme,  
Of every former age and foreign clime.  
*Then Homer’s arms shall ring in Bunker’s shock,*  
*And Virgil’s wanderer land on Plymouth Rock.*  
Then Dante’s Knights<sup>2</sup> before Quebec shall fall,  
And Charles’ trump on train-band chieftains call.  
*Our mobs shall wear the wreaths of Tasso’s Moors,*  
*And Barbary’s coast shall yield to Baltimore’s.’*

Whither, then, is our language drifting ? What, then, has the future in store for our Americanized forms of the hearty old English speech ? Will our language finally put down anchor near about where it now is, and, riding safely, refit and recuperate, accumulating store of new forces, cementing and coördinating present affinities, and out of their completed strength and vigor developing powerful impulses in the direction of poetic expression, sublime conception and symphonic

<sup>1</sup> Edward Everett. P. B. K. Address.

<sup>2</sup> *Quære*.—Which were Dante’s Knights ?

wealth of rhythmical harmony, such as will be quite equal to utter the inspirations of this grand continent, its majestic forms and its energetic, restless peoples? Or will that speech keep on drifting until, helm unshipped, compass gone, reckoning lost, it shall stray away into some unknown sea of words, to be beached by incessant storms of innovation upon the rocks of solecism and barbarism—until not a rib be left of the sturdy English oak that was once its frame-work; or to be finally moored, mastless and masterless, at some Lethe-wharf where it may silently rot down in undisturbed and unregretted oblivion? These are questions which may not be answered while so many new forces are still at work within us, while our prairies are still unplowed, our gold veins not dug out, our mighty swamps undrained and undeveloped. So far our reserve forces have not been put to any real and authentic trial of stress, nor have our recuperative energies been called upon for any unusual exertion. But the danger-signal is up, and the danger stands plain and palpable before us, laying unmistakable hands upon the integrity of our speech, and tightening a clutch which is known to be terribly fatal. Neologism and conceit are foes terrible as Death in such cases, and it is known that Death can say, without boasting in vain,

‘Ce que j’ai fait dans l’Affrique,  
Je le fais bien dans l’Amerique.’<sup>1</sup>

We have not yet tried our anchors, nor have we tested the strength of our cables, nor our capacity for resisting the oncoming storm. We only know as yet that the storm has broken, and is howling with dismal, foreboding violence, and that we are drifting, with a mercenary crew at the ropes and very incompetent pilots for steersmen. Undeniably we are a great people, and we possess a great country, magnificent in its features, magnificently rich, and magnificently utilized; but undeniably there is no security for us in the future in our consciousness of these possessions, however much it may contribute to elate us in the present. For, as Professor Felton once pointedly observed, glancing at the civilization of Greece

<sup>1</sup> Jacques Jacques. “Dance of Death.” (1658.)



and England, "vast extent is something, but not everything." The little finger of Paraguay severely wrenched the mighty Pampas loins of Brazil and the Banda Orientale. It is sway over the minds of men that constitutes actual greatness, and only mind can act upon mind. We have unquestionably exercised a large degree of that sort of imperial control during our brief national existence; but it is not so certain whether we have done so because of our own imperial qualities, or because our circumstances were peculiar and exceptional, and brought into collision with peculiar and exceptional conditions of things elsewhere.<sup>1</sup>

The fact is, speculation in regard to America's future cannot yet awhile be scientifically pursued, for there is no experience through whose arch to look forth. Ours is a national existence without precedents. If not *the* land of the future, ours is certainly *a* land of the future: for it has no past, nor any history of its own. Our life has not begun yet, or has barely begun. What has hitherto been done here, outside of the mere physical battle with elementary rudeness, has been but a borrowed reflection caught from Europe. As Hegel said:<sup>2</sup> 'What has taken place in the New World up to the present time is only an echo of the Old World—the expression of a foreign life.'

We are getting out of "the historical lumber-room," however, and we shall soon have a culture and a literature of our own. Mr. Brett Harte convinces us of that, and (to our shame be it spoken!) Mr. Walt Whitman also, even if we were slow of conviction. This is only right and proper. The new ought to come out of us, who are ourselves new. But, let us remember, that 'other foundation can no man lay but that which is laid already,' and let us trust that the new which we are destined to produce shall be evolved, not explosively and destructively, but organically and normally, out of the old, and that the elements of our speech may preserve that

E. G. The French Revolution, &c.

2 Philosophy of History.

relation to the mother tongue which the poet-artist so lovingly predicted :

‘ While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation’s soul,  
Still cling around our hearts—  
Between let Ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun ;  
*Yet still from either beach*  
*The voice of blood shall reach,*  
*More sensible than speech,*  
*We are One !’*

Our prejudices, our judgment, our common sense are repugnant to an Aristocracy, to a National Church, and to those influences which tend to foster a learned class, devoting life-long energies to study and research. For this reason, if for no other, because it is and must continue to be so rare, and therefore so precious among us, should we accord singular honor and respectful observance to culture wheresoever it makes its sporadic and phenomenal appearance in our midst. We have no occasion to be mistrustful of learning, for it will never grow so rank by our wayside as to clog the wheels of our career, and we should not despise, but foster and cherish it, because we, more than any other people, need some one to lift a warning finger against the *insolens verbum* that is so continually rising pat to our lips.

It is expedient, also, that we should encourage a higher kind of pride in ourselves than that mere sensual gloating which is puffed up with the vapid exultation of physical conquests and material prosperity. We need something more closely resembling that ‘ animating soul ’ of patriotism, which is glad for the crown of good gifts simply and sincerely because they *are* good—a pride such as the Italians have in Dante and Tasso, in Raphael and Buonarotti; a pride like that of the English in Shakspeare, of the French in Montaigne and Molière. Such a feeling must be the condition *sine qua non* precedent to our having men worthy to be its subjects. Cimabue would not have painted his great Madonna had the Florentines not been ready to make a feast day for its reception.

1 Washington Allston.

We shall have to weed and water a great deal before our garden will yield premium boquets, for our literature as yet has not gotten even so far as our history—has not yet properly begun to speak articulately as a national product and an organized original existence. As Mr. Emerson said (and instanced) in his recent address before the New England Society, “I confess I do not find in Boston,<sup>1</sup> with all the education of our people, a fair share of originality of thought. Not any remarkable book of wisdom; not any broad generalization; no national anthem have they yet contributed.” So far, indeed, we have invented only our newspapers; excellent enterprises, certainly, and unsurpassed vehicles of news and quackeries; but the newspaper press is not everything. It is a great power, beyond doubt; somewhat of a Juggernaut in its trampling, unconcerned march over privacies and sacred things; but, after all, as has been well observed,<sup>2</sup> it represents no more than what is transient and ephemeral. Quite another order of effort is demanded to enforce the worthy and artistic treatment of the permanent and imperishable.

We may achieve great things. We may fail utterly. Meantime there are two things which we can do, preparatory to the future: one is, to reform our systems of education, in favor of greater depth, accuracy and thoroughness of culture. It is not needed to teach everybody everything, but simply to instruct them well as far as our teaching goes; to eschew smattering and short-cuts; to be systematic and exact and exhaustive, even when we carry our instructions no further than the rule of three. The other thing we can do is, to see that the American intellect is protected, by the immediate adoption of an international copyright system, from being smothered to death. Our continued rejection of such a system, in favor of the mercenary greed of piratical publishers, while it has disgraced us in the eyes of honest dealing people all over the civilized world, has had the effect to keep the yoke of England about our necks, until they are galled and unutterably sore with the humiliating bruises of abject serfdom.

<sup>1</sup> He means the whole United States, of which he is speaking, and of which, in every New Englander's *façon de parler*, Boston is the symbol.

<sup>2</sup> Horace Binney Wallace.

ART. III.—1. *The Subject Matter of a Course of Six Lectures on the Non-Metallic Elements.* By Prof. Faraday. Delivered before the Members of the Royal Institution in the Spring and Summer of 1852. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longman.

2. *Chemistry as Exemplifying the Wisdom and Beneficence of God.* By George Fownes, Ph. D., Chemical Lecturer in the Middlesex-Hospital Medical School. New York: Finley & Putnam. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.

The recent progress of chemistry and the allied sciences has opened up for us, in the physical constitution of our planet, scenes of indescribable magnificence and beauty. Everything, indeed, connected with the earth, and with the history of our knowledge respecting it, is wonderful. It was, for instance, only after six thousand years of speculations, and conjectures, and dreams, respecting the foundations of the earth, that mankind discovered that it has no foundation at all, but that it is, on the contrary, suspended, like a chandelier, from the sun, by means of the invisible threads of a mysterious and incomprehensible force, which is called the attraction of gravitation. But of the nature of this force we know absolutely nothing. We only know that it is universal, moving all the mighty suns and systems over our heads, as well as all the minute particles of matter at our feet; and that everywhere, in all worlds and in all systems, it is governed by one and the same mathematical law.

Again, how inexpressibly wonderful the fact that in revolving on its axis every point of the vast circumference of the earth's equator moves at the inconceivable rate of more than a thousand miles per hour. Still more wonderful is the fact that the whole earth, with all its mountains and plains, with all its continents and seas, with all its cities and nations, rolls along its immense orbit at the rate of more than a thousand miles a minute. But even these facts, so far beyond the feeble

grasp of the human mind, are among the most insignificant phenomena of the same kind which reveal the infinite majesty and grandeur and glory of God.

But if astronomy reveals the omnipotence of God, chemistry suggests the most sublime of all the sentiments connected with the high destiny of man—namely, the sentiment of immortality; for the idea of destruction is totally irreconcilable with the genius of chemical science, which teaches that amid all the metamorphoses of matter, amid all the Protean shapes it may be made to assume, no one particle of its substance is ever destroyed or annihilated. But if we are not permitted to believe that a single particle of matter is ever destroyed, how can we suppose that spirit, the offspring of the indestructible essence of God himself, is ever reduced to nothingness, or suffered to decay and perish. There is, in fact, a grandeur and a sublimity in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul which deeply impresses the mind and imagination of man, unless these have been darkened, not to say deadened, by the evil influences of a fallen world. Pythagoras, the most profound of all the ancient philosophers, no sooner heard the soul's immortality announced than he turned his attention from all the trivial pursuits of time, and devoted the remainder of his life to the study of philosophy. Such is, indeed, the intuitive sense of the undepraved soul that it leaps for joy, and believes at once, at the bare suggestion of its own immortality. How transporting the thought, and how it thrills all the loftiest sentiments of the soul, that we have before us an eternity in which to study the wonderful works of God! This sublime thought is, indeed, the root of all hopeful, and of all healthful, study of the innumerable works of a boundless creation.

Take away this thought, and how sad, how dark, and how spiritless our destiny! To look around us for a moment on this magnificent panorama of the visible universe, and then, after having picked up only a few poor scraps of knowledge, or gain only a few poor glimpses of its infinite glory, to drop back into his original nothingness, and be no more forever, is surely not the destiny of man. And if it were, then how

vain, how futile, how ephemeral, and how worse than a troubled dream is our existence here !

Are we not immortal? If not, then the only sensible conclusion is, let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die! 'Don't you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' said Napoleon Bonaparte to Bertrand. 'No!' replied Bertrand. 'Then I did wrong to make you a general,' said Bonaparte. Don't you believe that you are immortal? If not, then how can you ever become a student of nature? For if our time is but a moment, and our space but a point, then are all our studies but vanity and vexation of spirit. Hence as it is the object of this article not so much to impart information as to inspire a rational love for study, so it seemed necessary, in the first place, to glance at the unutterable grandeur of the soul's destiny, and the godlike glory of its immortal powers; for it is on this condition, and on this condition alone, that there is any real dignity or rational value in the pursuit of knowledge.

Let us, then, endeavor to spell out a few of the lessons which are set before us in this little primer of the earth. Let us begin our education for eternity, always remembering that if we learn only one lesson aright it will be, in a far higher sense than was the history of Thucydides itself, 'a possession forever.'

The elements of nature are the letters, or the alphabet, of the little primer before us. How many letters are there, then, in this alphabet of nature, and what are they? Even this first question has, as yet, been but partially answered. For many thousand years it was supposed, as every one knows, that there were only four elements—earth, air, fire and water.

'Water,' says a great chemical philosopher, 'was considered to be *an* element by the ancients, an opinion which has been deemed ridiculous by some; but for me I confess my inability to see how the ancients, with the amount of evidence at their disposal, could have arrived at any other conclusion.' Now, who, we ask, ever ridiculed the ancients for believing

water to be *an* element? With all due respect to our great chemical philosopher, we fearlessly answer, No one.

What is an element? Every substance, says our chemical philosopher himself, is necessarily regarded as *an* element until it is resolved or decomposed into constituents. 'By the term element,' says he, 'chemists understand any and every kind of matter which, up to the present time, has never been decomposed into constituents.' Hence, according to his own definition, water was necessarily regarded as *an* element, until it was decomposed into its constituents, *oxygen and hydrogen*. Until this was done all the moderns, as well as the ancients, necessarily considered water to be *an* element. But a century has not elapsed since this was done. Hence the moderns, no less than the ancients, considered water to be *an* element till within the century last past. Who, then, previous to this period, ridiculed the ancients for an opinion which, at the same time, was entertained by the moderns as well as by themselves? We answer again, No one. Our chemical philosopher has, we suspect, committed a slight mistake.

Perhaps he intended to say that the ancients considered water not merely as *an* element, but as the only element, as the one universal substance, of which all other forms of matter are merely so many different modifications. His language seems to imply that such was his intention, for it presents stronger proofs than Thales himself ever possessed that water is the one universal and only substance. The language in which he shows this is so striking and beautiful that we shall offer no apology for quoting it in full.

'Let us ponder for an instant,' says he, 'the leading qualities, the principal points of water. Let us consider how widely it is distributed through our nature, how numerous its functions, how tremendous its operations, and yet how mild, how bland, how seemingly powerless this wonderful liquid is. Let us view it in relation to the structure of living beings, and reflect how intimately it seems connected with vitality. Not only does it bathe the most delicate tissues and organs with impunity, but it enters largely into the composition of all organized forms. No structure of corporeal vitality is with-



out it as an essential element. Water constitutes at least nine-tenths, by weight, of our bodies, entering into the very bones; yet this is but a trifling fraction of the amount of water entering into the structure of certain lower animals. Look at those delicate sea beings, the medusæ, and reflect on the vast amount of water which their structures contain! Pellucid almost as the ocean in which they dwell, these creatures float about in the full vigor of life; yet one may safely say that the medusæ consist of no less than nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of water! Water to this great amount pervades their whole economy. Without much violence to language we may call them living forms of water! Yet view these same medusæ taken from the ocean and scattered on the beach, exposed to the influence of sun and air, their aqueous portions gone, what are the medusæ then? Shadows, almost; a substance barely; the merest shreds and filaments of membrane!

Then, after this description of the wonderful prevalence of water, he ceases to wonder that it was regarded by the ancients as '*an* element;' meaning, as it seems to us, the *only* element. For how could the ancients, any more than the moderns, refuse to regard water as an element before it was discovered to be a compound substance?

But, after all, water was regarded as the *only* element, or substance, by some of the ancients only. This, as every one knows, was the doctrine of Thales, the founder and the father of the Ionian school of philosophy. It was, however, quite possible for the ancients to arrive at a different conclusion. And Anaximines did, in opposition to Thales, come to the conclusion that air, and not water, is the one substance of which all things are composed. And some modern chemists are as little surprised at this conclusion of Anaximines as Mr. Faraday was at the opposite conclusion of Thales, and that, too, with just as good reason. For the chemical science of the present day teaches that air enters as largely into the composition of the whole vegetable kingdom as water does into that of the animal kingdom.

It is a very common opinion, at least with those who have not studied chemistry, that plants derive their nourishment

and substance from the earth. But this is a vulgar error. Innumerable experiments have shown that plants derive their food and growth, not from the earth, but from the air; and that their nourishment is taken in, not through their roots from below, but through their leaves from above. A very small portion of their substance, it is true, is derived from the moisture and other particles of matter about their roots; but the great bulk of it comes from the atmosphere in which they live, and on which they feed and thrive. Hence Dumas, the French chemist, has said, 'that plants are condensed air; that they come from the air, and to the air they return.' The same view is eloquently expressed by the great German chemist, Liebig; and that, too, with as little violence to language as the declaration of Faraday, that 'the medusæ are living forms of water.' If neither water nor air, then, constitutes the whole of nature, the one, for the most part, constitutes the animal kingdom of our globe, and the other the vegetable kingdom. If the innumerable forms of the one may, with little violence to language, be called 'living forms of water,' those of the other may, with as little impropriety, be called 'living forms of air.'

But are the opinions of Faraday, and Dumas, and Leibig, correct? *We do not know.* We have no right to an opinion on such a subject, and in the presence of such authorities. But we do hope that they are not correct; especially as we have never seen them proved. What! nine-tenths, by weight, of every human being water, pure water, and nothing but water! We are willing to believe that we are all weak; but O, only to think that *we are so very watery!* That we are all such drop-sical-drowned rats! half-brothers and sisters to the medusæ! Why, if this opinion be true, then we are not even 'milk and water;' we are only water and milk—nine tenths water and only one-tenth milk—a dilution utterly unfit for the market. Now, whether this be true or not, we do not know; but we do hope it has never been proved.

In passing, however, we will venture to throw out one hint or suggestion. One of the most familiar substances of daily use, sugar, is a compound of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, in

which the two first-named elements—oxygen and hydrogen—exist in such proportions, that if they were united they would form water. Hence, some chemists have said that sugar consists of water and carbon. But this opinion is not supported by the evidence. The truth is, that sugar consists, not of water and carbon, but of the three elements—oxygen, hydrogen and carbon—a very different compound from the watery carbon of the chemists in question. If, indeed, the oxygen and hydrogen should unite so as to form water itself, ready-made, then the sugar would be decidedly dropsical. In like manner, if the oxygen and hydrogen of the human body should unite so as to form water itself, would it not, also, become dropsical, or run to waste in the form of water. We merely drop the suggestion or query and pass on.

One thing, at least, we may say with perfect safety: whether water or air constitutes the vegetable kingdom, or otherwise, it is certain that the *elements* of water and air constitute those great departments of nature. This great fact, at least, underlies the opinions of Thales, and Anaximines, and Faraday, and Leibig. Or, in other words, the four substances of which water and air are mainly composed—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen—are the great constituent elements of all organic nature. Hence, if all animals and all vegetables are not, for the most part, living forms of water and air, they are, at least, the elements of water and air reorganized and transformed into the endless variety of species, which make up and constitute the boundless realm and the transcendent beauty of animated nature. How true, then, is the saying of Leibig, that the discoveries of modern science are more wonderful than the wildest dreams of the alchemists! How true is it that the facts of nature are stranger and more wonderful than the dreams of fiction!

In the composition of water and air we have the four great elements: oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. How many other elements there are we are not prepared to say. In his *Actonian Prize Essay*, which was published in 1844, Mr. Fownes says that there were fifty-five known elements. In 1853, only nine years later, Mr. Faraday, in his beautiful lec-

tures on 'the elements,' says that no less than sixty-three had been discovered. How many more have since been discovered it is not at all necessary to our present purpose to inquire, since this relates almost exclusively to the four elements already named.

The reason of this solution is obvious. For, as Mr. Fownes has well said, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen are distinguished above all other bodies by the innumerable compounds they are capable of forming by union among themselves. Modern organic chemistry, vast as it already is, consists of little more than the study of these four elements and their combinations.

'It cannot fail,' says Mr. Fownes, 'to strike the attention of the most superficial observer, to discover that substances possessing properties of the most opposite kinds should be made up of the very same materials; that the sweet crystalline principle of the sugar-cane, the fixed and permanent acid of the grape, the bitter febrifuge of the willow-bark, the highly volatile acid of vinegar, and many other well-contrasted substances, should be composed of the same three elementary bodies—oxygen, hydrogen and carbon—merely differing slightly in the proportions in which they are associated.' . . . 'The bread we subsist upon,' he continues, 'owes its nutritious power to a combination of the very same elements which, under other circumstances, give origin to the poisonous juice of the poppy, or the still more deadly principle of the *nux vomica*. The slightest difference in the relative proportions of the constituents of such compounds may give rise to the utmost conceivable discrepancies in their chemical relations.' How numerous, then, the functions and how wonderful the combinations of the three elements in question! By a slight change in the proportions in which they are united are they made to yield sweet or bitter, permanent or volatile acids, food or poison, life or death, as well as many other wonderful and apparently contradictory results!

Nor is this all. It is a kind of maxim in chemistry, that the same chemical compounds must always contain the same elements united in the same proportions. But the converse of

this proposition is not true. On the contrary, we may have not merely two, but a whole series of compounds, differing as much from each other in all respects, chemically and physically, as the imagination can conceive, and yet one and all be made up of *the same elements, joined together in the same proportions*. The very same elements, united in the very same proportions, by the marvelous alchemy of nature, give rise to innumerable compounds differing from each other, both chemically and physically, as widely as it is possible for the imagination of man to conceive! How wonderful, then, are thy ways, O Lord! and how infinite the resources of thy wisdom! Nay, the very same particles of one and the very same element, merely by a change in the manner of their combination, may be made to yield either a bit of black charcoal or a blazing diamond!

Now, the first and the most important of these wonder-working elements is oxygen. This element is omnipresent, existing in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, and in the solid fabric of the earth on which we tread. Between one-half and two-thirds of the whole material of the terrestrial universe, organic and inorganic, consists of this one non-metallic element—oxygen. In the solid earth, in the fluid waters that cover more than two-thirds of the earth's surface, and in the air that envelops all terrestrial things in its bosom, oxygen is the one great and all-pervading element. Of all the elements of nature, oxygen is the one which has been most lavishly supplied by the beneficence of the Creator; and of all the elements of nature oxygen is precisely the one of which such an enormous supply was demanded by the necessities of earth and its inhabitants.

‘For the respiration of human beings,’ says Mr. Faraday, ‘it has been calculated that no less than one thousand millions of pounds of oxygen are daily required, and double that quantity for the respiration of animals, while the processes of combustion and fermentation have been calculated to require one thousand millions of pounds more. But at least double of the whole preceding amount, or 4,000,000,000 of pounds, has been calculated to be necessary to carry on the never-ceasing

functions 'of decay.' But who can conceive the significance of such figures? 8,000,000,000 pounds of oxygen! Even when reduced to tons the numbers are sufficient to overwhelm the imagination, for the necessities of our globe require daily no less than 7,142,847 tons of oxygen.

How wonderful the demand! and how wonderful the supply! 'God,' says the son of Sirach, 'has made all things double, one over against the other, and has left nothing imperfect'! If the supply of oxygen had not been equal to the demand, or not sufficient for the necessities of the world, then no glad eye had ever gazed on the glories of creation, and no glad heart had ever worshiped in this lower temple of the universe. If any one of the sixty-three known elements had been substituted for oxygen, or oxygen for any one of the sixty-three known elements, the whole economy of nature would have proved a failure, and man himself a miserable abortion.

Oxygen exists sometimes in a passive and sometimes in an active state. 'While locked up in the solid body from which we have extracted it,' says Mr. Faraday, 'how different must have been its qualities from those it now possesses; how altered its form! Then it was a solid—here we have it as a gas; and so persistently does it maintain its gaseous state that no amount of pressure hitherto applied has been sufficient to change it into a liquid form, that half-way resting place toward the solid state. In some cases gaseous bodies have been condensed into the liquid form by pressure, and one gas (carbonic acid) has been condensed by pressure and low temperature acting conjointly into a solid; but every attempt of this kind has hitherto failed to reduce oxygen gas to a liquid state.' Thus, the respiration of men and animals requires oxygen to exist as a gas; and, in spite of all the powers of human art, it persistently maintains its gaseous state.

Oxygen is a colorless, invisible gas, 'alike devoid of taste and smell. It seems devoid of all positive properties, of all active powers. It seems altogether passive; and yet, in reality, no substance possesses a wider range of affinities, manifests more numerous or a wider range of powers, or appears under a greater number of forms and marked aspects.

In the air, says Mr. Faraday, oxygen exists as a gas; in water as a liquid, and as a solid in silica or flint, in lime, in alumina, and, in short, in most of the great rock formations of the globe. 'Thus,' he continues, 'have we seen this non-metallic element capable of assuming, whether under the gaseous, the liquid or the solid condition, a state of the most complete inactivity; retaining all its forces, however, under a masked aspect, and ready to exert them with violence' when required by the great necessities of nature.

But if perfect inactivity is one extreme of the scale of properties possessed by oxygen, intense violence is the other extreme of the same scale. In some of the more brilliant phenomena of combustion we see how violent, and even furious, are the affinities of oxygen. Nothing can burn and no living creature can breathe without oxygen gas. Breathing and burning are essentially one and the same process, being, in both cases, a chemical combining of the oxygen gas with the particles of matter on which it acts. Thus, in the eye of science, the act of breathing is a slow process of combustion, by which the blood of the lungs unites with the oxygen of the inhaled air, and is converted by such oxydation from the dark, claret-colored blood flowing in from the veins into the bright red blood flowing out into the arteries. In every breath we draw the blood of life is burned and vitalized, or, in other words, oxydized and sent forth to every part of the body on its never-ceasing errand of mercy. How necessary, then, is the oxygen of the atmosphere to life, and how tranquilly it performs this all-important function!

Every one knows that in the course of a few years all the old particles of matter in our bodies are exchanged for new ones. Now, this never ceasing process of decay and restoration, so necessary to human life, is effected by the agency of oxygen. 'The oxydation, the burning of the body,' says Mr. Fownes, 'in other words, the change of matter indispensable to every vital movement; the combustion of carbon, in short, in the blood takes place, not in the lungs, but in the capillary vessels of the whole body. Here is the fire-chamber where the fuel is consumed which is destined to set in motion the



whole machine of life. The term *furnace* is used advisedly. It is with premeditation and choice of terms that the capillary system is compared to a fire-place.' (p. 105.) Again he says, 'The internal capillary combustion is the source of animal heat.' Let us all remark, then, that we are fire-places, and learn to distinguish, in our diet, the difference between fuel and food—a profoundly interesting and important point in the philosophy of food.

'The decay of organic tissues, the bodies of plants and animals,' says Mr. Fownes, 'is a process which has for its object not only the removal of useless matter, but its conversion into a form once more capable of supporting life. . . . The great agent in all these actions is the free oxygen of the air.' How indispensable, then, is the action of oxygen to the economy of the world, and especially to the functions of animals! Nor is this all; for the constant, never-ceasing activity of free oxygen is not only the mainspring, the motive power of life, but it is the cleanser, the purifier, of earth and air and sea from the defilements constantly poured forth from the countless sources of poisonous contaminations around us.' It is, in one word, to the world of matter what the Spirit of God is to the world of mind—the great purifier of earth and air and sea.

'Picture to yourselves,' says Mr. Faraday, 'how dark and desolate would be the condition of our planet if oxygen should cease to exist.' More than a thousand times have we done this very thing. If God, leaving all the elements exactly as they are, should withdraw oxygen alone from the grand scheme of nature, it is easily seen what would follow. All the fires of heaven and earth would instantly go out; the process of respiration would everywhere cease; all living things would gasp for breath and die, and the black pall of death would cover the carcass of an extinct world.

We shall now, with the eloquent words of Mr. Faraday, dismiss the subject of oxygen: 'The majestic phenomena of combustion,' says he, 'bespeak our observation and rivet our attention, because of their imposing grandeur; yet these are but spasmodic efforts in the grand economy of the material world—occurrences of now and then. The slower but contin-

uous progress of the elements to their appropriate resting place—the silent, tranquil, ever-progressing metamorphic changes involved in the phenomena of decomposition and decay—these we count for nothing, and pass unheeded by. Yet with all their majesty, with all their brilliancy, with all their development of tremendous energy, what are the phenomena of combustion in the grand scheme of the universe when compared with these? When the loud crash of thunder, or the lightning's flash, awakens us from our thoughtless abstractions or our reveries, our feelings become impressed with the grandeur of Omnipotence, and the might of the elements He wields; yet the whole fury of thunder storms, what is it in comparison with those electric energies which silently and continually exert themselves in every chemical change? Those of us who merely look to the brilliant phenomena of nature appreciate but little the grandeur of her forces. Those of us who limit our appreciation of the powers of oxygen to the energies displayed by this element in its fully active state, form but a very inadequate idea of the aggregate results accomplished by it in the economy of the world.'

Now here, in the character of this great man, we see the very best effect of the study of philosophy, which is to remove the blinding veil of custom from the mind, and lay it open afresh to the devout contemplation of the unutterable wonders of the creation. He was not one of those who, like thoughtless children, are more excited by the brilliant phenomena of nature than by the grandeur and sublimity of her silent forces; nor one of those who, like children with undeveloped minds, are more taken with the brilliant exhibitions of the lecture room (in which no man was ever a greater magician than himself) than with the thoughts of God which, with such indescribable magnificence and beauty, are blazing on all sides around us, from the very centre to the circumference of the material universe.

Hydrogen is the least heavy of all ponderable bodies, being sixteen times lighter than oxygen gas. We must not suppose, however, that because hydrogen is so ethereal and light it is therefore powerless or weak. Mr. Faraday, it is true, repeat-

edly expresses his surprise that so ethereal a substance should possess so great a power. But is not this in keeping, in perfect harmony, with the whole analogy of nature? What, for example, is more ethereal than electricity? And yet with what amazing power is it endowed; rending the giant oak as easily as the fragile flower! The huge mountain of granite, on the other hand, is, in spite of all its massive heaviness, utterly destitute of power. The fact is, that as we ascend from the region of the more ponderous bodies of nature into that of its more attenuated and ethereal elements, we rise from the domain of the brute, inert, passive forms of matter into that of its more active and powerful ones. And when we pass beyond the region of matter altogether, and get into the world of spirit, we there behold the Great Source or Fountain of all power in the one uncreated, invisible and eternal unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth. Why should it be thought strange, then, that a substance which is light, or ethereal and spirit-like, should possess greater power than the grosser forms of matter?

We shall again, in connection with carbon and nitrogen, have occasion to refer to some of the wonderful powers and properties of hydrogen. Hence, for the present, we shall dismiss it in the eloquent language of the great creative genius with whose glowing words we have more than once adorned our pages.

‘Here,’ says Mr. Faraday, ‘we have in this jar a mixture of two measures, by weight, of hydrogen with one of oxygen. See how calm, how tranquil, how quiescent the two gases are!—as transparent and colorless as the atmosphere itself. And there, for aught we know, the two gases would remain to the end of time, giving no indication of active power, unless some force be applied to compel them to unite. But now, putting the mixture into this bag, I will blow it into soap bubbles, so as to confine the two gases (thus to speak) in nothing. Still they give no indication of power. There is, however, in this motionless mixture of the two gases a power of the most extraordinary kind. To exemplify this I apply a lighted taper to the bubbles, and, observe, the result is a violent explosion.

But now look at the result of this explosion. It is water—nothing but water. To me,' says he, 'the whole range of natural phenomena does not present a more wonderful result than this. Well known now, and familiar though it be—standing on the very threshold of science—it is one over which I have pondered again and again with ever-increasing wonder and admiration. To think that these two elements, holding, in their admixed parts, the power of whole thunder storms, should calmly and quietly wait until some cause of union be applied, and then furiously rush together and form the bland, unirritating liquid—water—is to me a phenomenon which never fails to awake my feelings of wonder.' But if such were the feelings of admiration and wonder with which this great man contemplated the production of a few drops of water in his little workshop, what should be our feelings in view of the great rivers and lakes and seas and oceans which, in order to prepare the earth for the fit habitation and home of man, were produced in the great laboratory of nature long, long before he was created!

There are two kinds of wonder—the wonder of the undeveloped child, and the wonder of the profound philosopher. The one draws an occasional and transient pleasure from the brilliant and startling phenomena of nature, or the spectacular shows of the lecture-room; the other enjoys a perpetual and never-ceasing admiration and delight in the contemplation of the most familiar aspects of nature. The unquestionable facts and the inscrutable mysteries connected with the production of a single drop of water excited the wonder and admiration of a Faraday more than comets, or earthquakes, or thunderstorms. Indeed, the fury of ten thousand thunderstorms were, to his mind, merely the spasmodic convulsions of weakness, in comparison with the sublime, god-like energy of the universal process of restoration, always and everywhere silently treading in the footsteps of decomposition and decay, and preserving, in all its pristine perfection, the order, the harmony, the glory and the life of the Cosmos. A world in flames was, in his estimation, a spectacle not half so grand and imposing as that slow and silent, but omnipresent, process of combustion

by which the grand economy of our world is preserved, and the whole machinery of universal life is kept in constant, harmonious and healthful action. The silent, grand march of all the elements, the sublime movement and play of all the mighty forces of nature, each and every one, from the beginning to the end of the world, quietly doing its appointed work, is the spectacle which filled his capacious intellect with awe, and exalted his imagination to the seventh heaven of poetry. No poet, indeed, however 'rapt with the rage of his *own* ravished thought,' ever beheld visions or enjoyed spectacles like those of the philosopher who was thus rapt and ravished with the thoughts of God.

We have already seen that the supply of oxygen is equal to the demand, although no less than 8,000,000,000 pounds are consumed daily. Almost equally wonderful is the daily demand and supply of carbon. Now, whence this supply? The answer is easy.

Measured on the periods of Geology, in which the earth was preparing for the advent of man, the rise and fall of great mountain ranges, like the Alps and Appenines, were phenomena as evanescent as are the colors of the rainbow to us. It was during those awful periods that the great coal strata of our planet were formed, that vegetable kingdom after kingdom was produced and reduced to those immense beds of carbon which now lie entombed in the bosom of the earth. Inexhaustible sources of dynamic power, these beds still keep all the machinery of the world at work, as well as in many other ways conduce to the unspeakable convenience and comfort of man. How forlorn, indeed, would be this earthly habitation of ours without the means of illumination and combustion, so abundantly supplied by the carbon around us and beneath us!

The supply is not only abundant, but it is also to be found precisely where it is most needed. Wherever we find, for example, large beds of iron ore, there we also and always find, side by side with this most useful of all the metals, both the clay to build our furnaces and the carbon to smelt and reduce the ore. What, indeed, could be more striking than the aspect of an English coal-bed, in which an excellent iron-ore

lies interstratified with the fuel necessary to reduce it, with the lime-stone to be used as a flux, and even with the grit and fire-clay to build the furnace for its reduction! All are found in one and the same series, and within a few yards of each other! If the ore and the fuel were not thus curiously related, we should be deprived, by the vastly increased price of the manufactured article, of the power we now enjoy of applying this noblest of all the metals to the innumerable purposes of daily life.

Now, this arrangement of Nature is not peculiar to the coal-fields of England. In the mountains of Norway and Sweden, as well as in various other portions of the globe, we find inexhaustible beds of magnetic iron-ore. The only fuel at all fit for the manufacture of this excellent ore is wood-charcoal; and, accordingly, the forests of pines which the provident hand of Nature had planted in those otherwise barren and desolate regions now exist, already prepared for use, in the form of immense beds of wood-charcoal. This provision of Nature is far too uniform and invariable to be ascribed to chance, or to any other source but to that beneficent Providence which, in ten thousand other ways, has provided for the convenience and comfort of the human race in the preparation of its earthly abode.

But among the manifold uses of carbon there is one which comes still more directly home to our business and bosoms. Black stoves and furnaces are the fashion of the present day. But the grand old fire-place of our infancy is still dear to memory. Who has not enjoyed, and who can forget, the good, warm and blazing wood-fire of his childhood? But then we little reflected on the chemical composition of the blazing log, on the carbon and the hydrogen to which it owed its beneficent properties, for there was no chemistry in those days. But even now, when the lights of chemistry shine so cheerfully on all sides around us, who reflects on the phenomena of his blazing log? Does one man in a thousand, while enjoying the warmth of his fire, reflect on the circumstances to which his pleasure is due? Does he pause to consider that the characteristic components of his blazing fire—the carbon and the hydrogen—are

the only elementary substances in existence fitted for the purpose to which they are applied? Let us at least reflect on the wonderful circumstances to which we owe so great a pleasure, in order that the fires which give warmth and light to our bodies may, at the same time, give a still nobler warmth and light to our memories and imaginations.

The first condition to be fulfilled by fuel is, that it should be a *solid*. In the case of all highly luminous flames the luminosity depends, as men of science tell us, on the use of an incandescent *solid*. Now, carbon is precisely such a substance. The very first point in the natural history of carbon is the circumstance of its invariable *solidity*; and this is the one circumstance which lies at the foundation of almost every application of the substance, and especially of its application to the great purpose of evolving heat and light. If, then, like oxygen or hydrogen or nitrogen, it had been supplied in the form of a gas, it would have failed to fulfill the all-important and beautiful function of at once heating and lighting our earthly habitation.

There are other combustible *solids* besides carbon. Now, why, it may be asked, might not some of these be used instead of carbon? The answer is easy; for such substances or solids, when burned in the atmosphere, are reduced to fixed and permanent oxides, which obstruct the process of combustion, and which would, in the end, extinguish the heat and light they are required to produce. In the words of Mr. Faraday: 'Suppose phosphorus instead of carbon to have been our common agent of heat and light; suppose, too, phosphoric acid to have been innoxious, so that it might have been taken into our lungs (like carbonic acid) by respiration; suppose it, in short, to have been endowed with no noxious quality, but to have retained a harmless, passive, solid existence—and what, then, would have been the consequence? Why, every source of common heat and illumination would soon grow dim, notwithstanding the powerful evolution of light; the solid result of combustion—the ashes, so to speak—would fall like a mantle on every earthly object; the light would either cease to emanate or it would not be seen; the economy of the world be



embarrassed and clogged for the want of agencies to remove the solid results of combustion out of the way, and all living things would die.' In like manner, the same disastrous consequences would follow in case other combustible solids, instead of phosphorus, were used for the same purpose. But how different is the result of the combustion of carbon! No fixed or solid oxide is formed. On the contrary, when carbon is burned the result of the combustion passes off in the form of an invisible gas, which neither clogs nor impedes the all-important process to which it owes its existence. The carbon, thus transformed into an invisible, harmless gas, returns to its original place in nature, by its combination with other elements, to repeat forever, or at least to the end of time, the circle of its beautiful functions.

'Had the result of the combustion of carbon,' says Mr. Faraday, 'been a gas only—a gas in any phase of its development—then we could have had but little illumination. Had the result of its combustion been a solid, a permanent solid, then the world would have been buried in its own ashes. It was necessary, then, in order that the scheme of illumination and combustion should be complete, that carbon should appear, while in the act of combustion, under two consecutive phases: first, as a *solid*, while evolving heat and light; and then, immediately, as a gas. Now, these are the very conditions manifested, or fulfilled, in the combustion of carbon; and in all nature there is not, so far as we know, another substance which would fulfill the same indispensable conditions of a perfect scheme for the heating and the lighting of this our earthly house and home.'

How wonderfully, then, and how beneficently have our wants and necessities been provided for! Carbon possesses every quality necessary to fit it for the use it serves. Not one property could be added or taken away without destroying the whole harmonious scheme of nature. Substitute any other combustible solid in the place of carbon, and then, instead of the glorious state of things which now exists around us, the world would soon be as completely buried beneath its own ashes as were the inhabitants of Pompeii beneath the ashes of

Vesuvius. But as it is, all is life and light and warmth and joy. Whose mind is not expanded, whose soul is not raised above itself by such revelations of science? The Almighty Creator of the world never uttered a more beneficent word than when he said, Let there be carbon; for that word, as interpreted by science, means, Let there be life and light and warmth and joy among the children of men. Let us not, then, like the dumb brutes, look downward, but, like men and angels, raise our minds and hearts to the Creator of all things.

It is among the wonders of chemistry that carbon and the diamond are identically one and the same substance or material. Some men do not believe this, partly because they are ignorant of the scientific proof, and partly because they cannot easily comprehend the mysteries of nature. But it is, nevertheless, perfectly true. The same God who has made of one blood all nations and all races of men, has also made of one substance or material all the black coal beds and all the blazing diamonds of earth. Although one in substance, how different in form, in properties and in application! With the one we feed our fires and keep them alive; with the other we decorate the brow of beauty and the diadem of royalty. The one serves, as is most fitting it should do, the ordinary purposes of life; the other adorns the pride, the pomp, the power and the glory of the world. It is easy to reduce diamond to coal, or coke, or ashes; it is impossible, by any power of man, to convert charcoal into diamonds. So true is it that man may mar or deface the glory of God's works; yet, when once marred or defaced, God alone can restore them to their pristine beauty and perfection. Neither the Parliament of Great Britain, with all its boasted omnipotence, nor the Congress of the United States, with all its wonderful wisdom, can convert a single bit of carbon into diamond, much less make the coal-beds of earth blaze like the stars of heaven. Though one in substance, yet how amazingly different in value. A single diamond has been estimated to be worth more than \$12,000,000, and yet a much larger piece of carbon or charcoal may be purchased for a penny.

We now pass on to nitrogen, the last, but by no means the least important, of our four elements. Nitrogen enters largely into both organic and inorganic nature. Like oxygen, it is a permanently elastic gas; and, like oxygen, it performs many important functions in the economy of the world. As a constituent of the atmosphere, especially, it is indispensable to the growth and perfection of both vegetables and animals.

Nitrogen constitutes four-fifths of our atmosphere. The other fifth is oxygen. There is only one compound of oxygen and hydrogen, which is water; but there are five chemical combinations or unions of oxygen and nitrogen besides the mechanical mixture which constitutes the air. This mechanical mixture, however, is the only union of oxygen and nitrogen which is fit for an atmosphere, and this mechanical mixture is precisely the one which has been given to our world as an atmosphere. 'Every five volumes of air,' says Mr. Faraday, 'contain four volumes of nitrogen, and the result is, so far as we know, the only mixture which can sustain the functions of vitality and the economy of the world.' So strong, indeed, is the tendency of all the other compounds of oxygen and nitrogen to acidity that they are unfit to breathe, or to support the indispensable process of respiration. Hence, if any other compound or mixture of the two gases had been given to us for an atmosphere, the effect would have been fatal.

The one which would have best answered such a purpose is that which contains the least oxygen, or nitrous oxide—the well-known laughing gas. This may be breathed with impunity; but if the process be continued too long, death would inevitably ensue. Hence, if our atmosphere had been nitrous-oxide, the world would not have lasted long, and while it did last it could do nothing but laugh. And, if called upon to pronounce its funeral oration, we could only laugh at its fate. There would be, indeed, absolutely no topic of consolation, except that such a paradise of fools did not deserve to live; and no expression could be given to this topic except by means of laughter. We may, then, congratulate ourselves that we enjoy the best of all possible unions or mixtures of oxygen and nitrogen, and not the next best union; otherwise the world

had been turned into a paradise of fools, as perishable as the insects of a summer day. How admirably, then, and how wonderfully is the atmosphere which God has given us adapted to our wants, to our necessities and to our pleasures! This subject alone is worthy of a poem; and yet we can only utter a few broken, prosaic syllables in praise of the infinite goodness of the Author of such a gift.

It is nitrogen, no less than oxygen, that enables our atmosphere to fulfill its grand mission of mercy to mankind. It is nitrogen, especially, which enables the air to feed the green plant, and build it up according to the archetypal idea or plan of the Divine Mind. We speak advisedly (and no matter whether the idea is borrowed from Plato or Ruskin), the tree is a beautiful thought of God. And this beautiful thought is realized in ten thousand times ten thousand living forms and varieties by the presence and power of nitrogen in the air. For, with all its branches and blossoms and beauty, and with all its golden fruits, too, the tree is little more than the elements of the air re-arranged and transformed into a living thing. The chemist knows that this is so; but he cannot imitate, he cannot even comprehend, the mysterious process by which the wonder is achieved. There is, indeed, in the wildest dream of the alchemist no fiction that may be compared with this familiar fact of nature.

One of the most important properties of nitrogen is what is called by chemists its 'non-combining quality.' Instead of combining readily with other elements it stands aloof until it be regularly introduced, and, by the application of no little chemical persuasion, induced to contract a union or alliance of friendship with the less aristocratic elements of nature. No less than six tons of air, we are told, pass through an average-sized iron blast-furnace every hour, during which transit the oxygen of the air is most active in forming combinations with other things; but the nitrogen, though subjected to the same conditions of heat and cold, emerges, as it entered, uncombined. While oxygen rushes into combination with the various substances along its path, nitrogen keeps aloof from all such hasty associations. But when it does enter into combi-

nation with other elements, its friendships are unusually strong and permanent.

Now, it is to this non-combining quality of nitrogen that the atmosphere owes one of its most remarkable features. Though the two gases—oxygen and nitrogen—have, ever since the foundation of the world, existed side by side, nay, within each other, their particles have never entered into a chemical union. Hence the atmosphere of the earth is a mixture only, and not a chemical combination, of the two gases; consequently, when the air is taken into the lungs its free oxygen easily enters into combination with the blood, converting it from its dark, claret-colored and morbid state, as it comes from the veins, into the bright red, vitalized and healthy condition, as it goes forth into the arteries. Now, this process, this life-giving process, would, it is evident, be more difficult, if not impossible, in case the particles of nitrogen had entered into one of its strong chemical combinations with the particles of the oxygen: If, instead of existing as they do, in a state of mechanical mixture merely, the two gases had been welded together by a chemical union, the process of respiration would, in all probability, have been impossible. But as it is, the free oxygen is easily disengaged from the nitrogen, and each element proceeds to discharge its own appropriate and peculiar function in the economy of animal life. The nitrogen, with its aristocratic tastes and tendencies, enters into the composition of ‘the brain and nerves,’ from which it may be extracted by proper treatment.

The specific gravity of nitrogen is likewise one of its most important properties. ‘So near is this,’ says Mr. Faraday, ‘to the specific gravity of the associated oxygen that the two gases mingle perfectly, and form one homogeneous whole for equal circumstances of temperature and pressure. Had there been a great difference of specific gravity, however, the two gases would have acted partially and incompletely, and hence such an atmosphere would have been unadapted to all the functions it has to discharge. Thus it is to the relative specific gravity of the two gases, as well as to their permanent elasticity, that we owe the all-important circumstance or condition that our

atmosphere is, and always has been, uniform and invariable in its composition. Otherwise it would have been unfit for the purpose of respiration.

It is this property, too, which gives to the air its great value, its wonderful adaptation as the medium of musical sounds. As the atmosphere is now constituted there is a permanence of sonorous pitch, so that any tone, once generated, remains the same as long as it exists. Its degree of loudness alters according to the distance of the listener, but its pitch never varies. This always remains the same, uniform and invariable, like the atmosphere whose voice it is. If the atmosphere, however, were composed of two gases, with widely different specific gravities, the result would be far otherwise. No permanency of pitch or tone could have been depended on; every original note would continually vary in its pitch as its vibrations passed along the ever-varying mixture of the two gases. Hence in such an atmosphere all that studied arrangement of notes which constitutes music would have been lost to us forever!

Who can estimate such a loss? The loss of music to the world! Homer, Shakspeare and Milton would have been shorn of half their glory, and the great creations of a Haydn, a Handel, a Mozart, a Beethoven and a Mendelssohn would have been a dead letter and an unknown tongue. Nay, the whole music of heaven and earth, from the first sublime burst of harmony, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, to the final anthem of the redeemed out of all nations and kindreds and tongues, would have been an arid waste of tuneless sounds, or an inharmonious jargon of jagged words. As it is, however, we have an atmosphere, not dull and crabbed, but musical as is Apollo's lute; so that, under the hand of genius, 'tis vocal with the concord of sweet sounds.' Nay, in a very agony of delight it sings and shouts its Maker's praise, in strains not unworthy of the theme.

Here again we have occasion to admire the deep saying of the son of Sirach, that 'God has made all things double, one over against another, and has left nothing imperfect.' As he

made the eye for beauty, so has he made beauty for the eye; as he made the ear for music, so has he made music for the ear. If he had so chosen, he might have made every sound a discord and every sight a deformity; but, instead of making her unseemly and discordant, he has 'made all nature beauty to the eye and music to the ear.'

There is no end to wonders in the study of vegetable and animal chemistry. Boundless and beautiful as this field is, however, we can only allude to one or two points in connection with the subject of nitrogen.

The vegetable creation prepares the food of men and animals, and is, therefore, the great mediator between them and life. From materials of the air the vegetable world takes in its own food, and turns it into food for animals. But much of what is called food is, in reality, *only fuel*. Composed of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, this kind of *food*, as it is called, serves the purpose of *fuel* in the fire-furnace of the body, and keeps up the animal heat so necessary to life. But, instead of repairing and renewing the body, it conduces to its decomposition and decay. Hence, if such were our only *food*, we should soon run to waste and die. But there is another kind of *food*, properly so-called, which gives nourishment and growth and vigor to our bodily frame. In this kind of food there is always nitrogen as well as oxygen, hydrogen and carbon. Without nitrogen our food, as it is called, is only fuel. Fat, gum, starch, sugar, mucilage, wine, beer, spirits, &c., are, for example, merely fuel and not food. That is to say, they give no nourishment, growth nor vigor to the system of animal life.

There are three great ingredients of food, properly so-called, namely, albumen, fibrine and casein. Now, all these contain oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and *nitrogen*. These three substances, which constitute, in the proper sense of the word, the food of animals, are formed out of the inorganic materials of the atmosphere by the wonderful alchemy of the vegetable kingdom and the sun. Nay, the albumen, the fibrine and the casein of the animal system are precisely the albumen, the fibrine and the casein of the vegetable world. Thus, our food



is not only prepared, it is more than half assimilated, for us by the action of the principle of vegetable life.

But this is not all. If our food contained only oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen, our bodies might be renewed, but not our bones. But what were our bodies without bones to support them? Mere masses of flesh or fat, utterly unable to hold themselves up! Surely, a body without a back-bone, or a head without a frame-work of bone, might just as well be a body without life or a head without brain. But nature has not left us in this deplorable condition. She has, on the contrary, mixed with our food a certain amount of phosphorus sufficient to secure the formation, the growth and the life of bones as well as of flesh and blood. Thus, with more than the chemist's skill, and with more than a mother's care, does Nature, in her great laboratory of the vegetable kingdom, prepare and assimilate our food for us, omitting nothing that is necessary to the preservation, the growth and the perfection of our animal existence! The word of Dumas is not adequate to express this wonderful fact. Vegetables are *not* 'condensed air.' They are the materials of air re-arranged and organized and transmuted into living substances, as food for the *living* forms of animated nature—into the very substances, indeed, which constitute the bodies of men and animals.

Each and every one of these substances—albumen, fibrine and casein—not only contain oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen, *but they contain them in exactly the same proportions*. Hence it is that, however different in themselves, these three substances are, in the animal system, easily transmuted into each other. Thus, the milk of the mother easily becomes the flesh of the offspring; and, in many other instances also, albumen, fibrine and casein are easily transmuted into each other, according to the exigencies of the animal system. Whenever and wherever the transmutation is needed, then and there it takes place, and the beautiful economy of animal life is preserved in its pristine perfection.

We must now take leave of our four elements. The subject is not exhausted. It is, indeed, inexhaustible. But our space is limited; and, besides, it has been our object in these pages

not so much to impart information as to inspire a rational and ardent zeal in the study of Nature. Hence we have endeavored to address, not the cold intellect merely, but the heart and soul of our readers.

There are, we are perfectly aware, men of intellect—and great intellect, too—who would ridicule all that we have written. But the longer we live the less respect we have for mere intellect, and the more for heart and soul and will. We do not forget the grand aphorism, that ‘There is nothing great on earth but man, and there is nothing great in man but mind.’ But, then, mind means something more than intellect—it means heart, soul, imagination, and, above all, the love of God and his truth.

We often see intellect without heart or soul, as in the case of Hobbs, Hume and other atheists. But it is always out of place, and never gets into harmony with the grand movements of the universe. On the contrary, it sneers, and doubts, and makes a mockery of God’s creation. It says, with David Hume, the spider, if it could only reason, would conclude that the universe was built by a great spider like itself. If so, then the spider, being rational, would conclude that all things have a rational cause and creator, and that is more than you can say for the atheist. But, in fact, if the spider had reason only, without heart or feeling, it would be an atheist; but give it heart—a soul for the true, the beautiful and the good—and then it *would believe*. In other words, then it would cease to be a spider or a skeptic; and, instead of weaving the fatal web for wandering flies, it would reason like a Newton or a Kepler. All great, god-like thoughts come from the heart.

We see this in Pythagoras. It made of him a prophet. Ere science had unrolled her ample page and shown mankind the wonders of the world, this sublime seer dimly saw them all. For there, in the darkness of the world, in the dim twilight of philosophy, two thousand years before Copernicus arose, he predicted that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of our system, around which all the planets roll. He predicted, also, that the fixed stars are suns and the centres of other mighty systems. Thus, inspired by a deep heart alone,

did Pythagoras see, dimly depicted on the heaven of his imagination, that sublime system of the universe which the combined genius and labors of a Copernicus, a Kepler and a Newton have demonstrated for us. No sophistry of the reasoning spider could blind such a man. His great, warm, glowing heart just burnt up and consumed all such cobwebs of the cold intellect. But yet, after all, as we now know, the reality infinitely transcended the sublime dream of Pythagoras.

We see the same thing in Copernicus. He knew, because in his great, deep heart he felt, that the universe of God is more glorious than the little, dark, distorted and self-contradictory scheme of man. Hence, as he tells us himself, he resolved to try anew and for himself the stupendous problem of the world. He felt the divine necessity of the task, as well as the grandeur of the attempt. 'Then I, too,' says he, 'began to meditate;' and for forty long years he did meditate. He placed the sun in the centre of the system, and gave each planet a motion around its own axis, as well as around that great luminary. Over this sublime scheme his mind continually brooded and reasoned and calculated. He rose above the illusion of the senses, and saw more clearly than eye had ever seen before that the motion of the heavens is *imaginary* only, while that of the earth is *real*. The arguments and views which had imposed on the mighty intellects of Plato and Aristotle and Hipparchus, and which had bound the whole world in strong delusion, disappeared before the steady blaze of his intense mind and long protracted vigil. Hence he could speak, not as one moved by vague and shadowy conceptions of the distant only, but as one inspired by the actual possession of a great truth. 'All which things,' says he, 'though they be difficult and almost incredible, and contrary to the opinion of the majority, yet in the sequel, by God's favor, *we will make clearer than the sun*, at least to those who are not ignorant of mathematics.' Thus did this great man, toiling like a giant in the unconquerable energy of a great, glowing heart, cast the deep foundations of that scheme of the universe, on which the magnificent superstructure has since been reared by those sublime architects of science—a Galileo,

a Kepler and a Newton. But, after all, he only laid the foundation or cornerstone.

Kepler was as great a worker as Copernicus, and his labors were as richly rewarded. But all his great thoughts were inspired, not by the cold intellect, but by his deep heart and *faith* in the greatness and glory of God's universe. By the discovery of his three magnificent laws Kepler earned the proud title of 'legislator of the skies.' But Kepler—the great, the good, the glorious, the child-like Kepler—rejoiced in the truth more than in earthly fame or titles. Hence, having completed his *Harmonies of the World*, he bursts into that strain of enthusiastic delight: 'Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury. I have stolen the golden vase of the Egyptians to build up for my God a tabernacle far away from the confines of Egypt. The die is cast; the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. I can afford to wait a century for a reader since God himself has waited six thousand years for an observer.' No reasoning, doubting, sneering spider ever had such rhapsodies as these. But even Kepler only had an outside or surface view of the universe. Its inner depths still remained to be sounded.

Coleridge, the poet, pronounces Newton 'the patient and calculating plodder,' and Kepler 'the grand constructive genius of astronomy.' If the poet had only possessed the mathematics to follow this 'patient plodder,' as he calls him, in his sublime walk among the stars, he would have been awestruck by the grandeur of his genius. In one law he embraced every atom of the universe, and showed that the least particle of matter under our feet exerts an influence which extends to all worlds and all systems. By this one law he explained the discoveries of Hipparchus, of Ptolemy, and of all who had gone before him. From this one law he deduced the entire system of Copernicus and all the laws of Kepler. In one word, he combined the laws and discoveries of all past ages with equally great laws and discoveries of his own, and wrought them all into one grand harmonious scheme, whose foundations are as deep as those of nature itself, and whose pinnacles sparkle among the stars. In the sublime words, The heavens declare

the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showeth His hand-work,' Newton, as the greatest geometer of all ages, revealed an infinitely deeper meaning than the Psalmist ever saw ; yet, as his great labors drew to a close, he indulged in no transports of joy like Thales, and he sacrificed no hecatomb of oxen like Pythagoras. He sends forth no wild *eureka* like Archimedes, no sublime burst of conscious power like Copernicus, and no strain of sacred joy like Kepler. On the contrary, this great high priest of nature, as he stands there in the inner sanctuary of the temple, trembles as the glory of the Lord passes before him, and he hides his face from the overpowering splendor of the vision.

Newton was no poet. He would, perhaps, have written as wretched verses as Bacon himself. He lacked the genius, we admit, whose eye is always 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' for his was fixed on the deep things of the universe. But no poet, though 'rapt with the rage of his own ravished thought,' ever beheld visions like those which revealed to Newton the thoughts of God. He was not born to gaze on the fleeting, painted cloud, nor to bend, like Chaucer, over the evanescent glory of the grass, nor like him to listen to the sweet song of the perishing bird. His mission, if not more beautiful, was more sublime than this, and doomed him to calculate as well as to soar. Nay, to calculate in order that he might soar, for his it was to comprehend the great uncreated and all-creating Geometer who planned and built and beautified the universe.

But if the discoveries of Newton raised him so high above other mortals, this only enabled him to see more clearly than other mortals how much still remained to be discovered. Hence, as every one knows, he looked upon himself as but a little child confined to the shore, and picking up a few pretty pebbles there, while the vast, illimitable ocean of truth still lay unexplored before him. And so it will ever be. We have before us, it is true, an eternity in which to study the works of God—our planet and all planets, our system and all systems, our universe and all universes. But yet our minds will always be finite, and God's works will always be infinite. We cannot put the ocean into an egg-shell, much less can we put

God's infinite scheme of the universe into a finite mind. No finite mind, however grand its conceptions or sublime the sweep of its vision, can ever expand or raise its *idea* into the infinite ideal of Omniscience. The farther its light extends the greater is the sphere of the outer darkness it brings to view; and the more truths it discovers the greater is its sense of the swarm of truths still waiting to be discovered.

There is in eternity time enough and room enough for an endless progress in light and knowledge, in glory and power; but the progression will never come to an end. We may, sooner or later, become as gods; but even then we shall feel, more profoundly than Newton ever felt, that we are but as little children in the presence of the great God. We shall rise above angels and archangels in the hierarchy of heaven, but we shall still see above us other angels and archangels in higher and still higher orders, without end, in the infinite distance between God and ourselves. Say not, then, with the votaries of sense, 'eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die;' but say, on the contrary, with the votaries of science, 'eat, drink and be grateful, *for we shall never die*. The repast is rich, the repast is boundless; and it gives, moreover, a pleasure that never ceases to please, a joy that knows no bounds and no alloy. Eat, drink and be grateful, then, feasting forever, not on the food of worms, but on that of angels and of gods.

- ART. IV.—1. *Ancient Law: its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas.* By Henry Sumner Maine, Member of the Supreme Council of India; formerly Reader on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law at the Middle Temple, and Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. With an Introduction, by Theodore W. Dwight, LL. D., Professor of Municipal Law, Columbia College, New York. First American, from Second London Edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.
2. *Cambridge Essays.* Contributed by Members of the University. [Essay I, Roman Law and Legal Education, by H. J. S. Maine, LL. D., late Queen's Professor of Civil Law, Trinity Hall.] 1856. London: John W. Parker & Son.
3. *Reeves' History of the English Law, from the Time of the Romans to the End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* A new edition, in three volumes, with numerous Notes and an Introductory Dissertation on the Nature and Use of Legal History, the Rise and Progress of our Laws, and the Influence of the Roman Law in the formation of our own. By W. W. Finlason, Esq., Barrister at Law. London: Reeves & Turner.

PROVE ALL THINGS—the first clause of the motto of the SOUTHERN REVIEW—may be taken as an expression of the mental cast of the nineteenth century. The view of the present day is certainly wide, whatever may be said of its depth. While we cannot claim that we have made any advance—that is to say, any essential advance—except in the departments of knowledge which pertain to Nature, and those which are the peculiar outgrowth of modern life, we have proved our ground more thoroughly than it has been proved before, because our view has been more comprehensive, and the essence of such proof is comparison. Accordingly, this is the era of comparative sciences. What they are and how they have been developed we need not sketch. Comparative anatomy and physiology have wonderfully increased the accuracy of the information on those subjects, but they have not furnished so much



new and otherwise unattainable knowledge as has been derived from those comparative sciences which relate to the non-physical part of man's nature. The study of comparative grammar and of the science of language or glossology—the German *Sprachwissenschaft*—of which it is a branch, has already supplied a large fund of the most valuable and interesting information as to the domestic and social life and the mental habits of the nations of antiquity, as well as in regard to the relationship of the various gentile stocks, and the relative, if not the absolute, period of their separation. These sources of history are unimpeachably trustworthy. So, since law and history illustrate each other, the study of comparative jurisprudence—though, indeed, the word contains the epithet—may be expected to afford not merely practical knowledge of use to the legislator and the jurist, but suggestions of weighty import to the philosophic student of history. It is because the book whose title stands at the head of this article is of this general interest that we have selected it for examination.

We learn from the title page that Professor Maine is “Member of the Supreme Council of India, formerly Reader on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law at the Middle Temple, and Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge.” His work displays that vast and precise erudition which should adorn the occupant of positions so distinguished. In the treatment of his subject he comprehends in broad yet searching view the ancient Hindoo codes, the Roman civil law with its modern development in the systems of continental Europe, and the municipal law of England and of the United States. That the fruitful conclusions at which he arrives after the survey of so large a field are contained in a single volume of moderate size, is sufficient attestation of the grasp of his mind and the terseness of his style. When we add that his style is otherwise remarkable for perfect clearness of expression and for rigidly coherent sequence of thought, our readers will readily infer that this is one of those rare books which will arrest the attention at the outset and detain it to the close, and which neither one nor two readings will utterly

exhaust. As we have hinted above, it addresses itself, by its freedom from narrow and technical views, to others than mere lawyers. It is entitled to the consideration of every man who lays claim to a 'liberal and polite education' even more than those commentaries which Blackstone, not without some touch of the prescience of genius, commended to that class as well as to the professional student. To the American edition Professor Dwight, of Columbia College, New York, has prefixed an introduction which will recall to the reader the quaint remark of Coke,<sup>1</sup> that 'Tables and abridgments are most profitable to them that make them.'

Jurisprudence, which is the oldest of the comparative sciences, has shared the general impetus toward this line of study which is characteristic of the century. In the Roman law, which, as a system, is unrivaled, it must, of course, find its best illustration. Consequently no age has been more prolific in treatises on the Roman law than the present. Besides the great names of Savigny and Thibaut, whose works bear specially upon the systems of continental Europe, it is encouraging to note the increasing number of students of the Civil Law and of general jurisprudence in England. In 1828 John Austin, one of the profoundest thinkers of our times, commenced a course of lectures on jurisprudence at the London University, then just established. John Stuart Mill was numbered among his hearers, and Jeremy Bentham was his hearty ally, but, with the exception of a select few such as these, his labors were almost ignored by the public, and even by the legal profession. After about four years of discouragement the lectures were dropped, and a course shortly afterward delivered at the Inner Temple met a similar failure. The seed sown, however, in time bore fruit, and after many years his widow, who had been the companion of his studies as well as the partner of his trials, was led, at the instance of some of the first men in England, to prepare them for the press. The work has now reached its third edition.<sup>2</sup> The valuable sum-

1 Just. 395 a.

2 Lectures on Jurisprudence or the Philosophy of Positive Law. By the late John Austin, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. Third edition,

mary of the advantages of the study of the Roman law for purposes of legal and general education, contributed by Professor Maine to the Cambridge Essays for 1856, doubtless had no small share in stimulating the already awakened impulse in that direction. The Commentaries of Gaius, the great law-lecturer of the second century after Christ, which were so fortunately discovered by Niebuhr in 1816, have recently been made a text-book in the legal department of the University of Cambridge, and during the past year a carefully prepared edition, with translation and notes, has been published by the Regius Professor of Laws and the Law Lecturer of St. John's College in that university.<sup>1</sup> The History of the Law of England, by Reeves, an author who, though generally of acknowledged merit and accuracy, has followed the error of Blackstone and other Common Law writers in the particular of insisting upon the almost absolute independence of extraneous systems in the development of English law, has lately been edited by Mr. Finlason, with an Introduction, in which he holds an opposite opinion, as far as regards the influence of the Roman law, with an ardor which is sometimes excessive and unwarranted. Of this work we shall have something further to say hereafter.

The Germans, with their love of wide research and their amazing capacity for patient toil, frequently excel us in our own fields. Their examination of the English law is, to be sure, only for the purpose of illustration of their own, but it is none the less thorough and exact. Thus the indebtedness of Bracton to the Roman law has been acknowledged by the most bigoted admirers and apologists of the English system, but the extent of that indebtedness can only be accurately estimated by a minute comparison of his treatise, title by title, with the Digest, such as the learned Professor Güterbock, of

revised and edited by Robert Campbell, Advocate (Scotch Bar), and of Lincoln's Inn. Barrister at Law. London: John Murray. Albemarle street. 1869.

<sup>1</sup> The Commentaries of Gaius, translated, with notes, by J. T. Abdy, LL. D., &c., and Bryan Walker, M. A. M. L., &c. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1870.

Königsberg, has recently made.<sup>1</sup> We have mentioned these works, not for the purpose of reviewing all of them, nor as comprising anything like the whole literature of the subject, but merely as indicating to some extent the tendency of thought in this field.

We expressed just now our gratification at the growing interest in the study of jurisprudence which is latterly manifested. We did so because we are far from thinking that our present legal system has arrived at even that relative perfection which is attainable, and which has, indeed, been attained, and because we believe that the pursuit of such studies on the part of our lawyers and legislators is the only means of attaining that perfection. Whether we consider our law as a system or in its details, we shall find equal cause for dissatisfaction. As a system, it is the most difficult of comprehension that the world has ever seen. Principle, in the proper sense of that word, it has none. On the contrary, its rules are to be induced from the comparison of a vast number of statutes, often inconsistent, and generally obscure in their expression, and of a vast number of judicial decisions, almost always varying to a greater or less extent as to the precise point involved, and sometimes conflicting on that very point. The mind, embarrassed by particulars, finds it difficult to rise to generals. To few students of the English jurisprudence appears the vision of Law as she appeared to Hooker when he called her voice 'the harmony of the world.' Not only is she 'a jealous mistress,' as Sir Edward Coke thought her, but she is a mistress hardly to be won in these days even by the most persistent and the most skillful wooing.

Perhaps nearly all of the States of the Union will furnish instances of legal anomalies which have sprung from the absence of the conception in the minds of legislators that law should exist as a system, and not as a mere aggregation of enactments. Let us take the law of husband and wife in

<sup>1</sup> Bracton and his Relation to the Roman Law. A contribution to the History of the Roman Law in the Middle Ages. By Carl Güterbock, Professor of Law in the University of Königsberg. Translated by Brinton Coxe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.

Maryland, by way of illustration. From time to time during thirty years past modifications have been introduced with the design of removing some of those restrictions upon the powers of married women in regard to property, which were, perhaps, natural, if not necessary, in feudal times, but which the growth of personal property and the development of the credit system, which is the hand-maid of commerce, have rendered oppressive and unjust. As the law now stands, the wife's property is protected from the debts of the husband, but the husband's property is liable, in a very wide range, for the debts of the wife, whether arising from contract or from toil. On the other hand, the wife's power of disposal of her property during her lifetime is hampered by the provision that she cannot convey by deed without joinder of her husband, and by the question, not yet unequivocally settled, as to whether or no she can make a promissory note. Two antagonistic theories underlie this title of law—the one assuming the entire responsibility of the husband for all acts of the wife, the other assuming the entire independence with regard to civil duties and rights of the parties to the contract of marriage. We do not think that these theories have been successfully combined. Between these two stools unwary creditors may easily come to the ground, to say nothing of the conflict that may sometimes arise between the interests of the married parties themselves. Undoubtedly hardship in individual cases results. But what, for our present purpose, is the most serious consequence, is that appeal to the courts and to lawyers is now almost as necessary in matters of this kind as before the recent legislation was introduced, and thus certainty and simplicity of the law, which must have been among the intended objects of that legislation, are defeated. That more litigation has not followed upon what, in the light of theory, seems so inconvenient a system, is an argument for the virtue of the people of Maryland and for the general harmony of the married state there. Thus far as regards the subject matter of our laws.

Their statement is, however, their worst feature. Lieber, in his *Legal and Political Hermeneutics*, has well shown how the difficulty of interpretation and construction is increased by

prolixity and tautology. Too often each explanatory phrase requires additional explanation, each epithet requires a limitation. Now, verbosity, prolixity and tautology are the crying vices of our legislative acts. The reverse could scarcely be looked for in view of the poverty of our legal vocabulary, which, invented for the age in which the feudal system was the groundwork of all English law, is entirely inadequate to the expression of the complex ideas and relations which the rapid growth of the last two centuries has developed.

The earnest study of the Roman law would, as we think, tend to counteract the evils which we have pointed out. On the one hand, its system is as well-nigh perfect as to form as any system can be which comprehends so many and so varied human interests. Subsidiary to this, though so closely connected with it that it is hard to say whether it be cause or effect, is the fact that its language, from its precision and accuracy, is the most appropriate vehicle that could be devised, not merely for the conveyance of the special propositions involved, but for the representation of all abstract ideas on legal subjects. The whole field of legal relations is contemplated, and each technical term has a well-defined scope, potential as well as actual. Like algebraic symbols, they may be combined into varying formulæ. We advert to the satisfaction which the code of the State of Louisiana, based, as is well known, upon the civil law, has given to the legal profession and to the general public as evidence that we have not overstated the claims of that system. It is pleasant to find from an observer so well qualified to speak as Professor Maine so cordial a recognition of the merits of this code as that which follows:<sup>1</sup>

‘The State of Louisiana, for a considerable period after it had passed under the dominion of the United States, observed a set of civil rules strangely compounded of English case-law, French code-law and Spanish usages. The consolidation of this mass of incongruous jurisprudence was determined upon, and after more than one unsuccessful experiment it was confided to the first legal genius of modern times—Mr. Living-

<sup>1</sup> Cambridge Essays. 1856. p. 17.

ston. Almost unassisted, he produced the Code of Louisiana, of all republications of Roman law the one which appears to us the clearest, the fullest, the most philosophical, and the best adapted to the exigencies of modern society.'

What is most interesting in the various works which we have cited is, the insight which they afford into the influence which has been exercised by Roman law upon modern society. Professor Maine has taken up several other topics, more or less remotely connected with this, some of which are very suggestive. These we shall briefly notice before considering the one just mentioned, which we are disposed to make the most important.

The first is his theory of the *rationale* of legal development. Anterior to the existence of law in any crystallized form, whether customary or written, he discovers what among the Greeks of the Homeric age were called '*Themistes*'—the dictations of Themis—judicial awards divinely inspired *pro re nata*. To this rudimentary stage succeeded the epoch of customary law contained in the breasts of an oligarchy or caste, and then, induced by the causes which have been often set forth by judicial writers, came written law or codes. Into his very satisfactory development of this theory we cannot now go, but must content ourselves with a brief statement of the agencies which have, in his view, developed law—in the societies where it has been developed—after the period of codes. We say in the societies where it has been developed, because, as our author has well shown, the time in the life of a nation at which it has written its law is of supreme importance in deciding whether its code is to be the strong foundation on which to erect an after superstructure or the dead weight which is to crush all future progress. The agencies of which we have spoken are three, acting in the historical order in which we state them, though occasionally acting concurrently—namely, Fiction, Equity and Legislation. The nature of the last two require no explanation to our readers; but although we pass them without review, we cannot forbear calling attention to Professor Maine's masterly discussion of the original conception of Equity and its subsequent transmutations.



The word Fiction, as connected with English law, is familiar to even lay readers. John Doe and Richard Roe, those men of straw who do battle in the action of ejectment, the latter as a 'loving friend' of the real defendant, invoking him to take part in the contest, have been fairly introduced by Macaulay and by Warren into light literature. Professor Maine uses the word in a wider sense. 'I employ the expression Legal Fiction,' says he, 'to signify any assumption which conceals, or affects to conceal, the fact that a rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining unchanged, its operation being modified. . . . It is not difficult to understand why fictions in all their forms are particularly congenial to the infancy of society. They satisfy the desire for improvement, which is not quite wanting, at the same time that they do not offend the superstitious disrelish for change, which is always present.' As an illustration, he cites the virtual legislation which is constantly going on in countries following the Common Law, by means of judicial decisions, although in theory nothing more than the interpretation of existing law is within their scope. Our own Constitutional Law, unhappily, as we conceive, furnishes another case in point. It is assumed that we are governed by a written Constitution. In point of fact, we are governed by the majority for the time being in Congress. It would seem that where a real difficulty in the interpretation of the Constitution occurred reference would be had to the intention of its makers, as in the case of any civil contract disputed in the courts, evidence of the intention of the parties is allowed to explain, although not to contradict, the instrument. No such resort is, however, attempted in the dealing of latter years with the Constitution; but where a 'desire for improvement'—to speak euphemistically—is felt, recourse is generally had to some transparent fiction or strained construction. We say generally, because there is not always with us that 'superstitious disrelish for change' which, in the 'infancy of society,' requires conciliation. Whether the manifest changes in our public law are improvements or not it is not our present purpose to inquire; but we may surely criticise as unworthy of advanced civilization the clumsy artifices by which they have been brought about.

In order to trace the direction which legal improvement has taken it will be necessary to form some idea of the point whence it started, to compare the present condition of society with what we can gather of its condition in the infancy of the world. Rousseau in his *Social Contract*, and Blackstone throughout his *Commentaries*, but particularly in the chapter<sup>1</sup> in which, in a style even more than usually felicitous, he sets forth his theory of occupancy as the foundation of rights of property, have assumed that society was originally constituted by the aggregation of individuals. This view, with various modifications in matters of detail, has been held by scores of writers; but all the refined and plausible speculation which has been based upon it must fall with the theory itself, which has not a shadow of foundation in any facts that are known to us with regard to primitive society. Nothing seems to be clearer than that the family under the government of the husband and father, and gradually, with the lapse of years, rising to the clan or village community, under the chieftaincy of the eldest agnate, has been the unit of association all the world over. But the word *unit* must not be understood at all in the sense of *party*, as we use the term. In the union of families or clans to form a nation so far was the notion absent of jural equality of the contracting parties, mutuality as to obligations, and all the other ingredients of a modern contract, that such a union seems always to have rested upon the fact or the assumption of blood relationship. How Niebuhr, by this theory, cleared up the impenetrable haze which, up to his time, had rested over the early Roman Constitution, our readers need not be reminded. Professor Maine, in the volume before us, and still more, we presume, in his recent lectures at Oxford, just published, which we have not had the pleasure of seeing,<sup>2</sup> has added evidence of its truth, intrinsically rational as it is, from sources which, so far as we know, have not been hitherto drawn upon. These village communities, in Hindostan, in Russia, and elsewhere, have preserved their original Constitutions unchanged from time immemorial, and, beyond

<sup>1</sup> 2 Blackstone, ch. i.

<sup>2</sup> Village Communities in the East and West.

reasonable doubt, present true pictures of the type of society of which the earliest records give us an account. The traces of similar village communities in England have been pointed out by Nasse, a German writer. On this theory the conception of an individual with individual rights and duties would seem to be one which primitive society could not frame. The rights and duties of the individual have been by slow degrees eliminated from those of the family to which he belonged, and the notion of contract, as defining the relations of a man with his fellows, has only in the last centuries been fully developed, instead of the archaic notion of a status, into which a man was born and where his relations were fixed in advance by an imperious custom which contained within itself provision for any future modification of those relations. 'The movement of the progressive societies has hitherto been a movement *from status to contract*.'

Erroneous theories as to the original constitution of society have, so far as our discussion has yet reached, borne no worse fruit than a few harmless sophistries, such as that of Blackstone to which we have referred. But Professor Maine has, as we conceive, by his searching analysis of the meaning of the phrase 'law of nature'—a phrase much used and, as we shall see, abused by writers on law, ethics and politics—done a work which promises to remove some radical errors which have prevailed in those sciences. For such a work no one less thoroughly imbued than our author with a lively knowledge of the Roman law and with the spirit of its professors would have been fitted. Mommsen, in his History of Rome, has given fit prominence to the fact that the Romans, from almost the very beginning of their history, were a commercial people, from the advantages of their position doing a large trade with the neighboring tribes. Now, for the regulation of this intercourse a set of rules had to be adopted, to act in the place of the peculiar law of their own State in cases of litigation between their citizens and foreigners. This code was called the *Jus Gentium*, or law common to all the tribes of Italy, a signification which must be carefully distinguished

1 Quoted in *Nation* for 22 September, 1870.

from its modern one of Law of Nations. From the aversion to foreigners, which was characteristic of ancient times, and which has not entirely disappeared even from the modern world, this code, for many hundred years, occupied in the Roman mind a place far subordinate in dignity to that occupied by their own, the *Jus Civile*. It was only when the Greek theory, actively promulgated by the Stoic teachers of philosophy at Rome, and echoed by the lawyers and the poets, the classes which furnished them the largest proportion, as well in numbers as in influence, of their pupils, the theory of a primeval state of nature—*aurea prima ætas*—pure and perfect, from which mankind had lapsed—it was only when this theory had gained ground, and when the *Jus Gentium* began to be looked at in its light, that that code for the first time assumed any importance in the eyes of a Roman lawyer. Since the *Jus Gentium* consisted of the principles common to all the nations of the known world, the inference was easy that it was a remnant of the *Jus Naturale*, or Law of Nature, and therefore entitled to respect as bearing faintly-discernible traces of the model to which all law should conform. But it was long before this stage of thought was reached. Lawyers are, from various circumstances, less apt than any other professional men to bring their private theories into the range of their active life, and we may well believe that generations passed before the disciples of the Porch introduced its doctrines into the Forum. The time did come, however, in the later history of Rome when the theory of the Law of Nature, from being a mere philosophic abstraction, sounding in the lines of poets, came to be substantially felt. Modern thought has taken up the notion where the later Roman law left it, and this, almost the only false assumption of the system, has been carried to conclusions of which the Romans never dreamed, and which have exercised a most pernicious influence. On this subject let us hear Professor Maine:<sup>1</sup>

‘There cannot, I conceive, be any question that to the assumption of the Law Natural we owe the doctrine of the fundamental equality of human beings. That “all men are

1 Ancient Law. p. 88.

equal" is one of a large number of legal provisions which, in progress of time, have become political. The Roman juriconsults of the Antonine era lay down that "*omnes homines naturæ æquales sunt*," but in their eyes this is a strictly judicial maxim. They intend to affirm that under the hypothetical Law of Nature, and in so far as positive law approximates to it, the arbitrary distinctions which the Roman Civil Law maintained between classes of persons cease to have a legal existence. . . . But when the doctrine of human equality makes its appearance in a modern dress it has evidently clothed itself with a new shade of meaning. Where the Roman juriconsult had written "*æquales sunt*," meaning exactly what he said, the modern civilian wrote, "all men are equal" in the sense of "all men ought to be equal." . . . Like all other deductions from the hypothesis of a Law Natural, and like the belief itself in a Law of Nature, it was languidly assented to, and suffered to have little influence on opinion and practice until it passed out of the possession of the lawyers into that of the literary men of the eighteenth century, and of the public which sat at their feet. With them it became the most distinct tenet of their creed, and was even regarded as a summary of all the others.' It will readily be conceived by our readers that among the literary men here referred to Rousseau occupies the chief place. 'It is probable, however, that the power which it ultimately acquired over the events of 1789 was not entirely owing to its popularity in France, for in the middle of the century it passed over to America. The American lawyers of the time, and particularly those of Virginia, appear to have possessed a stock of knowledge which differed chiefly from that of their English contemporaries in including much which could only have been derived from the legal literature of continental Europe. A very few glances at the writings of Jefferson will show how strongly his mind was affected by the semi-juridical, semi-popular opinions which were fashionable in France; and we cannot doubt that it was sympathy with the peculiar ideas of the French jurists which led him and the other colonial lawyers who guided the course of events in America to join the specially French assumption

that "all men are born equal" with the assumption, more familiar to Englishmen, that all men are born free, in the very first lines of their Declaration of Independence.'

With Professor Maine's criticism of certain arguments on the subject of slavery we, in the main, agree. Yet there is one point on which he seems to us scarcely consistent, and, if we may venture the expression, inaccurate. His language is as follows: 'The point of view from which jurisprudence regards the slave is always of great importance to him. The Roman law was arrested in its tendency to look upon him more and more as an article of property by the theory of the Law of Nature, and hence it is that, wherever servitude is sanctioned by institutions which have been deeply affected by Roman jurisprudence, the servile condition is never intolerably wretched. There is a great deal of evidence that in those American States which have taken the highly Romanized code of Louisiana as the basis of their jurisprudence, the lot and prospects of the negro population were better in many material respects until the letter of the fundamental law was overlaid by recent statutory enactments, passed under the influence of panic, than under institutions founded on the English Common Law, which, as recently interpreted, has no true place for the slave, and can only, therefore, regard him as a chattel.'

Now, it is certainly true that 'the point of view from which jurisprudence regards the slave is of great importance to him.' But it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that an empty abstraction or poetical dream should have materially affected the *status* of any dweller at Rome, at least before the days of the Empire, when it first seems to crop out in judicial language. And, in point of fact, if we are to trust Mommsen, the latest authority, and one who seems in all respects trustworthy, we do not find that there was any modification for the better of the condition of slaves at Rome from the earliest times to the latest, except such as is more easily accounted for from other reasons. Some such reasons would be: the sober consideration of the impolicy of cruelty, which must have followed the Servile War in Italy, just as it did the Indian mutiny in England; the exhibition on the part of some of the class—Terence,

the exigencies which they were framed to meet. It is very true, as he says in his Introduction, that trial by jury, which Blackstone traces back to the forest councils of our forefathers, existed at Rome, where the *judices facti*, forming a roll of perpetual jurymen, were at hand for the determination of the facts of each case, leaving to the prætor the declaration of the law. But the essence of the trial by jury does not, as we conceive, consist in the separation of the law from the fact. If this were the only object, the Roman model would scarcely have been departed from in order to substitute a tribunal slow, cumbrous and expensive, and certainly less capable of apprehending facts than one trained by constant practice. The truth is, that the trial by jury, in some of the purposes which it has subserved, and which, probably, it was intended to subserve, differs materially from any other mode of trial that has been used in the world. It was adopted in an age of oppression and violence—though we do not commit ourselves to the exact time—to be a shield for the weak against the strong; to act as a barrier, rude, perhaps, but still effective, against the assaults of brute force. It accomplished this end by giving to one man of twelve the power by his negative to interpose for the protection of his hunted fellow, at the same time securing him entire irresponsibility in so doing. In all likelihood it was a thing of slow growth, arising from the adaptation of existing institutions to the promotion of an object which, perhaps, only gradually disclosed itself. In the decision of questions involving life and liberty it has ever been a bulwark of freedom, and, we trust, will always be preserved; but for the decisions of questions relating to property—questions which its authors never intended should come before it, at least in the complexity which modern times have given them—we may be pardoned for expressing the hope, foreign though it be to the scope of this article, that it may soon, like the wager of battle and other barbarisms, utterly cease to exist.

Many so-called analogies between the English and the Roman Law are, however, beyond the shadow of a doubt, affiliations. We have to thank Professor Maine for exposing the ‘elaborate sophistry in which Blackstone attempts’ to ex-



plain and justify the exclusion of the half-blood' from succession to property in England, a provision which, we doubt not, has been a sore stumbling-block to many a student desirous of knowing 'the reason of the law.' After this clear exposition there would seem to remain no room for doubt that it is a remnant of the agnatic system of descent which prevailed at Rome, according to which relationship was reckoned only in the male line, to the entire exclusion of relationship through females, a mode of reckoning which was the natural consequence of the family organization to which we have heretofore referred, and on which the Roman law of persons was based. The English jurists borrowed this principle from the Customs of Normandy, where, however, in conformity with the Roman rule, it applied only to uterine brothers, that is, half-blood brothers by the same mother; but, not understanding its principle, they extended it to all half-bloods alike.

Some of the fundamental axioms of our law, looking to the conservation of personal liberty and civil rights, find curious parallels at Rome. The time-honored maxim, for instance, that 'the Englishman's house is his castle,' was carried further in the Roman principle: that the house protected the burgess from arrest. So, too, the resolute stand which has always been taken in England, and, until latterly, in our own country, for the independence of the civil power from the military finds its counterpart in the inhibition of the general and his army from entrance into the gates of the city, which prevailed in the Roman republic. '*Cæsar venit ad Romani*' is a sentence to which every school boy has been taught to attach the proper meaning.

Let us now attempt to sum up, as succinctly as possible, the general bearing of the civil law upon our English mother-law. It began its operations upon those Germanic tribes, from whom we claim descent, when first they came within the reach of the all-pervading influence of the Empire, to the extent of the displacement of most of their savage customs by the influence of the more refined Roman conceptions of law. We see the same kind of process repeated now-a-days in America where the successful code of any State is apt soon to be

copied by some of its neighbors. The *quantum* of the civil law—and it is not important to ascertain its amount—which the Saxons carried with them to Britain made the amalgamation of their institutions with the thoroughly Romanized law of the native Britons easy, so that the resulting system, more than either of its ingredients, told of a Roman origin. At the time of the Norman conquest a fresh addition was made, consisting not only of usages and maxims, but of that scheme of military tenure, first tried by the Romans on their frontier, which afterward developed into what is known as the feudal system. In the reign of Henry III the then existing body of law received some shape at the hands of Bracton, whose treatise, though it has generally been considered the most authoritative of the early expressions of the Common Law, Professor Maine tells us, is, as to its entire form and a third of its contents, directly borrowed from the *Corpus Juris*. In this statement he is fully borne out by Güterbock. Long after Bracton, when the study of the civil law had fallen into desuetude, and when the effective working of the English law had become embarrassed by technicalities, because, though the rules remained, the reason of the rules had been forgotten, was introduced the equitable jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, under the administration, at first, of ecclesiastics deeply learned in the Roman law, though particularly in its debased form, as set forth by the Canonists, and afterward of Chancellors, some of the best of whom have incorporated whole texts from the civilians into their opinions. In some departments the Common Law itself has, even in comparatively modern times, drawn from the same sources; for, as is well known to lawyers, the opinion of Lord Holt, during the reign of Queene Anne, which is the foundation of the learning of Bailments, follows in every particular the Roman method. Special pleading, at least in its refinement, and the Law Merchant and the Admiralty Law afford everywhere examples of the same thing.

Thus we see that from the first the Roman law deeply tinged the mixture of which our law consists, and that, from time to time since, it has added the richest juices to the compound. Not (to change the figure) that there has not been

growth. It would be contrary to every principle that the historical method of study of jurisprudence has yielded us if there were not growth. What particular direction that growth has taken our limits will not allow us to inquire. But we may allude to what, as freemen, we have most reason to rejoice in, namely, the constant development of personal liberty. We have already hinted at this in what we had to say of jury trial, but we may here add that not only in the tribunal, but also in the conduct of the trial, and the legal presumptions which govern it, we have a great advantage over the methods in vogue in the countries where the civil law prevails.<sup>1</sup> We are far from saying, however, that these may not be the glosses of modern interpretation of the Roman law, for which the system may be in no wise responsible.

The main inquiry has, however, a still more practical side. The deep hold which ideas of legal reform have taken in England and in this country; the desire, already carried into measurably successful accomplishment in New York, to adopt a scientific and symmetrical code; discarding the irrelevancies, the redundancies, the contradictions of our present system; embodying the wisdom of the sages of past times, yet making provision for the actual needs of the modern world; and classifying the whole in a lucid and intelligent order, so that being readily understood it may be more easily followed: these tendencies would seem to argue that the Roman code, which must furnish not only the model, but, to some extent, the means for such reform, will have a renewed lease of life; so that, in regard to its bearing upon our laws, the question of most interest becomes, not what it has been, but what it will be.

Our purpose has been, in this article, to call attention rather to the obscure workings of the civil law upon modern society than to those which are more patent. Accordingly, we need not instance, as an example of those effects, International Law, of which Grotius, one of the profoundest of modern students of Roman jurisprudence, may be said to have been the founder, and in which still the sole standard of appeal is

<sup>1</sup> See Wharton's American Criminal Law. § 824

the Digest. But Professor Maine shows that Roman law performed, through the writings of Grotius, an ancillary office, which, in importance to mankind, surpasses the direct results which those writings were intended to accomplish. It was the system of ethics underlying the treatise of Grotius, and to which the Roman law furnished form and expression, that had an influence scarcely to be measured on the thought of the age. If Pascal, in his overthrow of the casuistical philosophy, which, at the time, bid fair to sap all the foundations of morality and virtue, did not himself draw his weapons from the armory of the civilians, it is at least to be said that the permeation of the literary society which sat at the feet of Grotius, by the ideas, and by the methods of expression and of illustration of the Roman law, helped to make that overthrow complete and final. To understand why this was the case it is only necessary to recollect 'the mysterious relation between words and ideas,' and 'that the human mind has never grappled with any subject of thought, unless it has been provided beforehand with an apparatus of appropriate logical methods. . . . If Roman jurisprudence supplied the only means of exactness in speech, still more emphatically did it furnish the only means of exactness, subtlety or depth in thought.'

We have already, as we conceive, vindicated the claim which at the outset we made for this volume, that it contained matter of interest to the thoughtful student, even outside of the realm of law. The glimpse which it gives of the origin of some of those problems in Theology which are still of the profoundest interest, will, we think, remove any lingering doubt as to the correctness of our assertion which our readers might be disposed to entertain. Such doubt would, at any rate, be entirely owing to the imperfect and meagre idea of the scope of the work which we have been able to give.

Milman, in his *History of Latin Christianity*,<sup>1</sup> has traced the influence of Christianity upon Roman law. It is somewhat strange that it never occurred to him to examine the converse of this proposition, at least so far as it applies to the doctrines of Christianity as distinguished from its essence. He has

<sup>1</sup> Book iii, ch. 5.

remarked, in a passage which is quoted by Professor Maine, upon the difference in the problems which occupied the attention of the Eastern and Western Churches respectively—the discussion of the dogmas of Homo-ousion and Homoi-ousion occupying the attention of the East, while a more practical term was given to the speculation of the West; yet he does not attempt to offer any explanation of the reason of this difference. This explanation our author gives, and with such beauty and vigor of expression that we do him simple justice in adopting his own language:

‘ Few things in the history of speculation are more impressive than the fact that no Greek-speaking people has ever felt itself seriously perplexed by the great question of free-will and necessity. I do not pretend to offer any summary explanation of this, but it does not seem an irrelevant suggestion that neither the Greeks, nor any society speaking and thinking in their language, ever showed the smallest capacity for producing a philosophy of law. Legal science is a Roman creation, and the problem of free-will arises when we contemplate a metaphysical conception under a legal aspect. . . . Greek metaphysical literature contained the sole stock of words and ideas out of which the human mind could provide itself with the means of engaging in the profound controversies as to the Divine Persons, the Divine Substance and the Divine Natures. . . . The nature of sin and its transmission by inheritance—the debt owed by man and its vicarious satisfaction—the necessity and sufficiency of the Atonement—above all, the apparent antagonism between free-will and the Divine Providence—these were points which the West began to debate as ardently as ever the East had discussed the articles of its more special creed. Why is it, then, that on the two sides of the line which divides the Greek-speaking from the Latin-speaking provinces there should lie two classes of theological problems so strikingly different from one another? The historians of the Church have come close upon the solution when they remark that the new problems were more “practical,” less absolutely speculative, than those which had torn Eastern Christianity asunder, but none of them, so far as I am aware, has quite reached it.

I affirm, without hesitation, that the difference between the two theological systems is accounted for by the fact that, in passing from the East to the West, theological speculation had passed from a climate of Greek metaphysics to a climate of Roman law. . . . Almost everybody who has knowledge enough of Roman law to appreciate the Roman penal system, the Roman theory of the obligations established by contract or delict, the Roman view of debts and of the modes of incurring, extinguishing and transmitting them, the Roman notion of the continuance of individual existence by universal succession, may be trusted to say whence arose the frame of mind to which the problems of Western theology proved so congenial, whence came the phraseology in which these problems were stated, and whence the description of reasoning employed in their solution. . . . As soon, then, as they [the Latins] ceased to sit at the feet of the Greeks and began to ponder out a theology of their own, the theology proved to be permeated with forensic ideas and couched in a forensic phraseology. It is certain that this substratum of law in Western theology lies exceedingly deep. A new set of Greek theories, the Aristotelian philosophy, made their way afterward into the West and almost entirely buried its indigenous doctrines. But when, at the Reformation, it partially shook itself free from their influence it instantly supplied their place with law. It is difficult to say whether the religious system of Calvin or the religious system of the Arminians has the more markedly legal character.'

Thus the farther our search extends the more evidence we find of the immeasurable influence of Rome over the mind of the world. To compare it with the influence of Athens would be unfair to both, since the sphere of each is different. But since the practical, so-called, is more constantly practical than the æsthetic, we shall not be far wrong in stating that Athens has her cycles, while Rome's influence is enduring. In the history of Rome's intellectual empire we meet no phrases corresponding to Platonism and Neo-Platonism, the Revival of Learning and the Renaissance. Wherever the wolf's milk has once mingled itself with the blood of a nation, the traces of it never disappear.

It is in this sense that Rome is eternal. The Patrimonium Petri has dwindled from an extent commensurate with that of the Christian world to that of the petty principality which has lately been absorbed in the dominions of Italy, of which Rome is doubtfully the legitimate capital, in spite of the utterances to the contrary of the enthusiasts whom Disraeli's Theodora represents. The far-famed prophecy of the Pilgrim of the West,

' While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand !  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall !  
And when Rome falls—the world !

is certainly nothing more than a poetical dream. The mutually-acting changes in climate, in the flow of rivers, in the surface and vesture of the earth, with their corresponding influence on the extent and the locality of population, which have made modern Rome but the skeleton of the city of the Cæsars, may yet bury her in her own rich dust. The cows now feed over the Forum Romanorum, and sour bread is retailed within the half-sunken portico of the Temple of Minerva. The day may come when only the wild cattle of the Campagna will slake their thirst in the perennial fountain of Trevi, and when some future Layard will disentomb the colossal sculptures of Bernini from the vast mound which marks the site of the most magnificent of Christian temples; but as long as men buy and sell, as long as they marry and are given in marriage, as long as they exercise the rights and bear the burdens of citizens, they will scan with deep and constant interest the history of that legal system in which these commercial, social and civic relations first received enlightened recognition and adequate protection.



ART. V.—*Reminiscences of the Last Days, Death and Burial of General Henry Lee.* By Charles C. Jones, Jr. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell. 1870.

This little volume has been printed, and a few copies presented to his friends by the accomplished author; but it has never been published. We are informed, in a note, that 'to Mr. P. M. Nightingale, of Georgia, a grandson of General Nathaniel Greene, who was an eye-witness of the final scenes in the life of General Henry Lee, and present at his death, I am largely indebted for the facts contained in the following narrative.' This tribute to the memory of his father was dedicated to his illustrious son, General Robt. E. Lee,<sup>1</sup> before his death, and is now, by permission of the author, published for the first time in the pages of the SOUTHERN REVIEW.

By the 'treaty of amity, settlement and limits' concluded in 1819, Spain ceded Florida to the United States. An exchange of flags under this treaty did not take place, however, until the 17th of June, 1821, when General Jackson was appointed Governor of Florida, with ample legislative, judicial and executive powers. The disputes which had for some time existed with regard to Florida, and the repeated violations of the revenue laws, rendered a concentration of forces in the neighborhood of Fernandina a matter of military necessity on the part of the United States. Accordingly, at the period of General Henry Lee's visit to Dungeness, an American fleet was lying in Cumberland sound, whose instructions were to preserve the rights of commerce in that vicinity, coöperate with the land forces, whenever practicable, in checking the lawlessness and preventing the depredations of the Seminoles, and, when pending negotiations were consummated, to assist in taking formal possession of Florida in the name of the United States. That fleet consisted of the frigate John Adams, Commodore Henley; the brig Saranac, Captain Elton; the brig Enterprise, Captain Kearney; the hermaphrodite brig Prometheus, Cap-

1 'To General Robt. E. Lee this closing chapter in the life of his father is respectfully inscribed.'

tain Finch; the schooner Lynx, Captain<sup>1</sup> Madison; and a gunboat (sloop), Captain McCall.

A considerable land force, under the command of Colonel Bankhead, was stationed at Fernandina, on Amelia island. Major Irvin and Captain Payne were among the officers then on duty at that point.

In 1813 General Lee sailed for the West Indies, trusting that a change of climate would restore his failing health, which was then, and had been for some time, sadly impaired. Such were his infirmities that during the war of 1812 he was physically incapacitated from entering the lists of the defenders of his country, whose independence he had so valiantly and successfully vindicated in the primal struggle of the Republic. In his retirement he proposed a thorough revision of his 'Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department,' and the preparation of biographies of his two 'beloved commanders, Greene and Washington.' It will ever remain a matter of sincere regret that he did not compass the execution of this plan. To his 'Memoirs' he doubtless would have imparted additional value and interest; but in their present form, and as he gave them to history, they possess the highest merit and constitute the best military record we possess of the incidents, campaigns, characters and heroic memories embraced within their scope. Lives of Washington and Greene have been carefully studied and well written; but, for one, I freely confess

1 Captain Madison, when a poor orphan boy, was adopted and educated by Commodore Preble. He married Miss Houston, a niece of John Houston McIntosh, Esq., of Camden county, Georgia. Subsequently, in command of the 'Lynx,' he sailed from Cumberland sound with orders to attack and disperse the pirates who, from the West Indies, were making frequent descents along the Florida coast and in the Gulf of Mexico, to the great annoyance of American commerce. While thus engaged his ship foundered at sea, and every man on board was lost. Captain Daniel Turner and Captain Madison had entered into a private, friendly agreement, by which they promised to divide with each other the prize moneys which they might severally earn while employed in this special service. Some time after the loss of the 'Lynx,' generously responding to this compact which he had made with his dead comrade, Captain Turner transmitted several thousand dollars to Mrs. Madison as her husband's share of prize money. Apt illustration of the affirmation of the Lacedæmonian king, that the truly brave man is always just.

to the firm conviction that biographies of these heroes by their gifted, accomplished, eloquent compatriot and friend, 'Light Horse Harry Lee,' would far have surpassed all others.

The mild atmosphere of the West Indies and the entire repose there enjoyed appear, for a time, to have buoyed up his spirits with the hope of a return to at least comparative health. While at Turk's Island, on a voyage to New Providence, on the 8th of August, 1816, he writes to his son, 'My miserable state of health improves by the occasional voyaging in this fine climate, with the sage guidance of a superior physician, to whom I am now returning.' Six months afterward he says, 'My Spanish doctor has done me good, and sometimes inspires hopes of partial restoration.' During these years his letters, or at least such of them as have been made public, are replete with the tenderest expressions of love for and interest in his sons. They afford the surest evidence that his days were occupied by studies of the highest order. The results of his extensive reading and reflection are charmingly imparted for the benefit of those in whose education and improvement his sympathies were most deeply enlisted.

In 1817, entertaining serious apprehensions of an absolute failure of health and strength, he expresses his disappointment in not being able to secure a passage to Alexandria, Virginia, whither he had removed with his family in 1811 for the purpose of educating his children. Several plans were formed for reaching the United States, but on each occasion some untoward circumstance occurred to interrupt his contemplated voyage.

Convinced that he was deriving no benefit from his sojourn in the West Indies, and seemingly appreciating the fact that his days were well-nigh numbered, his strength almost gone, he determined to avail himself of the first opportunity which would enable him to place himself under the kind care of the daughter of his old commander, General Nathaniel Greene. Late in January, 1818, he took passage in a New England schooner bound from Nassau, New Providence, to Boston, the captain (who was also the owner of the vessel) promising to run in and land him at the south end of Cumberland island.

This engagement was faithfully kept, and for the passage he charged General Lee not a farthing. Even when pressed by Mr. James Shaw and by some of the officers of the fleet, then present at the mouth of the St. Mary's river, to accept the liberal compensation which they there tendered him, the captain persistently declined any remuneration, alleging that he esteemed it a special pleasure and privilege to minister to the comfort and respond to the wishes of so distinguished a hero of the Revolution.

Dungeness, long known as, perhaps, the most beautiful and attractive residence on the Georgia coast, is located near the southern end of Cumberland Island. The plantation was purchased by General Nathaniel Greene soon after the close of the Revolutionary war. Although the mansion and grounds were planned and laid out by him, he did not live to consummate his intention of making it his summer residence. The improvements suggested by him were carried out after his death. The location of Dungeness, commanding as it does an extensive view of the Atlantic ocean, of Cumberland sound, the St. Mary's river, and the low-lying, verdant shores of Georgia and Florida, is very beautiful. So completely and harmoniously had nature and art combined their varied attractions, that in this charming home there was nothing further to be coveted, whether in the quiet beauty of the landscape, the expanse of water, the salubrity of the climate, the refined hospitality which dwelt within the walls of the grand tabby mansion, the delights of the drive, the chase, the garden and the orchard, or the commingled grandeur and beauty of live-oaks, magnolias, cedars, oranges, myrtles and olives.

At the time of General Lee's visit Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of General Greene, was the mistress of this delightful and hospitable abode, whose charms elicited the warmest praises from numerous friends and guests who constantly sought the enjoyments of her generous roof.

Early in February, 1818, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a grandson of General Greene—a lad some fifteen years old, who was amusing himself with boyish sports about the ample grounds—observed a schooner nearing the Dungeness landing.

Just before reaching the wharf the schooner came to anchor and a boat was lowered. A feeble old man was assisted into the boat by the captain and mate, who took their seats beside him, and the three were rowed ashore by two sailors. The youth had intermediately gone to the landing, where he waited to ascertain the object of the visit and to welcome the guest. General Lee was lifted from the boat by the sailors, who, making a chair with their hands and arms, bore him to the shore. He was pale, emaciated, very weak, and evidently suffering much pain. There was that about his appearance which assured the observer not only of his illness, but also of his poverty. He was plainly, almost scantily, attired. The sailors placed upon the wharf an old hair-trunk in a dilapidated condition, and a cask of Madeira wine. General Lee brought no other baggage with him. Beckoning the youth to him, he inquired who he was. Learning that Mrs. Shaw was at home, and that he was the grandson of General Greene, he threw his arms around him, embracing him with marked emotion. Then, leaning upon him, he walked a short distance from the landing place, and sat upon a log. He then bade him go to the house and say to his aunt, Mrs. Shaw, that General Lee was at the wharf and wished the carriage to be sent for him. 'Tell her,' he added, 'I am come purposely to die in the house and in the arms of the daughter of my old friend and com-patriot.'

There is something deeply affecting in this picture of the loneliness and pain, weakness and poverty of this gallant soldier of the Revolution. It is hard to recognize in the person of this weary, decrepit old man the brilliant colonel commandant of the Partisan Legion—the beloved of Washington, and the right arm of his immediate commander Greene—the best military writer of his army—the honored of Congress—the trusted delegate—the successor of Beverly Randolph as Governor of Virginia—the accomplished orator, from whose lips, when pronouncing the funeral oration, at Washington, on the occasion of the death of our first President, fell that memorable tribute which has ever since found emphatic response in every patriotic breast, 'First in war, first in peace, and first

in the hearts of his countrymen.' Shifting fortunes, wounds, age and disease have wrought sad changes, and he is but the wreck of former greatness—alone, destitute, away from home and family, and yet soon to be the recipient of the kindest attentions from those who know and honor him for the deeds he has wrought, and for the signal services he has rendered the cause of truth and country and liberty in the darkest hour of danger and oppression.

Leaving him seated upon the log, young Nightingale (for such was the name of the lad) hastened to the mansion, communicated the fact of the General's arrival, and delivered his messages to his aunt. The carriage was immediately sent, and in it General Lee and his little friend rode leisurely up together—the captain and mate of the vessel walking by the side of the vehicle.

When they arrived at the house General Lee was so weak that he had to be assisted both in getting out of the carriage and in ascending the steps. Having received a most cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, he excused himself at once and retired to his room. Such was his feebleness that he kept his room, generally leaving it but once a day, and then only for a little while that he might take a short walk in the garden. Upon these occasions he always sent for young Nightingale to accompany him. Leaning upon the grandson of his honored commander—usually with his arm around his neck—he would slowly and with difficulty descend the steps, and then, turning into the garden, walk in an avenue which ran through a grove of orange trees. Soon fatigued, he would return to the house and again seek repose in his room. Even in these short walks he was able to indulge only for a week or ten days after his arrival. On but few occasions was he strong enough to dine with the family—his meals, at his own request, being served in his room. His feebleness becoming daily more apparent and oppressive, he was soon entirely unable to leave his room, and spent most of his time in a recumbent posture. Shortly after his arrival all the prominent officers of the army and navy stationed in that vicinity called in a body and paid their respects to the distinguished guest. When it

became too great an effort for him to leave his room, and he realized the fact that his life was fast ebbing away, he became at times very depressed and irritable. The wound which he had received in Baltimore caused him almost incessant suffering. It seriously affected his bladder. When the paroxysms of extreme agony were upon him, and they recurred at short intervals, his exhibitions of commingled rage and anguish were often terrible. It was the strong man wrestling with the frailties of the falling tabernacle—the brave heart chafing under the decadence of physical powers—the heroic memories of a proud and vigorous past contending against the feebleness and oppression of a painful present—a lofty spirit revolting at the encroachments of bodily suffering and the near approach of utter prostration—the caged and wounded eagle beating against its prison bars, and longing for the sunlight and free air, the lordly plumage and sturdy pinions of former days—the dying warrior, whose strength never before had failed him in the hour of peril, sternly calling to mind his former victories, and refusing to admit that the outworks had been carried, that the citadel itself must soon yield to the terrible assaults of the last enemy.

At such times his groans would fill the house and wring the hearts of those who watched by his side, anxious, but unable to render him that alleviation which his vast sufferings loudly demanded. Many important remedies which modern ingenuity and professional skill have contrived were then unknown to the surgeon; and the patient languished amid physical tortures which later medical aid could have materially mitigated.<sup>1</sup>

During moments of comparative freedom from pain he would converse eloquently upon the political questions which

1 A surgical operation was proposed, as offering some hope of prolonging his life; but he replied that the eminent physician to whose skill and care during his sojourn in the West Indies he was so much indebted had disapproved a resort to the proposed operation. The surgeon in attendance still urging it, his patient put an end to the discussion by saying: 'My dear sir, were the great Washington alive, and here, and joining you in advocating it, I would resist.'—See *Life of General Henry Lee*, by General Robert E. Lee. pp. 78, 79.



had agitated the public mind and were still engaging the attention of the country. He was a decided Federalist, and avowed his utter detestation of all Democrats. Often did he allude in glowing terms to the glorious memories of the Revolution; and of no one, Washington apart, did he speak more enthusiastically than of General Greene. He was also a sincere lover of nature, and indulged in many and beautiful tributes to the wide-spreading sea, the charming groves, the flowers and the song-birds which filled his chamber with their early spring notes of joy and gladness.

During his illness he was constantly attended by two surgeons from the fleet, one of whom was Dr. Osborne, of the Saranac. The other was the surgeon of the John Adams, a superior physician, whose name escapes present memory. The officers of the army and navy, usually two at a time, sat up with him every night, ministering most tenderly to all his wants. Chief among them in his devotion around the bedside of the dying hero was Lieutenant Fitzhugh. He was a Virginian, and, if we are correctly informed, a distant relative or connection of General Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw contributed everything in their power which could conduce to his comfort and happiness, and serve to keep alive the flame which was already trembling so uncertainly in the socket. In his enfeebled condition and irritable state it was no easy matter to supply him with competent servants who would prove acceptable to him, or who could long endure the continued demands made upon them. In moments of supreme agony, losing his self-control, he would sometimes drive them from his presence and never afterward permit them to enter his room. At length an old woman, who had been Mrs. Greene's favorite maid, and who was then the esteemed and privileged family servant, was selected to wait upon him. The first thing General Lee did as she entered the room was to hurl his boot at her head and order her out. Entirely unused to such treatment, without saying a word she deliberately picked up the boot and threw it back. The effect produced by this strange and unexpected retort was marked and instantaneous. The features of the stern warrior relaxed. In the midst of his pain and anger a smile passed

over his countenance, and from that moment until the day of his death he would permit no one except 'Mom Sarah' to do him special service.

General Lee's sojourn at Dungeness continued nearly two months. His feebleness and emaciation increasing every day, and his paroxysms of agony growing more frequent and longer in their duration, he became utterly exhausted, and gradually yielded to the sure and steady approach of the last enemy. For several days previous to his death it was with the greatest difficulty, even with the aid of constant stimulants, that he could be kept alive. His countenance and voice gave fearful token of the most intense agony. His words were few, and were rather the expressions of terrible pain than the indications of a desire to converse with those who watched around his dying couch. He ceased to breathe on the 25th of March, 1818.

So soon as the fact of his demise was known, all the naval vessels in Cumberland sound showed their colors at half mast. A similar token of respect was manifested at military headquarters on Amelia island. Arrangements were formed to testify, by the most public funeral honors, the highest regard for the memory of the gallant dead and a just appreciation of the national bereavement. Every preparation was made on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw which the tenderest forethought could suggest. The prominent officers of the army and navy came over to Dungeness, with crape upon their side arms, to participate in the obsequies. Citizens from Cumberland and Amelia Islands and from St. Mary's united in paying their respect. A company of infantry from the force stationed on Amelia Island and a large detachment of marines from the fleet formed the military escort. Commodore Henley was present, and superintended the last sad details. The full army band was in attendance. Captains Elton,<sup>1</sup> Finch and Madison, and Lieutenants Fitzhugh and Ritchie of the navy, and Mr. Lyman of the army acted as pall bearers. The sheathed swords of Captains Elton and Finch were crossed

<sup>1</sup> See White's *Historical Collections of Georgia*, p. 287, quoting from the *Savannah Republican*.

upon the coffin. The officers of the navy and Captain Payne of the army followed. Mr. Taylor performed the funeral services.

The procession moved from the house to the private burial ground, distant a little less than half a mile from the family mansion, and located near the beach. While it was moving, and until the body was committed to the earth, from the John Adams, the flag-ship of the fleet, minute guns were fired. The solemn dead march was played by the band. At the grave the concluding portions of the burial service were read, and over it the customary salutes were fired by the infantry and marines. Thus was nothing omitted which, under the circumstances, could contribute to the solemnity of the occasion or aid in compassing the most distinguished funeral honors for this gifted soldier of the Revolution, who, by his bright blade, had won such success and honor for his country, and, by his intellect and attainments, had given to history some of the most prominent memories of his age and people.

In 1832 or 1833 a head and foot stone were sent by Major Lee, the eldest son of General Lee, through General Hamilton, of South Carolina, and they were placed by Mr. Nightingale in position over the grave of the distinguished chief. The inscription which they bore was written, it is believed, by Major Lee.

S A C R E D  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
GENERAL HENRY LEE,  
of Virginia.  
Obiit—25 March, 1818,  
Ætat 63.

Some nine years ago the question of the removal of General Lee's remains and their interment in Virginia soil was agitated in the Virginia Legislature. If our information be correct, commissioners were actually named to superintend the execution of this honorable trust. The late war ensuing, their mission was interrupted, and 'Light Horse Harry Lee' still slumbers in the family burying ground at Dungeness.

The devastations of the last war fearfully invaded this beautiful home. Its pleasant springs are dry, its hospitable halls deserted, its attractive gardens and groves of oranges and olives frequented only by the birds of heaven commingling their morning and evening songs with the sweet odors which perfume the passing winds. Attired in their drapery of pendent moss, swaying solemnly in the ambient air, the grand live-oaks—ancient guardians of the spot—bemoan the sad changes which have marred the peace and happiness of this charming abode. Silent though it be, there are memories here still vocal amid the mutations of fortune and the desolations of war—memories of distinguished hospitality, refinement, culture, elegance and enjoyment—memories which carry the heart back to happy days and peculiar excellencies which come not again. Not the least among the marked recollections of Dungeness are those which recall the fact that in the days of his supreme weakness its generous roof sheltered and its kindest influences alleviated the agonies and ministered to the comforts of one of the greatest heroes of our Revolutionary period; and when the flowers of Spring could no longer charm by their beauty and fragrance, or the soft south wind bring health and surcease of pain to the suffering and the dying, it received into its hospitable bosom and folded in one long, affectionate embrace all that was mortal of the gallant, the gifted, the honored dead.

Closely identified in life, the names of Greene and Lee are in death inseparable.<sup>1</sup> Shoulder to shoulder they led the armies of the Confederation, and upon the soil of the youngest of the 'Original Thirteen,' having fought their last battle, laid their armor by and sank to rest in kindred graves. They

<sup>1</sup> General Greene died at his plantation on the Savannah river, 'Mulberry Grove,' fourteen miles above Savannah, and on the south side of the river, on the 19th of June, 1785.

The following account of his funeral obsequies is borrowed from a Savannah journal:

'On Monday last, the 19th day of June, died, at his seat near Savannah, Nathaniel Greene, Esq., late Major-General in the army of the United States, and on Tuesday morning his remains were brought to town to be interred. The melancholy account of his death was made known by the discharge of minute-guns from Fort Wayne; the shipping in the harbor had their colors half-masted; the shops and stores in the town were shut; and every class of

sleep where the recollections of their brave deeds and the grateful songs of the true lovers of liberty are caught up by the billows of a common ocean, and joyfully repeated in wider circles, in more heroic strains. The soil thus honored is hallowed indeed.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blessed !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

citizens, suspending their ordinary occupations, united in giving testimonies of the deepest sorrow.

'The several military corps of the town and a great part of the militia of Chatham county attended the funeral, and moved in the following procession :

The Corps of Artillery,  
The Light Infantry,  
The militia of Chatham county,  
Clergymen and Physicians,  
Band of Music :  
THE CORPSE AND PALL BEARERS,  
Escorted on each side by a company of Dragoons ;  
The principal Mourners,  
The members of the Cincinnati as Mourners,  
The Speaker of the Assembly,  
And other civil officers of the State,  
Citizens and strangers.

'About five o'clock the whole proceeded, the music playing the Dead March in Saul, and the Artillery firing minute guns as it advanced. When the military reached the vault in which the body was to be entombed, they opened to the right and left, and resting on reversed arms, let it pass through. The funeral service being performed, and the corpse deposited, thirteen discharges from the artillery and three from the musketry closed the scene. The whole was conducted with a solemnity suitable to the occasion.'

The *identical* vault in the old cemetery in Savannah in which General Greene rests is, at this day, a matter of uncertainty. A partial search was made for the coffin in 1820, but it proved unsuccessful. Although the precise tomb which encloses his honored dust may have escaped the memory of succeeding generations, his name and brave deeds live in the cherished remembrance of his countrymen, and grateful fellow-citizens have erected in one of the high places of Savannah an enduring tribute to his valor and worth.

ART. VI.—1. *Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets.* By William Howitt. 2 vols., 12mo. New York. 1847.

2. *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Political and Historical, with fifty Vignette Etchings.* By Anna Jameson. 2 vols., 12mo. London. 1832.

3. *Romance of Biography; or, Memoirs of Women Loved and Celebrated by Poets.* 2 vols., 12mo. By Anna Jameson. London. 1837.

We were once startled by the title of a pamphlet called ‘An Apology for the Common English Bible.’ We had imagined that precious heritage of all English-speaking peoples far beyond the reach of apologies and apologists. But some adventurous spirit had, indeed, taken up arms against a swarm of reformers who were endeavoring to improve the Book by substituting their language, with all the latest modern improvements, for the simple and beautiful Anglo-Saxon of our present translation. In like manner it may seem strange that a plea should be entered for genius, a Heaven-endowed gift, which ought naturally to commend itself to love and admiration. But genius is often assailed, and many sins and peccadilloes laid at its door which might be fairly charged to other characteristics. In speaking of genius we mean to include, for convenience, not only that richest and rarest of God’s gifts, vouchsafed to few, and occurring once in an age, but all that a not too critical public calls genius—such as superior intellectual endowments, and especially any eminence in the rugged paths of literature. For the world, which is given to broad classifications rather than to nice distinctions, dubs many a man a genius who has achieved nothing higher than a respectable place in the republic of letters. In conferring this brevet title the world imagines it more than compensates for the many evils attendant on so brilliant a reputation.

Bulwer, in one of his early essays, called the 'Chinese Philosopher,' playfully, and with a touch of sadness which makes us suspect it is his own case he is describing, recounts some of the sorrows and disappointments of a successful writer. It is not, however, of the individual trials which he so feelingly portrays that we propose now to speak, but of those general aspersions with which ordinary people scandalize literary men and women as a class.

One of the worst and most persistent charges brought against genius is, that it is incompatible with the domestic virtues. So persistently, indeed, has this charge been made, that it has passed into a proverb; and it is generally accepted as a fact, that a high order of intellect must necessarily accompany a radical fault of heart or temper unsuited to the peaceful atmosphere of home. People have come to regard genius as an erratic meteor, brilliant, indeed, but fatal to the calm, steady light of a happy fireside. In support of this theory we are triumphantly shown a long list of poets, sages and philosophers, as well as writers of lesser pretensions, who have been unfortunate in their domestic relations. On this sad record, among others too numerous to mention, appear the august names of Socrates, Shakspeare and Milton, with those of Addison, Dryden, Byron, Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray. That we may not be so wanting in gallantry as to ignore the claims of woman to genius, and because it is on the female of the species denominated Blue-Stocking that the charge falls most heavily, we will add the names of Mrs. Hemans and the unfortunate L. E. L.—a brilliant cloud of witnesses and an amount of evidence well calculated to intimidate a defendant not thoroughly satisfied with the justice of his cause.

We are well aware that a discussion of this question will involve us in a good deal of literary gossip; but we shall endeavor to handle the subject so as not to probe the heart-wounds of the lettered fraternity deeper than is required for the vindication of their genius from so unworthy an accusation. After careful research and an impartial consideration of the case in all its bearings, we think we are justified in saying, first, that if the private life of every individual was held up to the



gaze of a curious world, there would be found among ordinary people the same proportion of conjugal and domestic unhappiness as among what is called the *genus irritabile vatum*. Secondly, that the sorrows of men and women of genius, like the sorrows of other men and women, proceed from causes independent of their intellectual endowments. Thirdly, that the literary proclivities of women are generally the consequence and not the cause of domestic troubles.

We shall merely glance, in passing, at the case of Socrates, who was so notoriously uncomfortable in his marital relations. For, notwithstanding the ingenious, or rather playful, apology for Xantippe which recently appeared in these pages, nobody is unfair enough to ascribe his domestic unhappiness to his genius or philosophy. The shrewish temper of his wife (a prolific and not uncommon source of misery) was clearly at the bottom of the mischief; and as it is not recorded that Xantippe was a genius, we may reasonably suppose that the troubles of this family, at least, were not attributable to an undue proportion of intellect. On the contrary, it seems to have required all the philosophy of the greatest philosopher to endure the violence of his wife with meekness and patience. Had Socrates been a man of ordinary capacity, there is no telling what would have been the consequence. In that case, his story would not have survived the lapse of more than two thousand years. The sorrows of the great are trumpeted abroad; those of meaner people rest in oblivion. This brings us to a consideration of our first proposition, that if the lives of ordinary people were regarded with the same interest, and subjected to the same scrutiny, as those of their more gifted brethren, we should find among them the same proportion of unhappiness. For instance, we live in a country whose inhabitants are not worse or more quarrelsome, certainly not more intellectual, than the rest of the world, and yet we find among the mass of American men and women as much domestic infelicity as among the brilliant assembly of wits, authors and artists whose lives form a part of history. It is a melancholy fact that we are constantly meeting with people who have been married and divorced; men and women whom God has

joined together and whom man's laws have put asunder. This terrible evil, which strikes at the foundations of society, is so rapidly on the increase that it may well claim the consideration of all who are interested in the cause of morality. The statistics of some of the Western States especially show that the courts are as busy in breaking as the churches are in forging the bonds of matrimony. Hundreds of men and women who have never written a line worthy of publication, or been guilty of a *bon mot*, are seeking relief from the intolerable thralldom of their married life; and it must be remembered that only extreme cases of discontent result in total separation. It would be impossible to measure the amount of spiritual alienation in households seemingly united. All this does not speak well for the domestic virtues of people of average capacity. But then the world does not seek to account for the conjugal differences of average people by gauging their mental calibre. With a wisdom it will not apply in the case of a Byron, a Bulwer or a Dickens, it ascribes their domestic unhappiness to causes independent of their intellectual status. After patiently investigating the claims of genius to those qualities which make home happy, we are of the opinion that they are not inferior to those of other people. The domestic virtues spring from the heart, out of which 'are the issues of life.' A loving, generous heart, a patient, forbearing temper, are the surest foundations for domestic happiness, and they do not belong to a privileged class of minds. We find them, at times, in conjunction with the most splendid genius, and, at others, united with the most simple, uncultivated intellect. But wherever they exist their price is above rubies, and thrice happy is the man who counts them among his household treasures. It is a popular delusion to imagine that morbid temper, uncertain spirits, and eccentric habits, are necessary concomitants of genius. These things depend on the physical and moral more than the intellectual organization; and we read of a large proportion of eminent authors whose sweet, sunny dispositions have made the happiness of their own homes as their books have been the delight of others. But these examples are never cited, nor do men seem to argue from them

that genius may sometimes help to lighten the burden of life, to sweeten its sorrows, and to brighten and beautify its dark and waste places.

Let us now examine the lives of some of those whom we have enumerated among the unfortunate, and see if their domestic troubles had not their source in some other cause than the divine afflatus we call genius; and if, after all, they were not very commonplace troubles, which happen every day to very commonplace people. Next to Socrates comes Shakspeare. Unfortunately, we find more difficulty in eliciting the facts in his case than in any other. For, in strange contrast with his genius, which sheds its lustre over all English literature, and whose influence widens and brightens as the ages roll on, his private life is shrouded in almost total obscurity. Only one or two facts stand out from the surrounding haze of uncertainty to guide us in our investigations. We learn from the scanty materials which history affords of his life that his wife, Ann Hathaway, was beautiful; that she was older than the poet; and, it is hinted, that her moral character was not stainless. If it be true, that Shakspeare's home was not happy, need we go farther in search of the secret of its sorrow? Setting aside the fact that his wife was older than himself (always a dangerous superiority), can we imagine Shakspeare's home happy, if the woman whom he had 'set high as the stars,' by linking her fate with his own, were not above suspicion? What is any man's home worth if it be not the shrine of moral purity as well as the affections? It is for this end that the institutions of home and family were ordained of God; and nothing is more certain than that distrust and misery will follow upon a violation of their sanctity. But it were idle to pretend that this form of unhappiness is confined to the homes of genius. It is, unfortunately, an evil we see cropping out in every class in every age, in every climate. Wordsworth tells us that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. Suffering, in some shape, is the common lot of humanity; but to teach in song is an outlet of grief reserved for very few. It is certain that Shakspeare has depicted all the anguish of which the human

heart is capable; and, it may be, that he was taught in the sad school of experience, and that his genius was refined and exalted by trial. In any case, his unequalled intellectual endowments must have been a compensation for, and not an aggravation of, the trials of life.

Milton's case was a peculiar one. With the most splendid genius he united the most splendid virtues—a combination eminently fitted for enjoying and conferring happiness, as was clearly shown in his second marriage. But with all his endowments and capacity for happiness, the greater part of his life was embittered by his unfortunate choice of a wife the first time he entered the married state. At the time of his first marriage, Milton, besides being a great poet, was a grave, middle-aged man, a hard-working schoolmaster, and a zealous supporter of the parliamentary cause. Following the instinct which so often leads a man, whether a genius or not, to choose his opposite, he married a gay young royalist, by the name of Mary Powell, from Oxfordshire—a beautiful country girl, who had been brought up in a family devoted to hospitality and feasting, and all her sympathies were attuned to the festivities of a jovial country neighborhood. When the poet brought her to London, immediately after their marriage, she soon became disgusted with his quiet home and laborious life. Her chief cause of complaint was, that she saw no company. One would have thought that, for a time at least, she would have been satisfied with the society of her poet-husband. But long before the honeymoon had waned—in fact, within a week after her wedding day—Mrs. Milton asked permission to return to Oxfordshire, to spend the summer with her relations, promising to return at Michaelmas. But Michaelmas came and brought no wife. The poet's urgent and affectionate letters remained unanswered; and when, at last, he sent for her, his messenger was dismissed contemptuously from her father's house. Such an outrage has seldom been put upon any man, and was enough to rouse the indignation of poet or parson. Stung to the quick by the desertion of the woman he loved, Milton resolved to repudiate her; and, as an apology for the important step he was about to take, published his four famous

treatises on divorce. These proceedings, of course, widened the breach between his wife and himself; and it is probable that Mrs. Milton and her relations would have made no opposition to the divorce if there had not occurred at this time a decided change in the aspect of political affairs. The royalists were beginning to lose ground, while Milton, on the contrary, was one of the most influential men in the party coming into power. The Powells, who had been particularly active in support of the royal cause, foresaw their danger, and recognized the expediency of conciliating the poet, who was likely to be of use to them in their political difficulties. It was accordingly arranged that Mrs. Milton should beg her husband's pardon, and a plot was laid for that purpose. One day, while the unsuspecting poet was making a visit at the house of a relative, his wife came in suddenly, threw herself at his feet, and implored his forgiveness. The noble nature of the poet made it impossible for him to doubt the sincerity of his wife's penitence, and he graciously and freely forgave her all. Not only so, but during the troubles which afterward befell the Cavaliers, he took his wife's family to live with him, which we take to be one of the most remarkable instances of magnanimity on record. It is melancholy to remember that when, at the Restoration, the poet was himself involved in political troubles, the Powell's gave him neither sympathy nor assistance. Here we have in Milton an instance of a man possessing genius of the highest order, without any of the eccentricity and irritability which are generally supposed to mar the domestic peace of the race of poets. On the contrary, he was celebrated for gentleness, generosity, patience, and purity of life, qualities which, of all others, are best fitted to make home happy. Milton's unhappiness during his first marriage was the result of a single but fatal mistake, which ordinary men make every day. He chose his wife for her youth and beauty without regard to her temper, disposition, and tastes; or, more probably, with the idea, that so many men seem to have until they are undeceived by bitter experience, that a lovely character must necessarily accompany a lovely face. He and his second wife, whom he describes in his twenty-

second sonnet as full of 'love, sweetness, goodness,' were as happy as it falls to the lot of mortals to be.

Dryden and Addison had similar fates — the worst, we conceive, which can befall a man with the feelings of a man. They married women superior to themselves in birth and fortune, and were made to feel the fact every day of their lives. Now, it can scarcely be called an eccentricity of genius to marry a rich woman, for it is a distinction we see ordinary men aspiring to every day. Addison, poor fellow, as we well know, was forced to take refuge from his uncomfortable home in Will's coffee house, and, as might have been anticipated, became the victim of intemperance. Dryden sought distraction in every form, but his chief solace was in reading; and it is related that on one occasion, during a stormy interview with his wife, she declared that it would be better if she were a book, for then she would have more of her husband's society; to which the poet good naturedly replied: 'I wish you were, my love, an almanac, for then I could change you every year.' Family quarrels are certainly odious and vulgar; but if husbands and wives must quarrel, it seems to us that such wit would be an alleviation of the evil, and that it would be a more pleasurable excitement to quarrel with a Dryden than with a Smith or a Jones.

It is not without hesitation that we refer to the case of Lord Byron. But this article was begun, and laid aside, before Mrs. Stowe had vexed both hemispheres with her indelicate attack upon his memory; and as his name appears already written on our list of names, we will not forbear to give our opinion as to the general cause of his misfortunes, with which his genius had nothing to do. Even his wife declared that he had something of the angel in him; and that something must have been his genius, for that alone evinced a germ of the divine nature in his character. The evil passions that blighted his life and dimmed the lustre of his genius proceeded from a taint in the blood. If ever man had a right, by inheritance, to violent passions and ungovernable temper, it was this unhappy poet. His ancestors, for generations, had been turbulent, riotous people, and his father, Capt.

Byron, was the most dissipated and unprincipled man of his day. It would have been a miracle if the poet had escaped. His life was almost identical with that of his father, except that his father's was not redeemed by one spark of genius, by one aspiration toward the pure and beautiful, which the poet shows in his calmer and better moments. Capt. Byron, like the poet, had spent his substance in riotous living, and then married an heiress to 'gild his waste.' In one week after he had taken his unsuspecting bride to his home all her handsome property, except a small pittance, went to pay his gambling debts. He, too, had broken faith with friend and foe, had trampled on all the laws of morality, and even decency, and went down to a dishonored grave, where his evil life is allowed to rest in oblivion. The errors of his illustrious son, on the contrary, will always be scanned in the light of his genius, and unreflecting people will go on thinking that his eccentricities were inseparable from his poetic nature, instead of believing that his genius was 'the angel in him' that redeemed his character from the utter worthlessness of his father.

We will touch lightly on Bulwer's domestic troubles, which have probably never been surpassed. His wife is described as a Xantippe of the Irish type—a woman with so violent a temper that close confinement had at times to be resorted to in order to calm her transports of rage. We can easily understand how much peace and happiness reigned in his home while Lady Lytton presided there. These facts only go to prove what we have already said: that the sorrows of men of genius proceed from causes independent of their intellectual endowments—very commonplace causes, that happen every day to very commonplace people.

We now come to the loved and honored name of the gentle satirist, Thackeray. It seems cruel indeed to lift the veil from his domestic sorrows, proceeding, as they did, from so pathetic a cause, and proving nothing but the truth of the old, old saying, that 'man is born to trouble,' if that needed any proof. But he is often mentioned by the unthinking as one of the men of genius who were unhappy, probably



for no better reason than to swell the number of proud names that are supposed to prove genius a domestic mischief-maker; for it is well known that the heaviest affliction separated him from his wife. But though separated from him by the consequences of continued ill health, which had operated unfavorably on her mind, she was always the first object of her husband's love and tenderness. Here and there in his writings we meet with touching allusions to their early life of happy affection, and the sad fate that had parted them. In the ballad of *Bouillabaisse* he says:

‘A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me;  
There is no one now to share my cup.’

We might go on and examine into the lives of all the men and women of genius that have ever lived, with a similar result. We should still find that their sorrows proceeded from causes that might have very well existed had they been people of ordinary capacity. We can never believe that there is any inherent quality of genius that gives unhappiness to its possessor or to other people. This can be said truly of nothing but sin and its consequences. It seems rank heresy so to malign one of the best and noblest gifts of God to men. It is true that bad men and women often possess genius, but, as Mrs. Jameson somewhere well remarks, ‘Genius and sunshine have this in common, that they are the most precious gifts of Heaven to earth, and are dispensed equally to the just and unjust;’ and we might as well distrust the blessed sunshine because it shines on the evil as well as on the good.

Professors of literature are fully aware of the prejudice that exists against their guild; nor are they insensible to its injustice. Indeed, the smallest acquaintance with books will show that writers are constantly seeking to discover the cause of their unpopularity; and some of the noblest pages in the language are devoted to a defense of their high calling.

Thackeray seems to have thought that letters had fallen into disrepute only since the time of Pope, and lays the whole blame on the malicious use that poet made of his talent and

toil. Triswell, in one of his essays on English writers, dates the unpopularity of poets farther back. 'The cold northern intellect of the ordinary Briton,' he says, 'has somehow, since the times of the Puritans, depreciated poets and poetry. Indeed, God, to keep the poet pure, has covered him with a divine mantle of trial, poverty and sensitiveness; so that the world touches him not too closely, and *revenges itself by abusing what it cannot understand, and inventing all sorts of calumnies about him.*'

Lord Bacon says, that 'Poesy seweth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation.' Coleridge, breaking out in enthusiastic praise of his profession, declares: 'It has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

We have said that the literary proclivities of women were generally the consequence, and not the cause, of domestic trouble. Many women who have been disappointed in their affections, and are too brave to give up all of life to melancholy, have fallen back on their intellect as a resource; but by far the greater number of women-writers have been sent into the field by that worst of domestic troubles, poverty. For instance, Mrs. Hemans, the 'fair spirit,' who now reposes 'calm on the bosom of her God'—her genius and her pen were employed to keep starvation from her home. Five boys were dependent on her exertions solely for support and education. It is true that before her marriage she had given to the world a few poems, but they were to her later works as the fresh, delicate blossoms of spring are to the rich fruit ripened by the scorching suns of summer. Her later poems show that they were the offspring of a mind and heart matured in that same school of suffering of which Wordsworth speaks, and were, for the most part, written for bread. Mrs. Hemans is described by those who knew her as having been beautiful, warm-hearted, and fascinating. Her character, like her poetry, was full of dignity, purity, and gentle piety. The husband who deserted her, and betrayed her heart's most sacred

trust, had nothing to say against her. Her disposition and temper were as lovely as the person and as tender as the genius that first attracted him. It was he who was utterly unprincipled and unworthy of the woman who had lavished on him all the love and tenderness of a noble, generous nature. She was the darling of her parents and brothers and sisters, the pride of a large circle of warm, congenial friends, and the idolized mother of the boys for whom her life was spent. With all her unhappiness it has never been hinted that Mrs. Hemans' literary tastes and pursuits had any other effect than to give pleasure to her friends and support to herself and children.

L. E. L. was another genius who had a life-long struggle with poverty; but she bravely did the work she was appointed to do. Wm. Howitt, in his *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets*, says of her, 'None of the laborious tribe of authors ever toiled more incessantly or more cheerfully than Miss Landon — none with a more devotedly generous spirit. She had the proud satisfaction of contributing to the support of her family, and to the end of her life this great object was uppermost in her mind. On her marriage she proposed to herself to go on writing still, with the prospect of being thus enabled to devote the whole of her literary profits to the comfort of her mother and the promotion of the fortunes of her brother. In all social and domestic relations no one was ever more amiable or more beloved.' She had rather a hard life after she married, but under circumstances which we think any candid person would admit were calculated to make a woman unhappy whatever her temperament might have been. Her home was in a British fort on the barbarous coast of Africa, with only one other white woman in the place. Writing to some friends in England an account of her new life, she says: 'The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute: from seven in the morning till seven, when we dine. I never see Mr. Maclean (her husband), and rarely any one else. You cannot imagine how different everything is here to England. I hope, however, in time to get on pretty well. There is, nevertheless, a deal to do. Here everything must be seen to

by yourself: it matters not what it is, it must be kept under lock and key. I get up at seven, breakfast at eight, and give out flour, butter, sugar, all from the store. I find the bag you gave me so useful to hold the keys, of which I have a little army. We live almost entirely on chickens and ducks, for if a sheep be killed it must be all eaten that day. The bread is very good: they use palm oil for yeast. Yams are a capital substitute for potatoes: pies and puddings are scarce thought of unless there be a party. The washing has been a terrible trouble, but I am getting on better. I have found a woman to wash some of the things, but the men do all the starching and ironing. Never did people require so much looking after. Till Mr. Maclean comes in from court at seven I never see a living creature but the servants. The weather is now very warm; the nights so hot that you can only bear the lightest sheet over you. As to the beds, the mattresses are so hard they are like iron. The damp is very destructive; the dew is like rain, and there are no fire-places. You would not believe it, but a grate would be the first of luxuries. Keys, scissors, everything rusts. Scouring is done by the prisoners. Fancy three men employed to clean a room which, in England, an old woman could do in half an hour, while a soldier stands over them with a drawn bayonet.'

We say fancy such an existence for any lady, but especially for Miss Landon, who, Mr. Howitt says, 'had been for the greater part of her life the cherished and caressed favorite of the most intelligent society in London.' L. E. L. made the best of it, however, and was cheerful and seemingly contented to the last; but we believe that with any other than this brave, bright spirit the self-destruction, which in her case was accidental, would have been premeditated.

With what pleasure we turn from the contemplation of such blighted lives to call to remembrance a few of the innumerable men and women whose genius has been not only a public benefaction, but a well-spring of joy in their own homes. Madame de Sevigne, for instance, the queen of letters, of whose style Sainte Beuve says, 'At times it rises to the sublimity of Bossuet, and at others it attains to the comic powers

of Molière; and yet, with all her intellect and cultivation, she was a charming woman of the most womanly type. An exemplary wife, a devoted mother, pure and virtuous in the most corrupt age of French society, sensible and unaffected though admitted as an honored member of the circle at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and withal a practical woman of business, as evinced in the admirable management of her son's estate.

Then there is Madame Roland, the grandest figure of the French Revolution, and yet so tender and loving a woman that when the guard who was sent to escort her to prison, seeing the desolation of her attendants, said, 'The people around you seem to love you,' could proudly reply, 'I have never been surrounded by any who did not;' and when this same woman's husband heard of her heroic death his grief was so great that he committed suicide.

Victor Hugo, too, is a man of genius (though so radical and eccentric in his ideas of liberty and the management of public affairs), over whose hearthstone hover the angels of Love and Peace. The story of his domestic life reads like an idyl. Married, at twenty, to one whose pure love had long protected his youth from the seductions of the world, his home is what some one has called a practical poem in favor of early marriages. Adverse circumstances of all kinds—obstacles in his literary career, the fulminations of the press, a long exile from his adored France, have been powerless to harm the man, for in the bosom of his family he has always found happiness and affection.

There is the sparkling Tom Moore, 'the poet of all circles and the idol of his own,' with his sweet singing making melody for the brilliant circle in which he moved, and, with his sweet temper, making happiness and harmony in his humble home. Charlotte Bronte, too, was the light of the sombre Yorkshire parsonage. John Wilson, whom the author of the *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets* says, was 'one of the finest geniuses that Scotland ever produced, one of the noblest, wittiest, most imaginative, and most eloquent writers of any

country ;' and yet his rose embowered cottage beside the beautiful Windermere was, as he himself speaks of it,

' A wild and fairy spot,  
A mingled happiness of earth and heaven.'

And so in the history of every age and every land we find such examples recorded. We have cited but a few of the names that come thronging to our memory, and to the memory of all who have taken pleasure in the biography of literary men and women, that go to prove that genius adds a new charm to the pleasures of home, binding more closely the ties of family affection, and shedding some of its own divine light over the prosaic household gods.

ART. VII.—*Lectures on the Philosophy of History*. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated from the third German Edition, by J. Sibree, M. A. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1857.

We place the title of this work at the head of the present article, not because our views respecting the mission of great men agree with those of Hegel, but because they were suggested by his reflections on the subject of 'Great Men.' Our views, indeed, agree far more nearly with those of Schlegel's than with those of *Hegel's Philosophy of History*—that is to say, with those of the Christian philosopher than with those of the great pantheist. In the work of Hegel there are, it is true, individual passages of transcendent power and beauty; but what signifies this if, after all, the frame-work of the whole is radically wrong? They may be 'apples of gold,' but they are not set 'in pictures of silver.' Our poor apples, such as they are, shall at least be set in the grand scheme of the Christian religion.<sup>1</sup>

'There is nothing great on earth but man; there is nothing great in man but mind.' This grand and inspiring aphorism

<sup>1</sup> The following reflections were delivered as the 'Annual Address' before the 'Columbian and Hesperian Societies' of Trinity College, N. C., on the 14th of June, 1871. This College had for the year 1870-71 one hundred and sixty-five matriculates; and the Commencement Exercises were highly creditable, both to the Professors and the Students. But the most wonderful thing about this College is, that, although it has never had any endowment, it has paid its own way and is still out of debt. But shall we not help those who have shown so wonderful a capacity to help themselves? When we think of what the Professors of this College have achieved, our very hearts sicken at the thought of the hardships, the privations, and the self-sacrifice to which they must have been subjected by the want of proper assistance and encouragement from the outside world. As it is the only Methodist College in the State we most assuredly hope to see the Methodists of North Carolina rally to its support, and aid it with an endowment as great as its intrinsic merit and its usefulness deserve. Otherwise they will certainly be untrue to themselves, as well as to the glory of the State in which they dwell. We do hope, then, that this College will, in its noble and heroic efforts in the great cause of Christian education, be no longer crippled by the want of proper assistance.



of the philosopher accords with the divinely-attested fact that man — that the *mind* of man — was created in the image of God. But this image, or grand ideal of the Creator, is more than an intellect, or a heart, or a will; it is all these combined, and combined in due proportions. An eye, or a nose, or a mouth, by itself, is not the likeness of a face. Much less can a single mental attribute or power, however grand or beautiful in itself, be like the mind of God. All mental attributes and powers must unite and be harmoniously combined in one to realize the archetypal idea of a man, or image of his Maker.

This image, in fact, now exists nowhere upon earth, save where the Divine Artist has restored it and set it up in 'the dim magnificence' of this lower temple of the universe. The more perfect this image is, the more is the man a man. But where shall we find a man — this full-orbed, this glorious image of God?

We see a sensibility, flashing and flaming about the world, and we call *it* a great man. But is that a great locomotive, in which the steam only is great, while the machine is weak and rickety, and, consequently, more violent than strong in its movements? Violence is, indeed, weakness, and not power. It is only when the electric equilibrium of nature is disturbed that lightnings flash and thunders shake the globe. In like manner, we often mistake for evidences of power and genius the violent manifestations of a weakness in the equilibrium of man's nature. There is more power exerted in the composition of a single cup of cold water than in the wild fury of whole thunder storms. But we overlook the great forces of nature, because they are steady, and silent, and calm, and are startled into wonder, if not into terror, by the paroxysms of its noisy weakness. Hence Festus, and the Mr. Alexander Smith who imitates him, are called great geniuses by some; whereas, in fact, they are only disorganized sensibilities and spasmodic wildfires.

Again, we see a great intellect, as in the case of Hume, Hobbes, or other atheist, and we call this, too, a great man. But what is all this machinery without the vital force, the living soul, the great, warm and all-informing heart? It is

cold and dark. It lacks the secret sympathy, the indissoluble bond, which binds it to the true, the beautiful and the good wherever found, whether in the God of heaven or in his image on the earth. Hence it is out of joint, and never gets into harmony with the universe. On the contrary, it sneers, and doubts, and makes a mockery of God's creation. It says, with David Hume, the spider, if it could *only reason*, would conclude that the fair world in which we live was built by a great spider like itself. If so, then the spider, being rational, would conclude that the world had a rational Cause; and that is more than you can say for the atheist. No doubt, if the spider had reason alone, without heart or soul, it would be a sneering atheist; but give it heart—give it a soul for the true, the beautiful, the good—and then it would believe. In other words, then it would cease to be a spider or a skeptic; and, instead of weaving the fatal web for wandering flies, it would reason like a Newton or a Kepler. All great, all god-like thoughts come from the heart.

We see this in Pythagoras. It made of him a prophet. Ere science had unrolled her ample page and shown the wonders of the world to man, this sublime seer dimly saw them all. For there, in the darkness of the world, in the dim twilight of philosophy, two thousand years before Copernicus arose, he saw that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of our system, around which all the planets roll. He saw, also, that the fixed stars are suns, and centres of other mighty systems. Thus, inspired by a deep heart alone, did Pythagoras see, dimly depicted on the heaven of his imagination, that sublime system of the universe which the combined genius and science of a Copernicus, a Kepler and a Newton have demonstrated for mankind. No sophistry of the reasoning spider binds such a man. His great, warm, glowing heart just burns up and consumes all such cobwebs of the cold intellect, and beats in unison with the thoughts of God. Man, if we may believe David Hume, was made in the image of the reasoning spider. But is not this the definition of the *species* skeptic rather than of the *genus* man? of the doubting and sneering Hume rather than of the believing and loving *Homo*?

But if we insist on this full-orbed ideal, in which all faculties of mind, heart, soul and conscience harmoniously unite, we shall scarcely find a man, much less a great one. The world is, indeed, in its present forlorn condition, so poorly made up of half-men that it would take several great men, as they are called, to make one man. Hence, taking the world as it is, we shall call those great whom the world calls great. As great men, then, are diverse, so are their missions different. They work, as they are appointed to work, in different spheres, and each, in his own appropriate sphere, is a glorious gift of God and a servant of his species. But out of his own sphere even the great man becomes a failure, if not a curse.

‘It would take many Newtons,’ says Coleridge, ‘to make one Milton.’ True. But then it would take just as many Miltons to make one Newton. Indeed, the one could not be made out of the other at all, without a very great waste of material. Hence we insist that Coleridge, the metaphysician, the poet, and the critic, shall leave each just as the Almighty made him — the one for science, and for song the other. If Milton had undertaken to write the *Principia*, or Newton the *Paradise Lost*, the world had been deprived of its two most glorious works and mankind of its two brightest ornaments.

Equally foolish is the decision of the same critic, that Newton was ‘the patient and calculating plodder,’ and Kepler ‘the grand constructive genius of astronomy.’ If the poet had only followed this ‘patient plodder,’ as he calls him, in his sublime walk among the stars, he would have been awe-struck at the god-like grandeur of his genius. For Newton, in spite of the flippant table-talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, is the grandest figure in the scientific department of the world’s Pantheon. The universal voice of scientific men has placed him there, and there he will remain forever. But this detracts nothing from the glory of a Milton or a Kepler. The world has need of all of its great men, and of all their greatness. There is room enough for all; and hence, with broad hearts, let us render reverential homage to them all, as each shines from his own sphere and showers down his radiance upon the world.

For, after all, the great man is only great in his own sphere or mission. Put Melancthon on the stage of action, and bid him be a Luther, and you only make him ridiculous. He just puts out his two little horns, like a snail, and feels, and feels, and then draws in his two little horns again. But in thought, in meditation, *there* Melancthon is truly great, and the grand, heroic soul of Luther needs his aid, and most lovingly invokes it. Thus, our divine Master ever sends out his disciples two and two, and not singly, into the world, making, as it were, of two great men one man to do his work.

All great men are messengers of God. The *geometer*, the *philosopher*, the *conqueror*, and the *hero*, each has his appointed work or mission. We shall begin with the *geometer*, because his work or mission pertains to the material globe, the universal frame.

The laws below, says Socrates, are sisters to the laws above. A grand sentence this! But the truth is grander still, for the laws below are identical with those above. 'We everywhere stand on paths which have no end, but run continually around the universe,' though, in most cases, they soon grow dim to human eyes and hide themselves in darkness. The *geometer*, however, has traced one of these paths, or laws, not only around all the minute atoms below, but also around all the mighty worlds above, and shown us how it binds, in zones of boundless beauty, all created things in one harmonious whole.

The poet may see and sing the *fancy-work* of nature; its *frame-work* is beheld by the *geometer* alone. The poet may see, and admire, and celebrate the infinite variety of beautiful forms which decorate the outside of the visible universe; but the one awful beauty which emanates from the very soul and system of the universe—from the unity, order and harmony of all things—is vouchsafed to the enraptured eye of the mathematician alone. For, as Sir John Herschel says, 'Admission to the inner sanctuary of the temple of the universe, and to the privileges and feelings of a votary, is to be gained by one means only—by a sound and sufficient knowledge of the mathematics.' Who cares, then, whether the inscription over

Plato's school—'Let no man enter here who is ignorant of geometry'—be, as Sir William Hamilton declares it is, 'a comparatively modern fiction,' or otherwise? Sir William is welcome to pluck that petty honor from the brow of geometry, since it is certain that the same inscription, or its equivalent, has been traced by the finger of the Almighty himself over the portals of the great temple of the universe itself. For no one ever has been, or ever will be, admitted to the inner sanctuary of that temple, or to the privileges and the feelings of a votary, except the geometer, or those to whom he may give the power.

Such is the sublime mission of the geometer. He has not, however, always been conscious of his mission. Thales and Pythagoras, for example, when drawn, as by a mysterious charm, to study the properties of the triangle, little imagined that their discoveries would, in the course of time, help to construct a ladder of thought along which men should, in after ages, ascend and descend from world to world. As little did Archimedes, the greatest geometer of antiquity, conceive the faintest idea of the magnificent scheme of the universe, or the sublime edifice of thought to which his own beautiful discoveries were destined to serve as the scaffoldings and helps. But so it was. And Apollonius, in like manner, when his great mind pored over the wonderful curves—the conic sections—little dreamed that he was discovering and bringing to light, for the benefit of future ages, the marvelous properties of the orbits of all the planets above us, and of all the worlds above the planets. The bee which, impelled by instinct alone, practically solves a beautiful problem of *maxima* and *minima* in the construction of its cell, is not more unconscious of the nature of its work than was Apollonius when he thus labored at the great problem of the planetary and the stellar orbits. Nor was Hipparchus, though he applied his geometry to the heavens, at all aware of the nature, or the magnitude, or the splendor of the edifice for which his own gigantic labors prepared a portion of the materials.

Copernicus was the first geometer who became conscious of his mission. For, laying aside all 'the mathematical tradi-

tions of the past,' he resolved to try anew, and for himself, the stupendous problem of the material universe. He felt the divine necessity of the task, as well as the grandeur of the attempt. Nor did he shrink from the tremendous toil which it imposed. On the contrary, he girded up his loins for more than the twelve labors of a Hercules, and set himself to the great work before him. 'Then I, too,' says he, 'began to meditate;' and for forty long years he did meditate. He placed the sun in the centre of the system, and gave to each planet a motion around that great luminary, as well as around its own axis. Over this sublime scheme, suggested by the prophetic dream or vision of Pythagoras, his great mind and heart continually brooded. He looked for light—for the glory of God—in that direction, because he felt that the geocentric theory of the universe, with 'the uncertainty of its mathematical traditions,' replete with such impenetrable darkness and confusion, did not, and could not, reflect the wisdom, and power, and goodness of the Creator of the world. His faith was unconquerable. He rose above the illusion of the senses, and saw more clearly than eye had ever seen before that the motion of the heavens is *apparent* only, while that of the earth is *real*. The views and arguments which had imposed on the mighty intellects of Plato, and Aristotle, and Hipparchus, and which had bound the whole world in strong delusion, disappeared before the steady gaze of his intense mind and long-protracted vigil. Hence, he could speak, not as one moved by vague and shadowy conceptions of the distant only, but as one inspired by the actual possession of a great and imperishable truth. 'All which things,' says he, in regard to his great discoveries, 'though they be difficult, and almost incredible, and contrary to the opinion of the majority, yet in the sequel, by God's favor, we will make clearer than the sun, at least to those who are not ignorant of mathematics.' Thus did this great man, toiling like a giant in his great vocation, and sustained by his faith in the glory of God, cast the deep foundations of that system of the universe on which the magnificent superstructure has since been reared by those sublime architects of science, a Galileo, a Kepler, a Newton, a Laplace, and a Herschel.

Kepler was as great a worker as Copernicus, and his labors were as richly rewarded. By the discovery of his three great laws he earned for himself the proud title of "legislator of the skies." But Kepler—the great, the good, the glorious, the god-like, the child-like Kepler—rejoiced more in truth than in earthly fame or titles. Hence, having completed his book, *The Harmonies of the World*, his exultation burst into that noble strain of enthusiastic delight: 'Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury. I have stolen the golden vase of the Egyptians to build up for my God a tabernacle far away from the confines of Egypt. The die is cast; the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. I can afford to wait a century for a reader, since God himself has waited six thousand years for an observer.'

The labors of Kepler having been completed, the science of astronomy was ready for the sublimest flights which it had ever taken, or, perhaps, will ever take within the view of our planet. For two thousand years and more she had been gathering up her energies and reaching various heights of thought; but now she spreads her wings for a still bolder flight—she plumes them for the summit of the universe itself, whence its transcendent glory, which is but the shadow of its God, may be more clearly seen and more devoutly felt. In one word, the science was ready for a Newton then, and then a Newton appeared.

'Man,' says Bacon, in the noble line with which his *Organum* opens: 'Man is the minister and interpreter of nature.' If viewed from this point, then it must be conceded, nay, it is universally conceded, except by a few fanciful writers, that Newton is the greatest man that ever lived. In one law he embraced every atom in the universe, and showed that the least particle of matter under our feet exerts an influence which extends to all worlds. By this single law he explained the discoveries of Hipparchus, of Ptolemy, and of all who had gone before him. From this one law he deduced the entire system of Copernicus and all the laws of Kepler. In one word, he combined the laws and discoveries of all past ages with equally great laws and discoveries of his own, and



wrought them all into one grand, harmonious scheme, whose foundations are as deep as space itself and whose pinnacles sparkle among the stars.

In those sublime words, 'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showeth his handiwork,' Newton, as the great geometer of all times, revealed a deeper sense than the Psalmist ever saw. But, as the universe opens on his mind, he indulges in no transports of joy, like Thales; he sacrifices no hecatomb of oxen, like Pythagoras; he sends forth no wild Eureka, like Archimedes; no sublime burst of conscious power, like Copernicus; and no strain of sacred fury, like Kepler. On the contrary, this great High Priest of Nature, as he stands there in the inner sanctuary of the temple, trembles as the glory of the Lord passes before him, and, bowing his head, he veils his face from the overpowering splendor of the vision.

Newton was no poet. He would, perhaps, have written as wretched verses as Bacon himself. He was not, we admit, the poet whose eye is always in a fine frenzy rolling, for his was fixed on the deep things of the universe. He was not born to watch the fleeting, painted cloud, nor to bend, like Chaucer, over the evanescent glory of the grass, or listen to the sweet song of the perishing bird. His mission, if not more beautiful, was more sublime than this, and doomed him to calculate as well as to soar—nay, to calculate in order that he might soar; for his it was to comprehend the great Geometer who planned, and built, and beautified the boundless fabric of the universe.

The mission of the geometer, as we have seen, pertains to the universe of matter. The mission of the philosopher relates to the universe of mind. Thales, the head of the wise men of Greece, was the founder of ancient philosophy. From Thales philosophy descended to Anaximander; from Anaximander to Anaxagoras; and from Anaxagoras to his great disciple, Socrates. We shall begin with Socrates, who, take him all in all, was the simplest, grandest and bravest man of the ancient world. What, then, was the mission of Socrates?

This, it seems to us, was rightly understood and defined by Socrates himself. The first great question, says he, is not how the universe was constructed, but how we may find our way through it in safety. Accordingly, to the solution of this one problem he bent all the energies of his mind, leaving to others the consideration of 'the wonderful art' wherewith the universe is constructed. The time was not ready for the direct study of that 'wonderful art'; and those who, like Thales and Plato, undertook to explain the structure of the universe, dealt in dreams only. Indeed, the infant philosophy of Greece, putting forth its feeble and unfurnished powers to grasp the system of the universe, was not unlike a little child reaching out its tiny fingers to embrace the moon. Socrates was certainly right, as it seems to us, in the choice he made of the problem *for his age*.

But having chosen the right problem, how does Socrates solve it? How does he say that man may safely find his way through the universe, for time and for eternity? In regard to this question, the most momentous ever propounded to a rational being, Socrates confesses that he knows nothing—that he can only hope or conjecture. Profoundly conscious of his own ignorance, he is amazed when the oracle pronounces him the wisest of men. He seeks out all the wise men of his time (and it is the greatest time in all the history of Greece); he converses with them, in order to find out, if possible, what this strange utterance of the oracle might mean. Having completed the search, he is more inclined to believe the oracle; for, as he alleges, although all the great men of his time were as ignorant as himself, he alone was conscious of his ignorance.

Such was the result of that grand experiment, in which it was shown how far human reason could go, and where it must stop, in relation to the greatest of all the practical problems of man's existence. Socrates, from the very pinnacle of Grecian culture, thus confesses ignorance for himself and for his age, and thereby reveals the necessity of a teacher from heaven. Such was the mission of Socrates. He, too, was 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness'—not as having any-

thing positive to proclaim, but as having a great want to utter for the human race.

Next came Plato, his great disciple. Plato, in one respect, raises the standard of revolt against his master, exclaiming, 'Yet some things are knowable.' Now, of all the truths ever uttered by Plato the most soul-stirring and sublime is this: 'Let us declare,' says he, 'the cause which led the Supreme Ordainer to produce and compose the universe. He was good, and he who is good is exempt from envy. Exempt from envy, he wished that all things should be as much like himself as possible. Whosoever, taught by wise men, shall admit this as the prime cause of the origin and foundation of the world, will be in the truth.' Again he says: 'All things are for the sake of the Good, and the Good is the cause of all things beautiful.' Thus Plato struck a chord whose vibrations the human mind will never permit to cease, and a chord, too, which gives the key-note to all the harmonies of the universe. But it was the key-note alone—the other notes were wanting, or else in harsh discord with this. Hence the sublime sentiment which animates the philosophy of Plato could find no development, no expansion, no outlet for its effulgence, being cramped and confined on all sides by innumerable apparent contradictions and darkened by impenetrable obscurities. It was the sun and centre of his system, but it was wrapped in clouds and darkness; or, more properly speaking, it was a sun without a system, and a centre without a circumference. So deeply, indeed, did Plato feel the darkness of the world, and the necessities of man's estate, that he predicted that a teacher—a 'divine man'—would be sent from God to instruct and enlighten mankind. Thus, the grand conclusion to which the whole life and doctrine of Socrates mutely pointed was expressly predicted by his great disciple, Plato.

Plato, however, with all his genius, would have made sad havoc of society and reduced all things to a wild chaos. His *Republic* is, indeed, a worse than Utopian scheme of the political dreamer. In order to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, the institution of property is abolished; the family, with

all the sweet and sanctifying charities of home, is destroyed; wives and children are in common; and, of course, infinite disorders reign. It was reserved for his great disciple, Aristotle, to redress these manifold blunders of the master and set the ideas of the world to rights again. All this Aristotle did with the hand of a great master, working in his most appropriate sphere. Plato called Aristotle 'the mind of his school.' In morals and politics he was, indeed, the mind of antiquity. As Archimedes was the geometer, and Hipparchus the astronomer, so was Aristotle the moral and political philosopher of the ancient world. The divines of the present day, says Archbishop Whateley, might learn much from the *Ethics* of Aristotle. They might learn much more from his *Politics*. This book is, indeed, the great storehouse of political wisdom, from which the Montesquieus, the Bacons and the Burkes of all subsequent ages have drawn immense supplies. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful monument of political wisdom which the world has ever seen.

Such was the preceptor of Alexander the Great. But for the instructions of Aristotle, Alexander had been, perhaps, merely 'a scourge of God,' leaving, like other great conquerors of Asia, little beside devastation and ruin in his path. As it was, however, we see, shining through all his conquests, the clear and comprehensive views of Aristotle with respect to the art of government and the political relations of vast empires. We see, in short, not the destroyer merely, but a great and beneficent worker in the cause of humanity.

We do not mean that Alexander was aware of his own mission. He evidently had no higher idea than that he was born to conquer the world. This idea had, from his early childhood, taken possession of his mind, and inspired him with a sublime audacity. Hence, every conquest of his father, though it filled others with joy, only drew from the lips of this wonderful boy the sadly uttered sentiment, 'So much the less for us to do.' The lust of empire, dominion, glory, fired all the powers of his mind and dictated all his stupendous schemes. But the Almighty had raised up this mighty conqueror to extend his own empire and to promote his own glory among

men ; for the hero and the conqueror, no less than the geometer and the philosopher, must contribute to the same great end.

Alexander, as every one knows, was only twenty years old when he ascended the throne. If he had not been the greatest man on earth, or, at least, the greatest will and passion, he had been irretrievably lost. Thrown upon distracted times and surrounded by powerful enemies, the rulers of barbarous nations ready to revolt, and having only timid counsellors, nothing but his own mighty will could have saved him. His counsellors advised him to give up Greece entirely, and recall, by mild and gentle means, the barbarous nations whom his father had conquered, and who were ripe for rebellion. But Alexander had no heart for such timid policy, such weak advice. 'Demosthenes,' said he, 'has called me a boy, and I will show him before the walls of Athens that *I am a man.*' And he made his word good. For, moving with the speed of lightning, and striking with the shock of a thunder-bolt, his enemies were either crushed or awed into submission. Thus did Alexander, though still a boy in years, fulfill the words of the prophet: 'And a mighty king shall stand up, that shall rule with great dominion, *and do according to his will.*'

But what, in the scheme of Divine Providence, is the significance of this 'mighty king'? His career forms a grand epoch in the progress of man. At every stage of his progress, the Greek language and civilization are planted and made to flourish. Greek kingdoms arise, which, even after his death, exist for centuries. Thus was the mission of Alexander — nay, the sublime mission of Greece itself — accomplished. The language in which the everlasting Gospel was to be published was spread far and wide over the earth, as well as the Greek culture and civilization. These, if they could not reach after and find the true God, would at least so far discredit idolatry as to erect an altar to the 'Unknown God,' and thereby prepare the way for the preaching of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The civilization of Greece, so wonderful both in its successes and in its failures, derives a deeper significance and a greater historic value from the appearance of Alexander the Great. It is no wonder, then, that he should have been, as he was, a subject of prophecy.

But what shall we say of Alexandria, the great city founded by the 'mighty king'? Shall we believe, as the founder himself alleged, that he was directed by a voice from heaven, in a dream, to erect that great light-house of the world where he did? It is certain that Alexandria was the great nursery of geometers, of philosophers, of heroes, and of saints, as well as the great connecting link between the ancient and the modern civilizations. Thither the great men of all nations and of all kindreds flocked, and kindled their torches to illuminate the world. There Euclid composed his Elements, and Apollonius wrought at the orbits of the planetary worlds. There Hipparchus revolved the heavens in his capacious mind, and by his immense labors rendered the future progress of astronomy possible. There Ptolemy gave a great additional impulse to that progress, and impressed his name on the system of the universe. There Apollos was born, and kindled the fires of his powerful eloquence; and there Philo composed his immortal works. And when Omar burned its libraries, and attempted to extinguish all its lights, his fanatical followers themselves took fire and spread the conflagration of knowledge far and wide—a conflagration which did not cease till all Europe became one grand illumination.

But Alexander knew little of the magnitude of the work he was appointed to do. He only dreamed that he was born to conquer worlds; and having conquered one, he sat down and sighed that there was no other world at hand to be conquered. Alas! why could not the 'mighty king' see that the conquest of another world would have yielded only another sigh? Nay, why could he not see that there was another world to conquer—namely, the world within, and that its conquest would have yielded something infinitely better than sighs? If, indeed, he had only conquered the little world within, then, instead of dying in his debaucheries, he would have been far more truly called *Alexander the Great*.

The mission of Cæsar was but a continuation of that of Alexander. Lord Bacon has somewhere pronounced Cæsar the greatest man that had ever lived. But, of course, he meant to compare him with men of action, and not with men

of science. As 'a minister and interpreter of nature' Cæsar was nothing. Nor can he be fairly compared with Alexander. Cæsar was forty when his military career began; Alexander was only twenty when his commenced. Both had the same boundless ambition, the same vehement passions, the same unconquerable will. But how can we compare their minds? The manhood of Alexander was spent in the camp, and he died at the early age of thirty-three. No career so brief was ever so full of passionate force or so astonishingly brilliant. On the other hand, Cæsar was incomparably the brightest link in that chain of warriors, statesmen, scholars and orators, by whom the all-embracing destiny of Rome was achieved. If we concede that Alexander was the brightest particular star that had ever shone, then it must be admitted that Cæsar was a constellation. But, on the other hand, Alexander had never enjoyed the leisure or the opportunity to multiply himself, and, like Cæsar, shine from different spheres.

Cæsar, no less than Alexander, aimed at his own personal greatness, power, glory, and dominion. But 'there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.' Hence, the conquests of Cæsar and of imperial Rome prepared the way for Christ and his spiritual kingdom; for by these conquests all parts of the known world were moulded into one vast empire. Channels of communication were opened, and facilities of traveling provided. In this one universal empire, too, universal peace prevailed. The Greek language, the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented, was everywhere ready to become the vehicle of divine truth. Then was 'the fullness of time,' and then the Messiah appeared.

The incarnation of the Son of God! The great central fact in the history of our world — nay, the great central-wonder in the annals of the universe! What issues for time and for eternity, for this little earth and for the boundless heavens, hang suspended on the incarnation of our God and Savior! It is only in relation to Him, indeed, that the career of an Alexander or a Cæsar becomes intelligible. It is only in relation to Him, the life and the light of men, that the appearance of a Socrates, a Plato, or an Aristotle, arrives at its full



significance. For the grand era of life and light inaugurated by Him all preceding eras prepared the way, and from that era all succeeding eras have derived their glory. Behold the mighty revolutions, the wonderful changes, which, in consequence of that grand era, have taken place in the moral, the social, the political, and the religious sentiments of mankind!

Then, for the first time in the history of the world, was exhibited, in all its peerless perfection and spotless glory, the ideal of a man — the ideal in the actual, and the actual in the ideal. The 'divine man,' indeed, whom Plato had predicted and longed to see, and whom a Socrates would have worshiped. But, ah! how grandly and how beautifully the sublime ideal rises above the loftiest and the purest conceptions that could possibly have been formed by the 'divine Plato' himself. A new order of great men was then inaugurated by his word, as well as by his example. 'Ye know,' said he, 'that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' And again he said, 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.' Such has since been, and will forever be, the eternal and immutable law of all real greatness among men. It was the very greatness of the Son of Man himself, that he became the servant of servants; that, instead of being, like the Alexanders and the Cæsars of the Gentile world, a master and a monster, he was a minister and a martyr. As infinitely as he surpassed all the angels of God in majesty, so infinitely did he excel all the sons of men in meekness.

We have in this world of ours only a few, and those few are only rude, approximations to the ideal of a man. 'Of those who were born,' says an eloquent writer, 'and acted through life as if they were born, not for themselves, but for their country and the whole human race, how few, alas! are recorded in the long annals of ages, and how wide the intervals of time and space that divide them! In all that dreary

length of way they appear like five or six light-houses on as many thousand miles of coast. They gleam upon the surrounding darkness with an inextinguishable splendor, like stars seen through a mist; but they are seen, like stars, to cheer, to guide, and to save.'

If, indeed, in this world of half-men and monsters, we can only find a man we are satisfied. Hence are we fully satisfied with our great Washington, for *he was a man*. Nay, all 'the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, *This was a man*.' He was, in and of himself, a man, complete in all his parts, and most majestically balanced. This, if we mistake not, is his peculiar claim to the veneration and gratitude of mankind. Washington and Bonaparte have been compared. But we do not see how a character so simple in its massive grandeur, so perfect in its symmetry, and so awful in its purity, as that of Washington, may be fitly compared with the ambitious conqueror, in whom the destroying angel is mingled with the man.

We might, indeed, almost as well compare him with Sir Isaac Newton himself. But how may this be done? In the midst of a revolution which shook the foundations of the world, and especially the foundations of his own country, Newton sat down to weigh the stars and determine the laws of the universe. And he was right, for he was not born for the stern, great struggle of heroes and warriors. If, indeed, in such tremendous, trying times, Newton had been forced upon the stage of action, he would have been more like a Melancthon than a Luther. But yet on the tomb of this wonderful man there is, in one line, the substance of a hundred splendid eulogies. This line, says his biographer, 'though true of Newton, can be applied to no one else.' With equal truth, however, may it be applied to Washington, or to Lee, or to Jackson, since we may truly say of either of these heroes: 'Let mortals congratulate themselves that so great an ornament of the human race has existed.'

Napoleon sneered at our Revolution and its 'boasted battles.' 'Sire,' replied Lafayette, 'It was the greatest of causes, won by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts.' And the noble Marquis was right. There is something great on earth besides

great armies, great battles, great carnage and great military heroes. 'There be two things,' says the philosopher of Königsburg, 'that are great and beautiful — the stars in the blue vault of heaven, and the law of duty upon earth.' For that sublime law the French general had, it is to be feared, as little respect as for our Revolution and its 'boasted battles.' But it was precisely in consequence of his unshaken allegiance to that sublime law that Washington became, and still is, so grand a luminary in the great constellation of heroes, patriots and statesmen. He was the father of his country simply and solely because he was its faithful servant.

'His passions,' says Mr. Jefferson, 'were tremendous.' So much the better. For, since these were under the habitual control of his conscience and his will, they only gave force to his character as a hero, and depth to his sagacity as a statesman. It detracts nothing from the glory of such a man that he could not have led the armies of Napoleon as they were led by this world's very greatest captain. But if the moral character of Washington had been weaker, and if, in all the wild, terrific energies of a disorganized nature, he had flung his 'tremendous passions' to the blasts and tempests of a French revolution, then he, too, might have astonished the world by the rapidity of his marches and the dazzling splendor of his actions. But, then, he would have ceased to be a Washington, and have become a Bonaparte. Better, ten thousand times better, as it is; since now, for all ages, he is a model patriot and a model statesman, and not a conqueror merely.

He was born, and through life acted as if he were born, not for himself, but for his country and his kind. Early in life so deeply was he affected by the sufferings of the people of Winchester that he wrote: '*The supplicating tears of the women and the moving petitions of the men melt me into such a deadly sorrow that I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease.*' Grand, heroic, glorious, god-like sentiment! But how much nobler the whole life, which this sublime sentiment never ceased to animate and to fill with a god-like grandeur.

We grant the boast of the Frenchman, that Washington could not have led the grand army of Napoleon to Russia. No! he could far more easily lay down his life for a small portion of the people than he could have sacrificed that army of five hundred thousand brave men in such a wild venture of self-aggrandizement. When Napoleon stood up for France, and bade defiance to the allied powers of Europe seeking to crush her, then was he great indeed; then was his attitude inexpressibly sublime. When all his tremendous passions and all the terrific energies of his will were made to serve the wants, the interests and the rights of his country and his race, then did he eclipse Alexander, and Cæsar, and all other heroes. But when, elated with success, he undertook to build for himself; when, in this nineteenth century of the Christian world, he undertook to found an universal empire, in imitation of Alexander, and Cæsar, and Charlemagne, then his greatness disappeared. Till then he had been 'the child of destiny' and 'the thunderbolt of war;' but then the child of destiny met his fate, and the thunderbolt of war shattered itself against the eternal law — 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.' So long, in one word, as he acted as if he were born not for himself, but for his country and his kind, he grew in greatness and glory beyond all precedent in the annals of a fallen world. But when, intoxicated with the fumes of his great renown, he undertook to build for himself, then he shrank into himself — a poor, sordid, selfish, shriveled soul!

Grand, indeed, inconceivably grand, was the march of the army of five hundred thousand men to Russia, and, to human eyes at least, sublime was the position of the great Napoleon at its head. But how was it when, on a sorry sledge, he flew back to France, cowering beneath the awful gloom of the heavens, with only a small, half-starved and half-frozen fragment of his grand army at his heels? It was then, it was on that ever-memorable occasion, that Bonaparte uttered the ever-memorable words, 'There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' In the eye of Heaven, perhaps, he was just as ridiculous while marching to Russia at the head of his grand army as when flying back to France at the head of a handful

of followers. He had, even before that terrible disaster, taken the 'one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' He took that step precisely at the fatal moment when he began to act as if he were born, not for his country and his kind, but solely and exclusively for himself. That was the awful moment at which he 'fell, like fire from heaven,' to 'rise no more.'

'Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed the earth with hostile bones ?

Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

'Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind,  
Who bowed so low the knee ?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestioned, power to save,  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshiped thee ;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness.'

The poet says :

'Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime.'

But, surely, he does not mean that we may imitate a Cæsar or a Bonaparte, a Newton or a Kepler. Most men do, in fact, imitate most great men, as far as such imitation is possible ; that is, by acting as if they were born, not for their country or their race, but for themselves ; and in this way they make their lives not sublime, but simply ridiculous. The poet must mean, then, that the 'lives of *good* men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,' and in this sense the words are both true and grand. No man is little by compulsion. 'Man,' says the old adage, 'is a being of large discourse, looking before and after.' Here, certainly, we have the grand prerogative of man. The mere animal, whether four-legged or two-legged, lives in and for the present only. But while man, the being of large discourse, lives *in* the present he lives *for* the future. And the greater the future for which he lives, the greater is the man. In various ways, and to a certain extent, both Cæsar and Alexander displayed this manly forecast, this living for the future. But yet, as heathen conquerors and heroes, their grandest schemes looked to this life merely — to

this point of space and this moment of time. How feebly, then, on how small a scale, did they assert the sublime prerogative of man! He alone is great whose plan of life looks from eternity to eternity, or whose heart beats in unison with the great heart of God. The great man is God's instrument and tool; the good man is his child and heir. The good man, seizing and holding fast the substance of immortality in heaven, leaves it to 'the low ambition of kings' to struggle for its shadow on the earth. What though his name be not given to the empty corners of the world, or the hollow depths of time! His kingdom is above the sun! The storms of time beat beneath his throne, and his crown is more unfading than the stars. *He alone is great.* Great, not because he has fulfilled the mission of the great man, but because he has fulfilled *the great mission of man.*

Every man may, if he will, thus become morally great, and consequently happy. 'If,' says Hegel, 'we go on to cast a look at the fate of these world-historical persons, whose vocation it was to be the agents of the world-spirit, we shall find it to have been no happy one. They attained no calm enjoyment; their whole life was labor and trouble; their nature was naught else but their master-passion. When their object is attained they fall off like empty hulls from the kernel. They die early, like Alexander; they are murdered, like Cæsar; transported to St. Helena, like Napoleon. This fearful consolation — that historical men have not enjoyed what is called happiness, and of which only private life (and this may be passed under various circumstances) is capable — this consolation those may draw from history who stand in need of it; and it is craved by envy — vexed at what is great and transcendent — striving, therefore, to depreciate it, and to find some flaw in it. Thus, in modern times, it has been demonstrated *ad nauseam* that princes are generally unhappy on their thrones; in consideration of which the possession of a throne is tolerated, and men acquiesce in the fact, that not themselves but the personages in question are its occupants. The free man, we may observe, is not envious, but gladly recognizes what is great and exalted, and rejoices that it exists.'

ART. VIII.—1. *Plato's Works. Vol. II. The Republic, Timæus, and Critias.* (Bohn's Classical Library.) London: Bohn.

2. *Aristotle's Politics and Economics.* (Bohn's Classical Library.) London: Bohn.<sup>1</sup>

In Raphael's celebrated painting, *The School of Athens*, there are, in various groups, mathematicians, astronomers, philosophers, historians, poets, painters, musicians, as well as artists of other descriptions. But the two great central figures of all are Plato and Aristotle, the two mighty thinkers who, in all time, have held divided empire over the human mind. We can see them now. Plato, with his broad brow, as he stands on the right of Aristotle, holds the *Timæus* in his left hand, and points to heaven with the extended forefinger of his uplifted right hand. Aristotle, standing on the left of Plato, holds the *Nichomachean Ethics* in his left hand, while the extended palm and fingers of his right hand are turned toward the earth.

Now, whether the artist intended it or not, these different attitudes or postures of the two great thinkers symbolize and represent their widely-differing philosophies. The finger of Plato points to the one essential Being, the supreme *νοῦς*, by which all things were composed and produced, as the source

1 The following article on Plato and Aristotle was prepared and delivered as the Annual Address, July 19th, of this year, before the *Few* and *Phi Gamma* Societies of Emory College, Oxford, Ga. Two small portions of the Address, making only a small fraction of the whole, have already appeared in the pages of the *Southern Review*. But they are, nevertheless, included in the Address, partly because they are indispensably necessary to complete the line of the argument, and partly because the pressure of other labors renders it impossible to prepare a wholly original one. As nearly the whole of the Address, however, is original, we hope that the few repetitions, or extracts referred to, will be pardoned by those few of our readers who may have seen them before.



of his sublime and spiritual philosophy. The expanded palm and fingers of Aristotle, on the contrary, are turned toward the earth, in which his philosophy took its rise and found its resting place. As Plato could never effect a passage from the ONE to the manifold, from the infinite and eternal to the finite and fleeting, so Aristotle could never rise from the manifold to the ONE, from the complicated *phenomena* to the one supreme *noumenon*. The gulf between them was impassable. The one easily soared into the empyrean heights of speculation; the other always remained entangled in the things of time and sense. So different, indeed, was the original cast and constitution of their minds that they naturally occupied the opposite poles of both, and revolved in different spheres of thought. Is it any wonder, then, that there should have been a collision between them, or an everlasting jar between their philosophies?

Whom shall we follow, then — the Plato or the Aristotle of all ages? Shall we, with Platonizing mind, look down with proud contempt on 'the cold materialism' of Aristotle? Or, with materialistic mind, set aside the sublime speculations of Plato as the dreams of childhood? We can do neither, for, in fact, we have learned far too much from both of these great teachers of the human race to despise or condemn the labors of either. On the contrary, we admire, we love, we render venerated homage to both. We admire, we love, and we reverence them, however, with a difference as profound as our devotion is enthusiastic and sincere. Indeed, if we are not very greatly mistaken, it would take two such great men (or mighty half-men) to make one man — that is, one man with mind, heart, soul and understanding complete in all their parts and powers. Hence, for our master in philosophy, we take Plato and Aristotle both in one, and leave it to the half-men of the world to arrange themselves in hostile camps and carry on the fight of partisans and disciples. The more we read Plato the more we read Aristotle, and the more we read Aristotle the more we read Plato. And the more we read both the more we need the assistance of all the great teachers of mankind.

Aristotle, say the partisans of Plato, was moved by envy, or a spirit of rivalry, to criticise his great master. But no judgment was ever more superficial or false. Aristotle was bound to criticise Plato. He would, indeed, have been untrue to his own nature, as well as to the best interests of mankind, if he had not raised the standard of revolt against the errors of Plato, as Plato himself had raised it against those of his great master, Socrates.

Socrates having declared that we know nothing, Plato, inspired by a lofty faith, raised the cry of opposition, exclaiming, 'Yet some things are knowable.' Now, of all the truths ever uttered by Plato, the most soul-stirring and sublime is this: 'All things are for the sake of the Good; and the Good is the cause of all things beautiful.' Again he says: 'Let us declare the cause which led the Supreme Ordainer to produce and compose the universe. He was good; and he who is good is exempt from envy (or malevolence). Exempt from envy, he wished that all things should be as much like himself as possible.' Thus did Plato strike a chord whose vibrations the human mind will never permit to cease; and a chord, too, which gives the key-note to all the harmonies of the universe. The moral fibre which responds to this sublime sentiment is more feeble in some minds than in others. It may have been comparatively feeble in the soul of Aristotle; but still it was there, and gave forth no uncertain sound or dissonant note. In regard to all such sublime truths, the habitual position of Aristotle may have been on a lower level than that of Plato, but still there was no discord between them or their philosophies. It is only when Plato descends into the sphere of time and sense that the conflict begins and the discord rages.

For Plato, with all his genius, makes sad havoc of society. The institution of property is abolished, and the family, with all the sweet and sanctifying charities of home, is destroyed. The women are required to receive the education of men, and to do whatever may be done by the stronger sex, whether as warriors, or statesmen, or legislators. Wives and children are in common. All things are turned out of their natural channels, and infinite disorders reign. By such legislation and

laws Plato struck down the most beneficent institutions of society, and tended 'to uproar the universal peace, and pour the sweet milk of concord into hell.' His legislation, it is true, was intended for an ideal *Republic* only; but that ideal, or at least the monstrous principles of that ideal, have, in all ages, disturbed the foundations of society, and laid some of its fairest forms in a mass of melancholy ruins. The South, at this moment, is writhing and groaning under the desolating errors of Platonism.

The great parent and most portentous of these errors was one of method. Though Aristotle was the pupil of Plato, he rejected his *rationalistic* method in the science of politics, and adopted the *historic* method. That is to say, he did not manufacture out of the abstractions of his own brain a form of government which all nations and all times would do well to adopt instead of those in actual existence. He studied the institutions of earth before he presumed to reform them. He studied the history—nay, he wrote the history, of no less than one hundred and fifty-eight different republics before he proceeded to lay down the principles by which states should be governed. He looked into and saw the reason of existing institutions before he ventured to substitute his own notions for the wisdom of past ages, or the abstract logic of the closet for the practical logic of events. He had learned that institutions and governments must grow, and that they can not be made to order—at least without the ruin of states. Hence, instead of calling down fire from heaven to smelt existing institutions and governments in the furnace of theory, and re-cast them in the moulds of abstract reason, he permitted and encouraged their natural growth and development out of the wants and necessities, the habits and the customs of the people. Hence his reforms were never revolutionary. On the contrary, they merely assisted at the slow and gradual births of time, and helped to deliver those new creations, or rather *those new transformations of the old*, which internal changes in the views, opinions and sentiments of mankind had rendered necessary. Such was the cautious, the conservative, the inductive and the profoundly wise method of Aristotle in the

science of politics, which has been very properly called 'the historic method.'

Diametrically opposed to this was the 'rationalistic method' of Plato. This method had its roots in a profound ignorance of human nature. Plato did not know that man is a fallen being, or, if he did, he did not begin to comprehend the awful depth and misery of his fall. Hence he believed that no one, however wicked, is ever willingly deprived of the truth, and that, consequently, the light of knowledge alone is sufficient to regenerate and save the world. He believed, in one word, that the manifold and monstrous disorders of the world are due, not so much to the inherent depravity and wickedness of human nature, as to the external forms and arrangements of society. Hence he imagined that in order to regenerate the world and renew the face of society, it was only necessary to re-cast its institutions and impart the all-healing light of knowledge! He imagined, in particular, that all the frightful wrongs and disturbances which grew out of the inordinate love of property were due, not to the weakness and depravity of the human heart, but exclusively to the institution of property itself. Hence, to abolish this institution, and to make all things common, would, in his opinion, cure all such frightful wrongs, and disturbances, and convulsions. Again, he fancied that the quarrels and wars of men about their wives and children were due, not to the violence of their corrupt passions, but only to the institution of the family. Hence that most sacred and that most sanctifying of all the institutions of society must go down before the stern logic of Plato's method; and, in his ideal Republic, there is, consequently, a community of wives and children! Thus did this great man, groping in darkness as to the real cause of evils, strike down the most beneficent institutions on earth, with a view to banish all disorders from society, and restore a reign of perfect peace and prosperity, tranquillity and happiness to the children of men. Such, as we learn from the fifth book of his *Republic*, was the lofty design, the great end and aim of the reforms of Plato, or the revolutionary principles of his philosophy.

It is probable that Plato, the grand creator of new forms of society, was occasionally made to feel the more practical wisdom of his great pupil. It is certain that he pronounced Aristotle 'the mind of his school.' Indeed, in the sphere of politics, Aristotle was the mind, not only of his school, but of all antiquity and of all ages. As Archimedes was the mathematician, and Hipparchus the astronomer, so was Aristotle the political philosopher of the ancient world. 'The divines of our day,' says Archbishop Whately, 'might learn much from the *Ethics* of Aristotle.' They might learn much more from his *Politics*. That is, provided they have a capacity to learn, and are not, like our Northern divines, already so wise in their own conceits as to render any further progress in knowledge impossible. Aristotle's *Politics* is, indeed, the great store-house of political wisdom, from which the Montesquieus, the Bacons, and the Burkes of all subsequent ages have drawn immense supplies. It is, in fact, the greatest monument of political wisdom which the world has ever seen. If it was not inspired by the truth of the Almighty, as well as by the profound meditations of the great Stagirite, it is certain that its doctrines, as well as its method, were ratified and confirmed by Him who 'knew what is in man,' and who 'spake as never man spake.'

The humble Nazarene had, of course, studied neither the *Republic* of Plato nor the *Politics* of Aristotle. Yet in his teachings are the doctrines of Aristotle respecting the institution of property, the constitution of the family, and the position of woman, recognized as true, and solemnly enjoined on his followers. While his theosophy was unspeakably more spiritual and sublime than that of Plato, his practical and worldly wisdom was infinitely more profound than that of Aristotle. Indeed, there were in the mind of Jesus, on one side, the minds of many Platos, and, on the other side, the minds of many Aristotles. He contained the Platos and the Aristotles of history as the sun contains its rays or the ocean its waves. If, then, the legislators of France and America had only followed the simple word of Jesus, instead of the method of Plato, it had been infinitely better for both countries.

Aristotle had one great disciple in France, the celebrated Montesquieu. His great work, *The Spirit of Laws*, is a magnificent monument to the genius of his master. His reputation was immense. But yet a few, and a few only, could really appreciate its transcendent value and importance. All the rest took the reputation of Montesquieu upon trust. The French people, as a general thing, may have been dazzled by his wit; they were certainly not penetrated by his wisdom. Indeed, until the dream of Plato be realized — that is, until a nation of philosophers shall arise — no such work as *The Spirit of Laws* — the result of a long life of profound study — can be generally appreciated, or even comprehended. Hence the reign of Montesquieu was as brief as it was brilliant, and as limited or partial in its influence as it was brief. His star soon sank beneath the horizon; and that of Rousseau — the great disciple of Plato — rose high in the ascendant, captivating the hearts and firing the imaginations of all men with wild and visionary schemes of reform. The very first sentence of the *Social Contract* — ‘All men are born free, and yet we every where behold them in chains’ — announced, at the very outset, an uncompromising war against all that was sacred and all that was established among men.

‘If there had been no Rousseau,’ says Napoleon Bonaparte, ‘there would have been no French revolution.’ ‘This,’ as Mr. Buckle says, ‘is certainly an exaggeration;’ but (he truly adds) the influence of Rousseau was, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, most extraordinary. In 1765 Hume writes from Paris: ‘It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm in his favor; . . . no person ever so much engaged their attention as Rousseau. Voltaire, and every body, else is quite eclipsed by him.’

Montesquieu was forgotten, and all his wisdom was obsolete. The madness of Rousseau, on the other hand, was contagious, and raged with the fury of a devouring pestilence. The source of his wonderful influence is no secret. ‘He would have done nothing, of course, if he had not spoken to a nation of Rousseaus. He was, indeed, the French Egotism of the eighteenth century, raising its hideous head amid ten thousand hideous

abuses, and crying, "down with them!" No wonder, then, that millions of little Rousseaus should shout, "down with them!" Neither the savage Rousseau who spoke, nor the savage Rousseaus who listened, cared to weigh the reasons of any thing that existed, or to distinguish between the good and the bad.' Montesquieu had taught this necessary wisdom, but this wisdom was obsolete. The Rousseau reigned, and ruin marked his path.

'In America,' says De Tocqueville, 'every one shuts himself up in his own breast, and, from that point, affects to judge the world.' This he calls 'the American method;' but it is not peculiar to this country. We have, indeed, learned it from Rousseau, the great intellectual monarch of France. 'I shall suppose myself,' says Rousseau, 'in the Lyceum at Athens, with Plato and Xenocrates for judges, and the human species for an audience.' With such judges, and with such an audience, he exclaims, 'O man! of whatsoever country thou mayest be, or whatever thy opinions, listen, and hear thy history, such as I have read it, not in the books of thy kind, which are liars, but in the book of nature, which never lies.' That is to say, O human species! listen, not to any of the books of thy kind, which are liars, but only to the book of J. J. Rousseau, which never lies. Since, then, J. J. Rousseau is no longer one of the human species, to what species shall we liken him? May we not fancy, indeed, that, in this wonderful transformation and enlargement of himself, his feet strike the floor of the pit, and his ears shoot beyond the fixed stars? Bray on, O most admirable orator of the human race! and let Plato sit in judgment on his long-eared disciple.

Such was the miserable egotist whose writings have convulsed two continents—Europe and America. The Americans, it is true, did not read the writings of Rousseau; but then Thomas Jefferson, 'the most powerful advocate that democracy has ever sent forth,' was the disciple of Rousseau, as Rousseau was the disciple of Plato. Mr. Jefferson abhorred Montesquieu as much as he admired Rousseau. He left behind him, with notes of his own, a well-thumbed copy



of the *Social Contract*, and caused an attack on the *Spirit of Laws* to be translated from the French and published in this country for the benefit of our young men, as if *they* were in danger from the profound work of Montesquieu. They were, indeed, in far greater danger from the spirit of J. J. Rousseau, or the spirit of the devil, than from the *Spirit of Laws*. Always as sanguine and as visionary as a Frenchman, Mr. Jefferson infinitely preferred the rabid radicalism of the *Social Contract* to the profound, practical wisdom of the *Spirit of Laws*. But while Mr. Jefferson so greatly admired the doctrines of J. J. Rousseau, he freely dissented from those of Jesus. 'Jesus says so and so,' writes Mr. Jefferson, 'but I differ from Jesus.' 'I,' Thomas Jefferson, 'differ from Jesus!' So much the worse, of course, for the Savior of the world!

However strange it may seem, the real contest in this country was, Whether Jefferson or Jesus should be the Savior of the New World. 'Servants, obey your masters,' said Jesus; but Thomas Jefferson differed from Jesus. He said, 'If servants disobey their masters — nay, if they rise up against the lives of their masters, the Almighty has no attribute which, in such a contest, could induce him to take sides with the whites.' If so, then all the attributes of God must side, not with the word of Jesus, but with the word of Thomas Jefferson. We are not at all surprised at such a sentiment from the lips of Mr. Jefferson, who valued his own word so much more highly than the word of Christ. But what shall we say of that immense swarm of Northern divines who, like Dr. Wayland — the 'Author of the Moral Science' for the Universe — were accustomed to quote Mr. Jefferson to the effect that all the attributes of God sanction, not the word of his Son, but the conduct of rebels, and cut-throats, and murderers? The very least that can be said is, that they deserted Jesus to camp with Jefferson, and that there, in league with all the powers of darkness, they preached the most unchristian war the world has ever seen. And the great lesson it teaches is, that in the word of Jesus, and in the word of Jesus alone, is the safety of society, as well as the salvation of souls.

The divines of this country *might* have learned much from the *Politics* of Aristotle; that is, if they had not been rendered so incurably wise in their own conceits, by the shallow teachings of J. J. Rousseau and Thomas Jefferson. As it was, they scouted Aristotle from their presence—the old heathen!—as utterly unworthy to associate with such wonderful illuminati as themselves. With an ignorance equal to their conceit they denounced him as one who, living in the midst of slaves, blindly advocated not only the institution of slavery, but also all the barbarous customs therewith connected. If they had only condescended to look into his immortal work they would have discovered that he condemned the barbarous custom, then universally prevalent, of reducing prisoners of war to a state of servitude—a custom which, long after it had ceased in his own age and country, was approved by the modern philanthropy of Locke, and that, too, in a treatise which Mr. Jefferson pronounces ‘the best work on government ever written.’ The work of Locke possessed, at least for Mr. Jefferson, the very great merit, that it as certainly led the way to the *Social Contract* of J. J. Rousseau as did the *Politics* of Aristotle to the conservative views of the Gospel of Christ.

We speak advisedly. Aristotle was, in the wilderness of this world, the great forerunner of Christ in the sphere of social relations and duties. And all have found it so who have studied his *Politics* half as carefully, patiently and profoundly as he had studied the great lessons of history and experience. Read, for example, one such student of his works who, in spite of all his English prejudices against slavery, was compelled to bow to the superior wisdom of Aristotle. ‘It is,’ says he, in his *Introduction to the Politics* of Aristotle, ‘with a trembling hand that I touch the delicate subject of slavery; an undertaking to which nothing could encourage me but the utmost confidence in the humanity, as well as in the judgment, of my author. First of all, Aristotle expressly condemns the cruel practice, prevalent in his own days, of enslaving prisoners of war; secondly, he declares, in the most explicit terms,

all slaves fairly entitled to freedom, whenever it clearly appears that they are fitly qualified for enjoying it. But the benefits conferred on men, he observes, must in all cases be limited by their capacities for receiving them; and these capacities are themselves limited by the exigencies and necessities of our present imperfect condition. . . . In the relation of master and servant, the benefit of the servant or slave is a necessary result, since he only is naturally and justly a slave whose powers are competent to mere bodily labor; who is capable of listening to reason, but incapable of exercising that sovereign faculty; and whose weakness and short-sightedness are so great that it is safer for him to be guided and governed through life by the prudence of another. But let it always be remembered that "one class of men ought to have the qualifications requisite for masters before another can either fitly or usefully be employed as slaves." Government, then — not only civil, but domestic — is a most serious duty, a most sacred trust — a trust the very nature of which is totally incompatible with the supposed inalienable right of all men to be self-governed.'

Behold, then, the difference between Aristotle and Locke. Aristotle expressly condemns the cruel practice, though prevalent in his own day and country, of enslaving prisoners of war. Locke, on the contrary, expressly approves this cruel practice, though it had long ceased in his own age and nation. 'There is,' says he, 'another sort of servants, which by a peculiar manner we call slaves, who, being captives in a just war, are by the rights of nature subjected to the absolute dominion and arbitrary power of their masters. These men having, as I say, forfeited their lives, and with them their liberties, and lost their estates, and being in a state of slavery, not capable of any property, cannot in that state be considered as any part of civil society.' (Locke's Works, vol. ii., p. 181.) How strangely this sounds! It sounds, indeed, as if the *liberal* Locke and the *slavish* Aristotle had interchanged their ages and countries, as well as their maxims and principles. But when was a philanthropist of the school of Locke or Rousseau ever able to follow his own principles as far as the end of his nose?

Aristotle, fortunately, knew nothing about the fine rhetoric of Locke, and Rousseau, and Jefferson, that 'all men are created free and equal.' He knew not how they were created. He only knew men as he actually saw them in the world around him, and prescribed for them as *they are*. He knew that, in fact, some men are enlightened and strong, while others are blind and weak. He knew, indeed, that some men are so blind and so weak in their intellectual and moral powers that they needed the guidance and control of others. Capable of listening to reason, but incapable of exercising that sovereign faculty, he believed that their guidance and control was 'a most serious duty, a most sacred trust,' which the enlightened and the strong were bound to discharge for them, until such times, at least, as they could be qualified and fitted for the enjoyment of the inestimable boon of freedom. Thus the good of the slave, as well as of the master — nay, the good of all men — was the one beneficent and all-embracing principle of his philosophy. Yet the purblind and radical disciples of Rousseau, who, as regardless of the good of all men as they were of the word of God, would follow their heartless abstractions through seas of fraternal blood, never grew tired of denouncing 'the barbarism' of Aristotle, or the system of slavery which he advocated. Such were the Christian philanthropists of the North, as they called themselves — the Sewards, the Sumners, the Chases, the Waylands, the Beechers, the Cheevers, the Hodges, and the McIlvaines of the late war. But, after all, they knew as little about the sublime humanity of the grand old heathen, Aristotle, as a hog does about the harmony of the heavens. The depth and the consistency of his views, or the profound, practical wisdom of his philosophy, could absolutely find no place in minds shattered by their anarchic maxims of government, and dazzled into blindness by the blaze of their grand abstractions.

'It was,' says M. Guizot, 'the dominant idea of the last century, that governments and institutions make the people.' And this idea, we may add, had its roots in the error which Guizot himself expressly sanctions, that 'the inward is reformed by the outward.' Reform the outward, then, says he, and the

inward will be reformed! This was precisely the great error of Plato, as well as of the Philosophers, the Encyclopædists and the Economists of the last century. Despising, as they did, the teachings of the Bible, they had no conception of the real source of the degradation and misery of the human race, nor the magnitude of the obstacles which that degradation and misery opposed to all their schemes of reform. Having never comprehended the awful depths of the sin, the sorrow and the bondage of man as he is by nature, they made haste to swallow that great and flattering lie of the devil, that 'all men are born free and equal.' Hence they fondly imagined that 'governments and institutions' could transform 'the people,' and restore them to their primitive perfection and happiness. Or, in other words, that 'the outward could reform the inward.' Ascribing, as they did, the evils of society to bad institutions and governments, they dreamed that it was only necessary to organize society on better principles in order to regenerate the human race.

'If the men of the Revolution,' says De Tocqueville, 'were more irreligious than we are, they had an admirable fault which we lack — *they believed in themselves.*' Ay, that was their most admirable fault — they did not believe in God, nor in his word; *they believed in themselves.* Hence, as De Tocqueville says: 'They had a robust faith in man's perfectibility and power; they were eager for his glory, and trustful in his virtue. . . . *They had no doubt that they were appointed to transform society and regenerate the human race.*'

We might fill a volume with their short and easy methods for the regeneration of the human race. Nothing seemed more easy to their illuminated minds. Hence they could only wonder at the blindness and folly of all past legislation and laws. 'Their contempt for the past,' says De Tocqueville, 'was unbounded.' If anything could be more wonderful than their 'contempt for the past,' it was their glowing, their exultant hopes for the future. The entire face of society was about to be suddenly transformed and illuminated by them, so that, at least, after the weary revolution of so many dark, growing ages, the universe was about to be delivered from all its vices

and woes, from all its ignorance and degradation, and that, too, by themselves.

Even 'the god-like Turgot,' as he is called by Austin, in the *Province of Jurisprudence*, had this unbounded confidence in the efficacy of his method for the regeneration of the human race. 'I will venture to answer,' said he to the king, whose illustrious minister he was, 'that in ten years the nation will be so thoroughly altered that you shall not know it, and that, in point of enlightenment, morality, loyalty, and patriotism, it will surpass every other nation in the world. Children now ten years old will then be men, trained in ideas of love for their country, submissive to authority from conviction, not from fear, charitable to their fellow-countrymen, habituated to obey and respect the voice of justice.' Grand and glorious prospect! Magnificent promise! But, in point of fact, the people of France, instead of being so suddenly transformed into angels, were, in less than ten years, devouring each other with the ferocity of demons.

Turgot was, unquestionably, the most enlightened philosopher of France. Profoundly versed in all human lore—in science, in languages, in literature, in history, and in philosophy, he was, nevertheless, little better than a Platonic dreamer in regard to man's social condition and destiny. Blind amid the very blaze of noon, he hoped to convert France into a paradise in less than ten years, and in less than ten years he saw it converted into a pandemonium. The high and all-powerful position he occupied, as the ruling minister of State, had long been the object of his lofty ambition; and when, at last, he reached the throne of power, all hearts rejoiced in his elevation. 'No man,' says Voltaire, his friend and admirer, 'ever came into the ministry better announced by the public voice' than did Turgot. Infinite expectations were founded on his supposed wisdom and statesmanship. Malesherbes, his illustrious co-minister and friend, did not hesitate to express the opinion, that he united 'the heart of a L'Hopital with the head of a Bacon.' But Malesherbes lived to correct his error. 'M. Turgot and myself,' said he, 'were very honest men, very well informed, and *passionate for the public good*. Who

would have thought that they could have done better than to choose us? *However, we only knew men from books, and, wanting skill in affairs, we administered badly. Without wishing it, without knowing it, we have contributed to the Revolution.*'

True, they only knew men from books — ay, from all books except *the Book*. Despising the voice of Him who knew what is in man, they 'administered badly.' So profound, indeed, was Turgot's ignorance of men as they are in themselves that he imagined that all abuses, all prejudices, all passions, and all obstacles, would readily yield to the magic of his methods. Hence, with the force of a Hercules, he threw himself against France; but finding the reaction equal to the action, and France being the greater of the two, 'the god-like' was hurled from the throne of power and perished miserably, with all his fine Platonic schemes, in the dark abyss of disappointed hopes. He, too, had dreamed that he was 'appointed to transform society and regenerate the human race.' But he only caused a contemporary to say, 'that of all the abuses of a great nation the greatest is when, without a mission, men come to reform abuses.'

Such, precisely, has been the great abuse under which this American world of ours has groaned, and given 'signs of woe' that 'all is lost.' For here, too, as in France, men have come, without a mission, to reform abuses. So completely, indeed, has the history of France repeated itself in this country that our fate is perfectly described in the very words which the great Frenchman, M. De Tocqueville, applies to the reformers and the ruin of his own nation. 'Their contempt for the past,' says he, 'was unbounded.' Hence, starting from this idea, from this boundless contempt of the past, 'they set to work to demolish every institution, however old and time-honored, which seemed inconsistent with the symmetry of their plans.' But what, according to M. De Tocqueville, constituted this admirable 'symmetry of their plans'? There was, says he, in their plans of reform but one dominant idea and one ruling passion.



This one dominant idea, says he, was the all-absorbing 'idea of equality.' And the manner in which they applied this one idea, so as to complete 'the symmetry of their plans,' verified the word of Aristotle, that the great 'cause of sedition,' or the ruin of States, is 'the idea of equality.' 'The French,' said Napoleon, 'care nothing for liberty; they only love equality.' The North, in like manner, have 'cared nothing for liberty; they have only loved equality;' and equality they have determined to have, though it has cost the best blood of millions. They have not loved their fellow-men; they have only loved equality; and to this Phantom, to this Moloch of the imagination, they have sacrificed millions of human beings.

Or, more properly speaking, they have loved nothing; they have only hated inequality; and this hatred was their one ruling passion. 'Of all the passions of the Revolution,' says De Tocqueville, 'the deepest and most solidly rooted was a violent and unquenchable hatred of inequality.' Hence it was that Rousseau, the great apostle of this new religion of hate, swore that as 'all men were created equal,' so all the powers of heaven, and earth, and hell, should be moved to restore all men to their original equality. Hence it was that Raynal, the prophet of this new religion of hate, exclaimed, 'When will the angel of Extermination come to beat down all that elevates itself, and reduce all to one level?' This prayer, or rather this diabolical imprecation, of Raynal (which was that of France herself) was soon answered. The angel of Extermination appeared in 1789, and swept the earth as with the besom of destruction. Again, in answer to the like awful prayer, or diabolical imprecation, of the North, the angel of Extermination hovered over the South in 1861, with war, pestilence and famine in his wings. In return, we as fervently exclaim, 'When will the angel of Mercy come to preserve all that God has exalted, and, at the same time, elevate all that debases itself?'

In ten thousand ways, and from the very dawn of civilization, have men been at work on the mere outside of society, just as if they did know that its life, and its power, and its freedom, and its glory, must come from within. In times and

ways without number have they reformed 'the outward,' and then dreamed, like Plato and Guizot, that 'the outward would reform the inward.' In one eternal round have they rung all possible changes on all possible forms of government, hoping to find one, at least, that would 'make the people' what they ought to be. But to change the form or the posture of the body politic has brought a temporary relief only, not a radical cure. So great, indeed, is the weakness and the misery of man that any form, sooner or later, becomes intolerably corrupt, and has to be replaced by some other. Monarchies, aristocracies and democracies have chased each other, in every variety of form and order of succession, across the grand panorama of history, rising and falling by turns, first raising to heaven and then sinking to hell the hopes of a fallen world. All forms are successes, and all are failures—temporary successes and ultimate failures. To-day the success of democracy fills the world with the illusions of hope; to-morrow its failure covers the world with the gloom of despair. 'What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!' God only is real. God only is the rock of our salvation and the ground of our hope. All societies, from the fall of Adam to the fall of America, have committed the same great blunder—they have sought to live by bread alone, and not by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

In vain, and worse than in vain, have been all the short-lived reforms of men. They remove the outward effect, but the inward cause still continues to act; they combat the external symptoms, but the internal disorder remains untouched. They cleanse the stream for a moment, but the fountain is left impure; they alter its channels, but the bitter waters are still the same. They would restore the tree to life, but they only graft living branches on the decayed trunk; they would raise the Lazarus to life, but they only inject living blood into his pulseless veins. In fine, they would fain restore the clock-work of the world to rights; and yet all they do is to set the hands thereof externally, while all the machinery within is out of order, and, consequently, goes wrong as fast as it is corrected.

In striking contrast with all this superficiality and folly is the sublime procedure of Him who spake as never man spake, and who acted as never man acted. His reform begins with the very heart of society and works itself out upon the surface. He 'reforms the inward,' and leaves 'the inward to reform the outward.' Though he found the world full of governmental abuses, he assailed none of these things directly, but, inculcating submission to the powers that be, he sought to bring those powers themselves under the sublime dominion of truth, and justice, and mercy. Though his kingdom is not of this world, yet for all the kingdoms of this world he has planted principles and powers which shall gradually work out all their abuses, and mould them into better and still better forms. His eye is ever on the perfect, on the absolutely beautiful and right, on the radiant image of all good; and yet, in the pursuit of this infinitely grand ideal, we see none of the impatient weakness or stormy violence of human reformers. On the contrary, passing by with superhuman silence all the external abuses around him, he addresses himself directly to the great heart of humanity, without the renovation of which all external changes are of no avail or value. Instead of cutting one tyrant here, or crushing one abuse there, he seeks to enlighten the understanding everywhere, to purify the affections, and, above all, to fashion the will aright, in order that all tyrannies and abuses may die out of the world and disappear from among men. In one word, he seeks to make society all glorious within, in order that she may put on such external forms as best becomes her glorified state. And in all this we scarcely know which the more to admire, the calm energy with which he works or the god-like patience with which he waits.

His divine power, indeed, silently working through all the ages, is fitly symbolized only by those stupendous agencies which, with such inconceivable grandeur, are at work on the magnificent theatre of the material universe. He is, indeed, in the language of Malachi, called 'the Sun of Righteousness.' In the beautiful words of the poet: 'It is no task for suns to shine.' The great sun above us, for example, just pours down

his golden floods over all as quietly and gently as a sleeping infant breathes; and yet by their pervasive force it is that all the mighty changes of the earth are wrought and all its wonderful harmonies produced. The winds are raised, and in their rapid flight obey this subtle force; and the deep seas, shaken by the feet of the mighty winds, obey the bidding of the sun, and with all their ever-rolling waves resound his praise. By his touch it is that the electric equilibrium of the air is disturbed, and the lightnings proclaim his power. And the magnificent sparks thus kindled, plowing vast regions of the atmosphere, engender material to enrich the earth and feed the green herb.

The sun's rays are, indeed, his ministering angels, sent forth to minister to all things on earth. By their ministry it is that the waters of the great deep are spread in vapor through the air; that the secret fountains of the dews and the rains are replenished, and that the dry land is gladdened with springs and rivers. As from the waters of the ocean they fertilize the earth and cool the hot air, so from elements of the crude and formless air itself they form and feed and rear the living plant. The vegetable kingdom of the globe, with all its endless forms and orders, is more than the magical result of their beneficent care. They build the giant oak over our heads, and weave the sweet violet at our feet. The forests of a thousand years, no less than the flowers of a day, are the work of their delicate fingers. The endless variety of rich grain, also, and all the delicious fruits of every climate under heaven, are but so many transmutations of the invisible air, wrought and matured by these ever busy alchemists of the sun, by these shining ministers of material good, who, under God, fill all the earth with food and gladness.

Nor is the solid globe itself exempt from the transforming power of the sun. All the stupendous coal strata of the globe—those inexhaustible sources of dynamic power, and wealth, and comfort, laid up for human use in the bosom of the earth—are but the entombed vegetable kingdoms of the past, all of which were reared and ruled by the mighty sun.

The slow transformations of the earth's solid crust, too, in which its chief geological changes consist, are almost entirely due to the abrasion of the winds and rains, the alternations of heat and frost, and to the everlasting lashing of the sea-waves, all of which are produced and set in motion by the action of the sun. In like manner, the great oceanic currents, by which the matter thus abraded is transferred to its final resting place, are mainly owing to the sun. And when we consider the immense transfer of matter which, through the long lapse of ages, is thus effected, we can easily understand the declaration of scientific men, that the sun's rays have, in some portions of the globe, bound down the elastic force of the subterranean fires, and prepared the way for their upheaval in others, either in the form of mountain ranges or in the outburst of active volcanoes, thus bringing even these tremendous phenomena under the same great law of solar influence. The Alps and the Appenines were determined by the sun. Nay, when the primeval waters first rolled away and the dry land rose to view, it was the sun which had appointed the place of its emergence, and the form with which it should appear. Thus, by the silent and all-pervading power of the sun, are the valleys exalted and the very hills brought low, the foundations of continents are laid, their outlines and features determined, and their surfaces adorned with ten thousand forms of animal and vegetable life.

It is not without a deep significance, then — a wonderfully deep significance — that the great Reformer, or rather the great Transformer, of the moral world is called 'the Sun of Righteousness.' The nations on whom he does not shine still sit in the region and shadow of death. He acts not, like the sun, on particles of matter, but on immortal minds. As under the influence of the one all the forms of nature spring into life and beauty, so under the dominion of the other thoughts as wide as the universe, and hopes more imperishable than the stars, leap into existence. As under the one the dry and shriveled seed is changed into the stately plant and crowned with gorgeous bloom, so under the everlasting dominion of the other is the dark, degraded and savage mind transformed into

an angel of light, and crowned with 'an eternal weight of glory.' The greatest event of all time, if not, indeed, the greatest event in the annals of eternity, is that in which the 'Sun of Righteousness' rose on our benighted world 'with healing in his wings.'

The progress of Christianity is the progress of man. This religion was once the least of all seed; it is now the greatest of all trees. Having its roots in faith, its vital principle is love, its blossoms are immortal hopes, and its fruit is life. Its very leaves are for the healing of the nations. Having withstood the storms of all ages, it is this day stronger, and grander, and more glorious than ever before. Amid the fiercest blasts and the blackest blasphemies of hell it has struck its roots still deeper into the earth and threw its branches still higher into the heavens. Yet, in the dark hour of her infidelity, the great intellectual chief of France boasted, that 'in less than thirty years this religion should be no more.' But his famous war-cry, *écrasez l'infame*, only recoiled on himself, and the wretch was crushed. Poor, puny mortal! blow out the sun with thy breath, stop the great wheel of nature with thy finger, and then try thy might on the progress of Christianity. Shoot thy railery at the stars, and when these are all extinguished by thee, then try thy wit on the 'Sun of Righteousness.' Grasp the adamantine pillars of heaven and earth, and when these, and all material things, are laid in ruins at thy feet, then try thy hand on that Spiritual Temple which God himself has built, and in which the wise and good of all ages have worshiped him as the One, Invisible, Almighty and Everlasting Architect of the universe.<sup>1</sup>

1 M. Voltaire, as every reader of history knows, was the author of that famous war-cry, *écrasez l'infame* — crush the wretch — meaning Christ. M. Voltaire was, during the darkest hour of the infidelity of France, the tutelary god of the nation; and he was, also, during the brightest hour of our prosperity and glory, the tutelary god of Monticello. In the old-fashioned French chateau at Monticello — perhaps the most curious, and clumsy, and complicated, if not the most ridiculous, specimen of rural architecture this side of *la grande nation* — the bust of Voltaire may be seen — that is, if it has not been removed since the late war. We have more than once gazed with a melancholy interest on that relic of Mr. Jefferson's supreme devotion to the shallow French philosophy of the eighteenth century. It was no doubt an admirable work of art. In the keen and eager expression of the face we see, or seem to see, the wonderful activity of Voltaire's mind; and in the want of repose, nay, in the restlessness of every feature, and line, and lineament of the whole bust, we read a mind ill at ease, and consequently as superficial as it is brilliant. Amid all this apparent agitation and restlessness there is but one thing which seems fixed, and that is the thin, compressed lips which still seem to say, *écrasez l'infame*.

ART. IX.—*Robert E. Lee. In Memoriam.* A Tribute of Respect offered by the Citizens of Louisville. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1870.

Since this little quarto is from the house of John P. Morton & Co., it is scarcely necessary to say that it is in the most exquisite and tasteful style of the art. All the speeches, especially those of Generals Breckinridge and Preston (short as they are), form a beautiful tribute to the memory of 'The Great Virginian.' It is not our object, however, to comment on any of these speeches, or to dwell on their eloquent passages, but simply to add one more from the pen of a foreigner and a man of genius.

It was prepared (as appears from the address) in the form of a lecture, and delivered before the 'Lee Memorial Association.' It made a grand impression. All who heard it were delighted, and the press everywhere noticed it in the most enthusiastic terms. We heard, indeed, so many eulogies pronounced on this eulogy that we determined, if possible, to secure it for the pages of the *Southern Review*. Thanks to the generosity of the gifted author, this was no very difficult matter, and, consequently, here for the first time it makes its appearance in print. We are sure that our readers will thank us for laying such a treat before them; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, they will concur with us in regarding it as one of the best, if not the very best, of all the exhibitions of the peculiar features of General Lee's greatness which have as yet appeared. It sets before us, in clear colors and distinct outline, the wonderful purity, the massive grandeur and the moral sublimity of a character which seems all but peculiar to the 'Old Dominion.' Lee was, in fact, like the 'Father of his Country,' only 'the great Virginian.' But, without further preface, we submit the oration itself:



*Ladies and Gentlemen of the Lee Memorial Association, and  
Fellow-Citizens :*

A solemn and unobtrusive privilege brings us face to face this hour. Solemn, because death, though the invisible porter of endless life, has touched us recently in our most tender parts, and summoned us and our whole nation to witness the tranquil departure, out of this little sphere into the vast and limitless eternity, of a rare and noble life! Solemn, because by this event our whole nation is called to a dreadful review, and to the rational contemplation of a train of recent most wonderful and serious providences.

Death, the universal preacher, would exhort us at the new made grave of greatness. This privilege is unobtrusive, because respect for, and reverence of, goodness and greatness. Humble and sincere homage to a character educated in the domain of will—in war, a lion grand and strong; in peace, mild and gentle as a lamb—is honorable to human nature, and becoming alike in the stranger and the friend. The deepest feelings and the noblest faculties of our common nature are stirred and sprung more surely and truly by our sorrows than by our joys. The chords that, by their exquisite vibrations, unite the hearts of all men are those that tremble under the touch of death. The hand that in its chilling grasp clasps to silence and to dumb despair, evokes from the deeper nature unwritten and unspeakable sympathies and sounds of fresher harmonies. Differences of human conceiving—differences that no fire of charity in its most pronounced forms can melt or move—give way and disappear at the approach of calamity and the sterner mandates of the king of terrors. So I conceive it to be, that the mysterious providences of God, which affect nations and individuals by modes repugnant to our sense of right and justice, are clearly intended to bring extremes under bonds—to bring humanity closer, and unite mankind in the devout study of the problem of life and its relations to the sovereign purposes of God. But, incidentally, these providences acquaint us with each other and unite us in the performance of our *one* task. Men are not strangers

in grief. Sorrow is the great commoner, and the mighty hand that seems to smite asunder smites but to heal.

The strongest tie of neighborhood, of communities, of nations, is the black band of death! The dead hope, the dead idol, the dead past, the dead representatives, the dead unity—no matter if difference and feud lay crouched at bottom—is the loadstone which revives weakened and ignored unities, restores the temper of reason and the recognition of brotherhood.

The wise man said: 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' Is it, indeed, so? Every heart before me—touched, mellowed, awed and hushed by the death of one whose honorable name and heroic character, calling up memories of herculean efforts, of blood, and tears, and graves—attest the wise man's wisdom. And all because sympathy, which is born of sorrow, is stronger and more precious and more fruitful than the friendships that are formed by the joyous amenities of the banqueting hall of prosperity.

If, therefore, any one feels that there is an incongruity in the present undertaking—that the subject, so sad on the human side of it, so deeply deplored and so sacred, should restrain one who might be considered a stranger, and forbid his approach to a grave where millions have laid to rest their hopes, a grave made royal by the love and admiration of those for whom its silent occupant drew his sword—let him command hence such unworthy thoughts, and remember that true greatness frowns on the narrowness of human bounds and belongs to the whole world it honors, and when it disappears through the clouds of eternity it leaves no private path.

'Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.'

Besides, let us remember that the genius of our country and true wisdom command that 'stranger' be no shibboleth for our lips to pronounce. The very mountains must not only touch at their roots, but shake hands from their tops in token of one origin, one mission, and one destiny.

He only is a stranger who cannot overcome his errors at the grave of worth, and who feels no virtuous emulation under the shadow of a great example. Let us remember, too, that as a nation we have cause for humiliation. God hath sent us lasting sorrows. He has torn and smitten us, and now he calls us to put away forever the unrighteous divisions that we may have fostered, and return to him in one attitude and with one prayer, in the awful stillness of this death-hour! Nay, my friends, I do not forget that I am standing before a brave, patriotic, a stricken and tempted people. I do not forget that but now the thunder of battle reverberated almost through these halls, and sent death and destruction through your hearts. I do not forget that he whose death we all mourn was before you a brave, competent, faithful and untiring leader, whose voice of command was the national clarion of hope and duty, and whose stately presence amid the confusion and the strife towered to faith and sight,

‘Like the tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the breeze and midway cleaves the storm;  
While clouds and darkness round its bosom spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.’

I do not forget these things. A short acquaintance with your country and your people has filled my heart with unutterable feelings of respect, and impressed my judgment with the grandeur of your submissions.

And while to you the half-closed wounds break out afresh on an occasion of this character, and your grief is too sacred and deep for utterance, believe me, no stranger (in heart at least) obtrudes to touch with rude hands the fame and worth of your idol, or to mock your matchless sorrows by uttering faint platitudes of common praise of the dead. No! But a friend, because a citizen of your country — a brother, because nourished and protected by the same maternal care, whose heart, filled with the fire of a holy mission, and yearning for the prosperity and happiness of the living, would also speak words of hope, and honor, and truth, at the green grave of the dead. Words are paltry emptinesses at this moment.

There is a sentence of Holy Writ that will rise before me,

or rather it comes as the voice of God from the tomb of a great and good man. While you are scattering flowers that fade over yonder mound; while you shudder and weep in the darkness that this dispensation brings to your souls; while you cannot, nor can any in the broad land, find language to utter forth your sense of obligation to the great Virginian, there so quietly reposing in his last sleep; there steals hither a calm, full, hopeful, abounding sound that transforms the gloom of death into resurrection light—a sound that drops into your ears words that, fragrant as the flowers, unlike them, die not away! '*He being dead yet speaketh.*' Death is a robber, and the grave receives his booty; but there are things that are beyond death's reach.

My countrymen, character hath a life and a voice—a soul and a form—and they *die not*! Some things have not ruin in their nature—character is one. It speaketh from out the devastations of ages, and it speaketh to us to-day. I am to interpret that voice as it speaketh unto me. It speaks not of military glory—all the world can read that glowing page without an interpreter. It speaks not of the triumphs, the human triumphs, or reverses, of a leader in arms. Those were the incidents that hung like folds about his life. The real life, the real character, which is permanent and exemplifies, is deeper than the eye, the ear, the tongue or the hand. Times and opportunities, dress and appearance, mostly *make* the outer life. †

Greatness itself, as the world best recognizes it, comes often by these. History is a picture gallery of such heroes—heroes made by the fickle chances of the bustling hour—heroes by popular will and attired with the Saul's armor of popular prejudice—a blind homage! 'Subtract,' says Colton 'from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends, and by the folly of his enemies, and our Brobdignag will often become a Lilliputian.'

I think it is Voltaire who observes that it was very fortunate for Cromwell that he appeared upon the stage at the precise moment when the people were tired of kings; and as unfor- †

tunate for his son Richard that he had to make good his pretensions at a moment when the people were equally tired of protectors.

But goodness, though in the glitter, pomp and clamor of earnest life it be lost sight of, breathes a soul of endurance into that which opportunity may enable one to achieve. Our hero was not great in the former sense; though the civilized world paid lavish tribute to his outer life, and he sufficiently impressed it by his bearing amid circumstances. But his individuality, his private world, his conscious self, was greater than the world that praised his deeds, that honored his name or cherishes his memory. This may seem trite, but my meaning is deeper than my language is capable of reaching.

There was that in him which (superlatively excellent) would have been permanently obscured by the incident of physical victory. I refer to *that*. But for adversity, it never would have unfolded to our admiration; it would have remained closed and dead.

The sharp knife of reverses in the outer field cut into the quick of a greater life—a life that triumphed in a grander contest and on a wider plain. I would be understood as speaking of this great Virginian, not only as he stood out in his grand personality, but also in a representative capacity. He was the highest utterance of a national conscience. He was the embodiment of the cause he contended for. Whatever diversity of view existed throughout the Confederate States as to the cause they were engaged in, he embodied and represented its noblest principles and its sovereign view. Justice never trembled for her purity in his demands, and right was never compromised in any concession that he ever made. And I say this, my countrymen, with particular pride and emphasis. Not that General Lee's course requires vindication, but that the workings and development of a majestic character may the more closely be considered. I can not utter as my conviction that he was always sure of his cause. His sense of loyalty was such as to demand of him, before all patriotic considerations and preferences, a full and minute investigation of the question which, in its adjustment, required

him to take a side. Right was with him before preference; conscience before fame. †

It is characteristic of greatness that it assumes its final position slowly. The vulgar herds are quick, irresolute and settle grave questions on the moment. They feel no responsibility. They have no adequate sense of representative capacity. They will not be held responsible by the ages to come in impartial history. But it is different with those who consciously and responsibly lead nations and make epochs. Their sense of responsibility to the future and conscience will govern their action and make it grand or inglorious; an embellishment of the age they live in, or an unsightly blot which will render their names infamous forever.

We are considering the highest type of greatness, and whoever will closely analyze its character will find that that which was vulgarly spoken of as its slowness, whether in assuming or in executing, is the greatest outward proof of its genuineness. The full conviction went with the act and stamped it *right*. Hence it was that the nation came to trust loftily in one who, in the trenches or on the march, in victory or in defeat, could only reflect honor on the cause for which he contended. He held fast the hand of Providence. He searched for the unmistakable signs and marks of duty—and could not easily be † deceived. He was grandly unmoved by outward popular pressure, except as that pressure coincided with the voice of God within.

He, for the first time in history, so far as I know, reversed and amended, in the face of popular clamor, that saying which has become a household word in all free governments: *Vox populi vox Dei*. The voice of the people may drown the voice of God. That which is right and just may, nevertheless, be ignored or compromised in its operation; but its discovery is its defense, and its ascendancy is only a question of time. Popular fury and popular strength are not just balances, and will never do to weigh or test principles.

A thing defeated may yet be gained to the world, and in its acknowledged existence prove a mighty safeguard. In the

light of these truths our hero stands, even to-day, without reproach or compromise.

Once only, in all the terrible conflict to which he freely gave his life, did he swerve from this high path. Once did he heed the public clamor against the secret voice within; and when, after the culminating point was retired from, and he was seen to move with tender thoughtfulness among his shattered but brave army, he was greater than before.

He honored the cause; he honored the sunburnt veterans orderly retreating; and he honored his own peerless humility when he bade them visit upon him the natural murmur and the sad fault. His soul was triumphant then. What a scene was that, my friends! What a moment in a life! What immortality for the painter who will bathe his brush in its inspiration and make it breathe on canvas! Such a spectacle was never seen before.

The world has many battle-fields, and history paints many a hero, and nations hold in deserved veneration their names, their characters and their exploits. Deeds of daring, consummate generalship, grand charges, wonderful endurance, and a thousand noble eulogies enrich the historic page of all countries. But you will look in vain for so grand a climax in the character of any soldier, living or dead, as that to which I refer. Other generals, other leaders had failed, but they sought cause in a thousand unforeseen contingencies. As though the brave needed an excuse for failure! But not so with Robert E. Lee. He towered like a monument, and spake like an archangel when, before his brave, disheartened, defeated army, he raised himself erect in the saddle, and, with his hat in his hand, his gray locks seeming to grow suddenly white with the glory of his honest soul, and his eyes moistened from the deep fountains of his heart, said, 'It was my fault, my brave comrades; it was my fault!'

The great of history are known frequently, and are transmitted down the generations, by something which they said, as indicative of what they were, on the eve of or after great events. The gallant Nelson bequeathed to a nation, which will never cease to honor his memory, the burning words



which thrilled all hearts on the eve of Trafalgar — ‘England expects every man to do his duty!’ And then yielded up his life as his answer to his country’s call to duty. The Iron Duke of Waterloo will forever be associated with the deep anxiety which wrung from his soul the peril of the hour when he said, ‘Would to God Blucher or night were come!’ and the Prussian cannon thundered him a joyous answer from the wavering left. Napoleon will be remembered for the words of despair that leaped from his heart in the last moments of a still thundering but lost battle, ‘Do you tell me that my guards are turned? *Then all is lost!*’ and, at that moment, greatness fled from the soul of this military Samson, and he became † weak as other men. It was the confession of the failure of all his life. ‘The Old Guard,’ strewn dead upon the plain of Waterloo, carried with them the last hope that gilded the horizon of their great captain, and his sun went down to rise no more, while it was yet day.

But how different in the case of our great hero. I ask you, my countrymen, for a word to characterize his confession, voluntarily made to a defeated and retreating army, of which he † was chief. There never was a moment when Cæsar could have made it and lived. Much as the French army loved the brave Napoleon, the time never occurred when, on making such a confession, he could defy instant death.

The nephew, Napoleon III., caused the defeat of his legions at Sedan, and fled to the victorious enemy for protection from † his own troops.

Behold the hero who can lose a battle and confess himself the cause to his own soldiers. Aye, and they cheer him with voices choked with tears for his peerless magnanimity. It † required greatness to make such a confession, and nothing but transparent goodness would have dared so much. The tone, the words, the gesture, the sublime attitude — the whole man — was an inspiration.

And if Gettysburg sealed the physical fate of the Confederacy, it established and proved, not only the valor of the common soldiery, but the greatness of the captain, and of a cause which Providence deigned not to crown with success.

Yet the question will arise, Did God permit so fearful a war among kindred and between brethren for the development of a single great character? I answer, *No!* Robert E. Lee was the representative of the people; and, as he expanded in adversity, and crowned the eminence of human achievement by the grandest self-conquest, he but achieved for his countrymen, and left for them a record to honor, a spirit to imbibe, + words to remember, and an example to emulate, which the humblest of us, who view him at a distance, may also achieve in our allotted sphere. In this sense, then, beyond all doubt, the dead Virginian speaketh. I interpret not as a partisan. I profess not to deal with the grave questions then and now involved in the terrible strife. I know not that those who enjoyed a nearer view of my hero, or even you, my indulgent hearers, will agree with me in the conviction I have dared to utter.

I know this, that outward success may be conscious defeat. I know that hope rises into glorious reality as much by means of crushing disappointments as by overleaping enthusiasm. And what will bear the test in the individual cannot be ignored by the nation.

Perhaps I may be censured for admitting that he whose character appears so grand to me, exhibited, in the long course of almost superhuman discipline, exposure and assault, the one weakness which I have characterized. Be it so. I use the word weakness for want of a better. It was a rift in the dense cloud through which the sun shone forth in peerless splendor. \* It was the mighty seizure of the oak by the brawny arms of the hurricane, but which only caused its roots to grasp with firmer hold the foundations of the earth. The man was greater in that hour of his voluntary confession than the adversity that refused success to his cause. He rose superior to fate. Then was he tried and found true.

No power could blunt the point of his all-potent conscience, and no disaster could overthrow the rock on which his life rested. Defeated, retreating with his battle-worn veterans — the citizen patriots of a country that will yet rear them monuments in the on-coming day of national independence

and honor—he was indeed the victor! For ‘a nationality deserved *is* a nationality.’ And ‘real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves; and without *that* the conqueror is naught but the first slave.’

And now I find myself in the midst of a very amphitheatre of excellences. I have reached, as I conceive, the great, glowing, secret wealth of our hero; and the lesser and more common attributes—things which make up the greatness of most others—press for their setting. But others have done this for us, and will continue to do it. I need not pause to enumerate and characterize all the excellences that your comprehension embraces. I wish only to emphasize fully the point already made. I wish to rivet your attention upon the extraordinary element so completely developed in him, and which distinguished him from the very best of those who now sit in judgment.

*Self-conquest was the secret of Robert E. Lee's greatness!* I repeat, self-conquest. I am addressing a young nation. I am appealing to those who have much to win—in the magic name of him who has surely won. I am addressing his surviving comrades, who must still with tent and toil pursue the dangerous way of conquest. I would hold up to you the glorious achievement of him, your captain, whose tent has been so grandly struck—self-conquest. The conquest of human passions; the conquest of popular ambitions; the conquest of personal preferences; the conquest of personal dislikes.

The rage for blood has blotted the names of the world's great military leaders. But this citizen-soldier, this greatest of leaders, entered the unparalleled conflict without a single utterance of passionate dislike of a living being; the pulsations of his heart of honor beat for and through the banner of his native State. Follow him. Through the endless vicissitudes of a great soldier's life, under peculiar trials and heated provocations; in reverses; in victories; amid the groans of the unrelieved dying, and the ghastly forms of the unrequited dead; amid the brazen thunders of cannon, and the victorious huzzas of patriot armies; on the defensive with grim and stubborn bravery, and on the aggressive with swift and fearful

retribution; now pressed by twice-told odds, and now sheathing his sword in the safe scabbard of his own and his nation's honor; everywhere, and throughout all to the end, he was not known to betray an unchristian passion, or to let fall from his lips an ungenerous word.

In his own comprehension he was the child of duty, and his estimate of his obligation did not include the righteousness of hate. Terrible was he in war, but he never hated. In this, also, my countrymen, he appears above the plane of great achievement.

His dispatches — short, truthful, modest, simple, just to the opposing armies as far as he knew, soldierly and honorable to his own — not one word in them all can be found that breathes the spirit of personal or sectional animosity; and not one word that may not be read and pondered with admiration by every American citizen.

Such was Robert E. Lee. The secret of so much sublimity I have tried to declare. And I believe that few persons in all this broad continent will be found to dispute the interpretation or its lessons.

Lessons, did I say? Yes; the life, so full, so rounded, so manly, and a death so timely and so sublime, must be pregnant with vital lessons to all generations.

It is pertinent, then, in this place to ask, What more speaks the dead hero to this nation? Or, does the lesson end here? Is this the end of the precious legacy bequeathed by the noble dead? Not so, my friends. We have seen the great Virginian on the battle-field, in the heat of the unequal strife, and he was calm, recollected, brave, unyielding, generous and Christian — without hypocrisy and without malice! Fighting, the bravest of the brave, and yet recognizing no foe! And, subsequently, in the retired shades of peaceful life, meditative, unostentatious, devout, industrious; solemnly treading the borders and within the over-reaching shadows of eternity — unchanged in all the qualities of essential greatness. Having no animosity in his heart, and no dexterous aim of policy or compromise in his life, but quietly teaching the marveling

world how a brave, good man can conquer defeat, and, in the midst of universal defection, illustrate and vindicate the truth of Holy Writ, that 'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.'

And, now that he has passed from human sight—now, while a whole nation bend with reverent hearts before his grave—*What speaks he?* Keep burning the fires of sectional division? Make permanent the unhappy breach? To the North does he say, withhold from the South the sympathy, the coöperation, the assistance, the immigration, the brotherly kindness, the justice she craves? No! To his own South does he say, Refuse to be comforted; receive not honestly proffered sympathy, brotherhood and coöperation; forget not the grievous wrongs of a past day; educate the children to avenge them; withhold the hand of fellowship when a brother extends it; and sit still in the ashes and sackcloth of your deep and unspeakable desolations? Does he thus speak? Nay, my countrymen! Thus spake not the noblest Roman of them all while he lived; thus speaks not he now that he is dead. He utters other words, as he manifested a different spirit. He pleads for peace, justice, fraternity, brotherhood, industry, education, piety.

From those serene heights to which he has gone; from the centre of those immortal fellowships he now so much enjoys, and for which none were ever more fitted than he; from out the high and sacred security in which God's favor has placed him, he looks down with delight upon those, his countrymen, his late comrades in the field, who loved him and were beloved by him—on those who with steel and cannon opposed him in the fearful contest, and on all the millions of the whole country when he sees them struggling to overcome as he overcame! To conquer self, the fire of passion, the natural bias of section, the weakness of universal flesh—to bury these in one deep grave whence no power can resurrect them, and unite in virtuous ways for the accomplishment of honorable deeds, is the legitimate work of the patriot who will yield to the inspiration that lived in the life and glorifies the grave of Robert E. Lee.

And now, my friends, let us strike fraternal hands in labor and in love to carry forward the well-begun work of him who has gone forward.

Let monuments be built for him — monuments of marble, of bronze and of gold; let us perpetuate his deeds, his patriotism, his Christian heroism, by the costliest and sublimest efforts of art. But while we do this, let us do more. Let us bend over the green grave where the hero reposes; let us, amid the votive offerings which the hearts of a bereaved nation shall bring to this shrine, catch the spirit and aim of his life.

While, with speechless awe that dares not move, we gaze upon the ascending chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, bearing upward through the parting heavens, past the shining ranks of angelic sentinels, along the outposts of the celestial realm, our national Elijah, before the gates of glory close upon our enraptured vision, and he is lost to our gaze for aye, let us catch the mantle that, falling from his shoulders, still contains the warmth of his great soul.

A holy example is a deathless leader. If so, then General Robert E. Lee is not dead. Not dead, did I say? True, forever! (But they are dead who sought the young child's life.)

Margaret Preston tells what is in my heart, and she shall end this tribute —

‘ Yes; let the tent be struck.

Victorious morning through every crevice flashes in a day,  
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning.  
The night is over, wherefore should he stay?  
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,  
“ The general has *gone* forward ? ”

‘ Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender,  
But, with superb endurance, present, past,  
Our pure commander, lofty, simple, tender,  
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,  
Wearing his armor spotless, till at last  
Death gave the final “ *Forward* .”

‘ All hearts grew sudden palsied.  
Yet what said he thus summoned?  
“ Let the tent — be — struck.”

For when did call of duty fail to find him ready  
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,  
For God's love and his country's sake,  
And then to watch, wait, or go forward?

'We will not weep — we dare not. Such a story  
As his grand life writes on the centuries' years  
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory,  
That manhood's type — supremest that appears —  
Our South has shown the ages.  
Nay, no tears for him who has gone forward?

'Gone forward!  
Whither? Where the marshalled legions —  
Christ's well-worn soldiers — from their conflicts cease;  
Where faith's true red-cross knights repose in regions,  
Thick-studded with the calm white tents of peace.  
Thither, right joyful to accept *release*,  
The general has *gone forward!*'



ART. X.—*The Origin of Species.* By Charles Darwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

Within the last few years our literature has been almost flooded with discussions of questions of what is popularly known as the *Unity of the Human Race*, the *Origin of Species*, &c. How far some of the aspects of some of these questions have logical legitimacy, we may hope to inquire in the course of this article.

There is a preliminary point, however, always necessary to be first settled and well understood before any logical discussion can begin; that is, *What is the question?* This question must not only be distinctly assented to, but it must be debatable; and, further, it must be seen to lie within the range of the human understanding. There are many truths which can not be debated.

There may be said to be three classes of doctrine, or hypotheses, respecting this matter, which may, perhaps, be conveniently stated as follows: First, that which is sometimes known as the *Development Theory*; second, the theory of *Severalty*; and third, that of *Unity* in the creation of man.

We must now spend a moment or two in taking an outline view of these several systems as set forth by their respective patrons, merely to see what they are.

The first may be stated in the words of Prof. Oken, that 'man is developed, not created.' The vast variety we now see in all physical nature are the effects of natural forces, acting on each other, producing progressive mouldings, modifications and developments during immensely long periods. Hence, Prof. Heckel talks about 'our animal ancestors'; and, in like manner, these so-called ancestors might talk about their vegetable 'ancestors.' Every thing has grown, or been developed, from the lowest conceivable type of material substance.

The second hypothesis is, that God created man in groups, separate families, or distinct races and nationalities, at different

times, most probably far distant from each other, and not with a single ancestor, as in Adam. This severalty of creation, in groups and at distinct periods, is also the rule in all animal life.

The third hypothesis is, that God created one man and one woman only, and all mankind are their natural descendants. And the differences we now see in men of different countries, families, or races, are but the natural result of the almost endless variety of accidental and fortuitous circumstances attendant on man's history.

We may now inquire how far these differences are real, rational and philosophical; how far they present material for logical difference and legitimate debate about things seen and comprehended, and how far they rest upon false notions, or conclusions hastily and blindly jumped at.

We are told that man *grew* — was *developed*, not created. Now, does this statement, in whatever form of words you choose to put it, contain a denial of either of the others? Most assuredly it does not. It only says, if you trace man back — away back in his ancestral, or, rather, his germinal history, you find his or its form and character to materially degenerate. He was a mere animal, not much resembling what he now is. And far enough back you see his germ slowly emerging or developing from vegetable or chaotic substance for which we have no name.

Now, can these teachings, however far they carry us back, claim or purport to teach that man was not created? Most assuredly not. They present a field and mode of creation different from the suppositions of some others. They tell us something about the chronology and history of his creation. They say he was created by slow degrees of development. These teachings clearly admit man's creation, and claim only to instruct us as to its mode. To say that 'man was developed, *not* created,' is to utter words without meaning. It is not a proposition, but a contradiction. It does not affirm something believed, nor does it deny something supposed. Man being developed does not suppose he was not created, but only something about the processes and manner of his

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creation. It merely says the time occupied in creation was greater than some suppose.

If one man supposes the work of creation was begun about seven thousand years ago, and was finished in two or three days, and another that the process occupied a million of years, this is not a question whether man was created at all or not, but about the length of time his creation required. It is here distinctly denied that the argument called *Vestiges of Creation* pretends to adduce a word of either testimony or argument on the question whether man was created or not. It raises the very different question of the mode of creation, and the time necessary for its accomplishment. If the testimony is true, and the argument good, then it is proved that the time occupied in creation was very long, as well as several other things about it; and if bad, then this is not proved.

This fanciful idea about the former condition and history of the substance which finally became man — its having passed through other forms and stages of existence and of life previously — is much more easily stated than disproved. It is as if a man should affirm that in the exact centre of the north star there is a piece of diamond ten feet in diameter. The statement is easily made, but how could it be disproved? When it is stated, therefore, that the substance which finally became a living man, whatever that was, passed through other forms previously, no matter what forms or processes, the allegation is made with impunity, because, like the diamond in the bowels of the star, it can not be contradicted. That about which we know nothing can not be debated. Such imaginary things are without number; and whether with or without plausibility, it makes no difference; and this notion about 'development' is but one of them. Neither reason, nor science, nor experience can furnish any information respecting it.

A score of such fancies, true or false, have nothing to do with that other question, whether man was created or not. They only undertake the obvious impossibility of proving something about the *mode of creation*. They merely set up a theory of creation. They plan and explain an utterly unknown and inconceivable thing. They virtually admit creation, or

imply it, and only express dissatisfaction as to the views of others respecting the mere historic processes by which it was accomplished.

Hugh Miller does not attempt an argument on the subject, except by mere analogy. Looking into man's history and progress in the brief period of our acquaintance with them, things do not seem now to progress as they are said to have done millions of years or ages ago.

What is called *development*, therefore, is, or 'pretends to be, so far as it can be understood, an attempt to set up a *theory of creation*; and not a theory dispensing with creation. It is a speculation, so far as it relates to man's origin, about which it is impossible we can know anything conclusively; and so, whether true or not, can have nothing to do with any questions of anthropological science. This, it is hoped, will further appear in the course of the present paper.

The second hypothesis affirms a *severalty*, denying a *unity*, of human creation. Having shown, as it may not be thought unfair to conclude, that the development theory is only a wild, unmeaning blunder into which some extravagant men have unwittingly fallen, we proceed to look at the doctrine which teaches that there were *several* primordial creations of man in opposition to the theory of *unity*.

The argument about the near approach, real or supposed, of some brute animals of high type to some races of men of very low type, are utterly illegitimate and surreptitious in an argument of this kind. Assuming or pretending an argument when there is no disagreement is unfair. We have no knowledge of any animals other than *men* and *brutes*. Now, if the question were, whether there is or is not now a natural, radical and constitutional difference between men and brutes, then the nearness of approach would present a question with some meaning in it. It might then be attempted to be shown that the separation is not constitutional, but only circumstantial. But is there such a question in issue?

The question, whether man, in his long, upward process of development, in reaching the point in the scale of being he now occupies, passed through brute animal stages — say he

was once *this*, and then *that*, and then another kind of animal — that he then reached the position now occupied by the monkey, and then, by steady, progressive stages, became man — this is one thing. But whether man, to-day, is radically and constitutionally different in some of his characteristics from all brute animals — this is another and very different question. To prove that man, or rather, more correctly, the substance from which he grew, before it became man — for he was not man when he was a shell-fish, and before he became man — to prove that this ancestral or germinal substance, in its seminal history of past ages, in its genealogical development into manhood, was, millions of years or ages ago, a monkey, would not prove that man is now a monkey. To believe the former would not necessitate the belief of the latter. Hence, in debating the latter question, if it were questioned, the former could very safely be admitted, whether true or false.

It is true that Pouchett, one of the most noted of the French infidels, in writing on this subject, says, ‘There is no human kingdom distinguished from the animal kingdom.’ And others speak in a similar way. The speciousness of this question, with its plain illegitimacy in this argument, are so apparent and so important that a few observations must be directed to it.

Whatever questions might arise about the very ancient or diuturnal history of the material which finally became man’s finished frame; whether it did or did not pass through these or those brute animal stages, or undergo these or those changes — these are very different questions from those which inquire into the present relation of the two departments of the animal kingdom, men and brutes. This latter question is, whether those two departments of animal life are more radically distinct in some material respects, and where they differ. The question, what was the germinal or seminal condition of man’s ancestral beginnings, in its ancient, formative history, before it reached the state of manhood — supposing it to have passed through such creative processes — this is another and different question. An ear of corn is to-day what it is. How corn originated, whether by germinal, creative stages and processes through which it grew, millions of seasons ago, and

what was the character of the soil and of those unformed germinal substances — if that was the way that corn became corn — these are different inquiries, and they do not, in the least degree, involve or support each other.

The present relation between men and monkeys, or between men and mushrooms, or between the different kinds of men, is not matter of dispute. Here there is no difference of opinion among writers on natural philosophy, biology or anthropology. They disagree only as to the ancient *history* — whether creation was performed thus and thus, or so and so. Let us agree where we agree, and dispute only where we differ.

If we were to inquire into the apparent nearness of approach of some of the higher types of brute animals to some of the lower varieties of the human family, we should find that it would neither prove nor illustrate anything at all pertinent to the question in hand. In mere contour it might be supposed, from a hasty glance, that some of the monkey tribes, the gorilla, orang, or chimpanzee, most nearly resemble mankind; but a closer examination shows that in mental and moral characteristics, which are by far the most important, man has a closer affinity to the dog, the horse, and the elephant, than to any of the monkey tribes. The monkey is not even a biped; he is quadrumanous — i. e., four-handed. And yet he has very little, if any, of the wonderful and peculiar organism of the human hand more than the tiger or the squirrel. As to the great, ruling, master-endowments of intelligence and speech, always found in the lowest varieties of the human kind, there is nothing — absolutely nothing — in all the brute creation that even looks in that direction. And as to a sense of right and wrong, the great and distinguishing feature which alone allies man to his Maker, and which, despite the hasty assertions of some poorly-informed travelers, is always found in mankind, not the least vestige of it is ever found among brute animals.

Again, for what purpose is an argument from near approach brought forward, unless it be carried much farther and be made to prove identity? Near approach, however near, amounts to nothing, so long as in some clear and unmistak-

able respects men and brutes are found constitutionally distinct. In many important respects we know they are identical. In the offices of bones, muscle, vision, hearing, feeling, taste and locomotion, as well as in the functions of propagation, gestation, digestion, respiration, the circulation of the blood, &c., they are alike. So we know that not only is there near approach between men and monkeys, but in many vital respects there is identity between men and oxen. This is no question at all. To prove anything to the purpose it must be shown that men and monkeys are radically and constitutionally identical in all things, with only such circumstantial differences as are seen between the high and low classes of monkeys, horses and men. So, if we find near approach, however near, the question then arises, What does that prove? Whatever it might prove on the general subject of biological science, it is obvious that it proves nothing on the question before us.

If some men are capable of persuading themselves into the belief of a plain contradiction, their case is beyond the reach of any assistance that logic or argumentation can furnish. No argument can be made with such men. If they assert that all the varieties of creation known as men, however low the scale, are solely and exclusively amenable to law, and as such actually deem and hold them morally responsible and punishable; and then, at the same time, affect to put them out of humanity on the ground of the alleged discovery that the substance from which they grew into manhood, or from or out of which their manhood was anciently made or created, existed in some other form, inability to meet such arguments must be confessed. Who cares whether the thing alleged be true or not? Even if true it proves nothing.

It is not too much to insist that in reasoning men must have some reason. Animals are either men or brutes. Men are sometimes found in a very low state of both morals and intelligence—far below anything most of us have seen. One, at least, of the great constitutional marks by which men are distinguished from brutes, is a sense of *right*—of *ought*; and so we hold them morally accountable. We deem them capa-



ble of crime, and punish them. Now, is not this the fullest recognition of proper manhood that can be given? Can you accuse a brute of crime? And can you fail to accuse a man? We repeat, that the dog, the horse and the elephant are at least among the most knowing of brutes. But do we accuse them of crime? They are deemed brutes for this very reason, that they are incapable of crime. Read any impartial, scientific treatise on this subject, apart from an attempt to predicate races of creation; turn to Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia*, for instance, and read that the gorilla (which bears the nearest outward appearance to man of any of the ape or monkey races), 'is the most wild, ferocious and irreclaimably vicious of all the beasts of the forest.' Man is capable of *animus*, brutes are not. To charge moral obliquity, and deny the person so charged a proper place in manhood, is a childish absurdity, or insane conceit.

As to man's *creation*, or *origin*, there is nothing that can be said or believed, true or untrue, respecting it, or his ancestry, near or remote, that can in the least degree affect these plain and unquestioned considerations respecting his condition *now*. Even if he was once a monkey, he is now a *man*.

There is great difference among men — English, French, German, Indians, Negroes, Moors, Chinese, Esquimaux, and hundreds and thousands of others, if you take the trouble to subdivide them. Indeed, no two individuals are alike. The disparity varies in a thousand ways and in ten thousand degrees. You may divide and classify them as you will; you may distinguish the several divisions as you will; you may call them genera, species, varieties, races, nations, or families; you may say what you will about their ancestry or their creation, true or untrue, no matter which; you may say their primordial ancestry was the same, or was not the same; you may say they 'grew,' or were 'developed,' or 'selected' from saurian, mushroom, or monad, or that they existed from all eternity; and supposing all this to be admitted, and as much more as any one may choose to dream or teach on the subject, yet what has all this to do with man's present character and condition? Exactly nothing. There man *is*; and in any supposed

facts respecting the ancient history of his ancestry, back and beyond our historic reach, or the history of that of which he was made, or from which he proceeded, true or false, man is now just what he *is*. Testimony cannot prove that to which it does not relate. The question what man *is now*, is, as we hope further to see, a very different one from the inquiry *how he got here*, or what possible changes, natural or preternatural, may have passed upon his diuturnal ancestry.

As to the *creation* of our primordial fatherhood, whether it was individual or several, that is quite another question. The dispute is not about the dissimilarity. That runs through the entire mass, and is about as great either in kind or degree as any one supposes. The dispute is about things said to have occurred thousands or millions of ages ago, and long before it is supposed on either hand that man, *as such*, existed; not before saurian, fauna or monkeys existed, but before man existed. But whether man came from eternity or from time, from one Adam or from forty, one thing is confessedly true, that the whole human family conjointly, *now*, constitute one great, sole, exclusive, radical and constitutional *genus homo*. Whatever any one may affirm of man, or of that of which he was made, or of anything else millions of years ago, no man considers a man a brute, or a brute a man. A man is a man.

And, then, if in the face of this universal belief men will contradict both their reason and their words, and say that some men are not men, and attribute reason, moral sense and handicraft to brutes, as already intimated, their case is beyond all logical assistance. Sometimes we are told that some peoples are not capable of receiving true religion, because they are superstitious. It requires no little patience to debate with some men. The best proof the nature of the case admits of to show that men *are* capable of religion, is offered to prove that men are not. What is superstition but defective and erroneous religion? There can be no better proof of religious capability than superstition. Superstition, with its errors corrected, is religion; and religion, in its state of dark degeneracy, is superstition.

Setting out, then, with all men of science, from a distinct

constitutional *genus homo*, we proceed more directly to the question of *severalty* as opposed to *unity* in the creation of man. The method shall be short. But, first, it must be ascertained precisely where and about what those disputants differ.

All scientific inquiries on the subject must be confined strictly to the *history and character* of man as man proper, and not as something else before that something else, whatever it was, became man. Anthropology is the science of *man*, not of creation. *There is no science of creation.* Human thought does not extend to that. Not even the imagination, much less the process of thinking, can reach to points or possibilities anterior to creation, or *into* it, if, indeed, there be any such points. Science can know nothing of absolute origin. It *finds* everything already existing, and deals only in being and in changes. All else is veiled.

The argument that there is now a distinct *genus homo*, or human family, settles the question of present unity in the human kind as distinct from all brutes. It is but a different verbal mode of stating the question. So the question is not about unity *now*, but about unity *in creation*. Whether this dispute is real or genuine, or fictitious and imaginary, we hope to show.

We look over the human family and see several millions of individual persons all of a well-known recent but unknown remote ancestry. We examine their character in several ways. We have some little knowledge of procreation, though we know very little of the laws of descent from father to son. No two persons are alike. No children of the same parents are either alike or like either parent. Nothing produces its like, though a general resemblance is seen in most cases, sometimes down to the third and fourth generation, but it is soon lost sight of. As you go out from any centre the disparity deepens and widens more and more indefinitely, and, so far as any one knows, interminably.

No student of nature has intimated the hope of the possible discovery of a line up to which disparity in a genealogical descending process might go in possible time and circum-

stances, and beyond which it could not possibly pass. And most obviously such a line is the only thing that can be supposed to separate races or families radically and fundamentally. You must mark with scientific and unmistakable exactness the farthest possible outward progress of disparity before it can be said that natural generation could not have produced it. Some disparity varies the presumption of indefinite disparity.

The possibility of disparity beyond what has been seen might be illustrated by supposing it possible to produce a race of *one-armed men*. As free use and action tend to enlarge and strengthen the muscles of a limb, so nonuser and inertness tend to feebleness and dwarfishness. And would not this tendency in sufficient time and favorable circumstances acquire an hereditary character? Take a number of children of both sexes, with largely developed chests and arms, and let them all, and all their offspring, male and female, be trained constantly to such hard labor as blacksmithing, or the like; continue this course, retaining for intermarriage only those of the best-developed arms, and in a number of generations you have a race of people of unusual strength of the hand. The children would inherit the acquired and accumulated strength.

Now pursue the opposite course. Colonize a number of children of both sexes, and in every case, from the very first, let the left arm be folded and bandaged as closely as consistent with the general health. The left arm is never straightened or used. They never saw a person with two well-used and useful arms. Let this course be rigidly pursued long enough, and a general tendency to withered dwarfishness of the limb would after a time appear. How long it would require for this hereditary tendency to establish itself in the occasional, or frequent, or uniform production of children with a defective limb, or an imperfect stump, or none at all, is another question. But would not the tendency appear in ten generations, or ten thousand, or, more probably, in three or four? The best analogies we have certainly point to such a conclusion. And does not the establishment of such a *tendency* establish the certainty, in sufficient time, of a complete *one-armed race*?

The utmost possible disparity and divergence in the human family proper has most certainly never been discovered. The rule is the same in man as in other animals, and, indeed, in the vegetable kingdom.

We trace back man's history in his physiology, in tombs, in osseous and cranial formations and fossil remains, in monuments and inscriptions, but still more in what he has written of himself, so far as these histories go. When we trace this history back about two thousand and nine hundred years the marks become exceedingly dim; and in about five hundred years more there is scarcely a footprint to be seen. Beyond about three thousand and seven hundred years, which is most probably but little, if any, over half way back to the Adamic period, we have not even a fragmentary outline beyond the very few isolated scraps in Genesis, which, for the present, we are not considering.

Now, what is science? What is its mission, and what its domain? It is the business of the science now under consideration to divide, classify, examine and demonstrate *man* in his physical, moral and intellectual character; and the field of research is the history of man—the current history—reaching back by no means into the scenes of his creation, if, indeed, creation had any scenes, but stopping clearly and distinctly this side of his origin. The student of nature can no more teach you about the *creation* of man than of the stars, or of the origin of Deity himself.

What does all human science teach, or pretend to teach, about creation? The answer is, *nothing*—absolutely nothing—either affirmatively or negatively. Creation, if there ever were such a thing, is no part of either nature or its history. Science does not know, nor can it by possibility know, that man was ever created; or, if created at all, whether by one single stroke of omnific power, or by a series of successive operations stretching over a period as long as an hour, a day, a year, or myriads of ages. Human knowledge can no more say whether man was made in unity as in Adam, or in severalty by five hundred beginnings, than could unlettered igno-

rance itself. Here, where nothing can be known, wisdom and ignorance are on the same level.

If we know anything at all about the creation, either of man or of anything else, we are certainly not in the least indebted to the investigations of science for the information. Human science *finds* man, at the first, already in being, and the whole constitution of nature already in progress, performing its various functions, but can affirm nothing as to how or when things got into existence. It can examine rocks, chalk, etc., and ascertain of many things, with greater or less certainty, that they must have been in existence many years or ages gone by, but of their origin it can inform you nothing. Metalography might essay to inform you about the quality or the origin of the metal of which the sword was made that guarded the tree of life, or of the botany of the tree of life itself, and the information would be just as reliable as the teaching of psychology or anthropology, when they undertake to tell us about the processes by which man did or did not *become* man. Indeed, there is more of plausibility in the former than in the latter, because the sword and the tree, if there were such things, have some historic place in creation *as we now see it*.

It is clearly impossible that science can know anything of any direct act of God. To inquire scientifically into man's origin would be the same as to inquire what man was before he became man; or about the quality or proper adaptation to this end of the material of which he was made. How can science know he was made of anything, or was made at all? How can science distinguish between *one* and *several* acts of God, or know that there is a difference? Who knows that creation was an act, or can distinguish between an act, or acts, and an absolutely continuous and never-ending or slackening process? Who knows *anything* about it?

It is said that Prof. Agassiz has stated that 'man was created in nations.' It may be admitted as possible, however impracticable it might be found to be for science to teach, that man has existed in a state of separate nationality or familyship for any given number of years. But it is denied that science can conduct us back beyond his history and teach us about him

before he was, and so prescribe rules for his creation. Science being limited to the history of material existence, the above declaration, if ever made, has no meaning. The words do not convey an idea; or else a vague, nebulous and nugatory one.

Man, not being able to conceive of an act or process of creation at all, can not, of course, imagine or distinguish a difference between creation in nations and some other way. Suppose another should say that man was created by *one* single act; and a third that man was individually and severally created—each one being a separate and distinct creation. These are not three several hypotheses; for an hypothesis that is not clearly conceivable is not an hypothesis. No man can say whether the three statements mean the same or different things. There is and can be no rational hypothesis of creation, because creation is inconceivable.

To this it may be replied that the idea of severalty in the origin of man does not necessarily inquire into or affirm anything as to the acts or processes of creation, but only that whenever or however he was created it must have been with severalty of beginning, because the different parts are too widely separate now to suppose the possibility of oneness ever, at any time, in his former history.

This is only putting the same proposition in different and even more fallacious verbiage, though its speciousness requires a little care and analysis. It affirms that God *in creation* was shut up to certain necessities—that he could not, or, at least, that he did not, endow the one man with so great and wide a power of procreative diversity as could have been bestowed on several. The proposition does not relate to the powers of mere procreation in man, but to his procreative endowments *conferred in his creation*. The two things are widely different. The allegation relates to the laws of seminality, as they were fixed in the acts of creation, and not to the mere exercise of them by man in his after-history. Change the verbiage as you may, and the allegation is in regard to the creation, not the history of man. And this present argument alleges that while science is free to investigate the one, it is wholly ignorant as to the other. The *onus probandi* must rest where



it naturally belongs. If a declaration is naturally incapable of proof, it must be content to come down and take the place of a mere conjecture. A statement about *creation*, beyond the simple fact, is not a logical proposition.

Suppose you ask the skeptical anthropologist if each and every individual person was not separately created. He would hardly deny it. And, then, if you ask him to point out the difference between those creations and that of Adam, or of any of the several 'national' Adams, or the difference between the creation of one and several Adams, could he do it? Can science tell you anything about the laws of seminality, *as established in creation*, or even in their natural operation, either in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, beyond some of their gross and visible effects? Or can it distinguish a difference between those powers as bestowed upon *one* and *several* progenitors? Can science distinguish a difference between a primary and secondary creation — that is, a creation with and without natural parentage? What does science know about the difference between forming a man out of the dust of the ground and some other way? Or can it know that there is a difference? These, or any other questions about creation, do not pertain to science; they lie quite beyond its domain.

Again, it might be suggested that the inquiry is not what God could, but what he did, do in creation. And, then, when it is said that man was created in severalty, and not in unity, and the proof is asked for, we are referred to the present wide diversity. But how is it ascertained that a wide diversity — not extending beyond the limits of humanity — is any more indication of severalty in creation than a narrower diversity? Most assuredly it is not. To prove that any given instance of diversity could not have proceeded from unity of origin, would be to ascertain, by scientific demonstration, the exact limit of *possible* divergence from any ancestral starting-point. But it would be absurd to say that diverging dissimilarity could not possibly extend to this or that line — there being no pretense to experimental knowledge — and yet not be able to point out the precise line of possibility and the law of propagation fixing it.

Prof. Huxley, of London, in a recent lecture on 'A Piece of Chalk,' says, 'How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for? Only two suppositions seem open to us. Either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some preëxisting form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis. I have chosen mine.'

But the Professor ought to be reminded of what he has evidently overlooked — viz., that here are not two hypotheses, as he supposes — one of 'distinct creation,' and one of being brought into existence by 'the operation of natural causes.' The one is as much an hypothesis of distinct creation as the other. To be understood, he must explain to us the difference, upon scientific principles, between 'distinct creation' and the 'operation of natural causes.' Until he explains to us the scientific principles of creation, how can we distinguish between it and the operation of natural causes? How do we know but they are one and the same thing? or, if not, *what* is the difference?

Mr. Huxley has not yet explained to us what he means by 'creation.' If he gets his idea from Scripture, and refers us to that, then he is confined to its verbal revelations, where we find nothing but a very few dogmatic expressions referring, in great brevity, to something by no means subject to scientific examination. He will not ask us to look far enough into Scripture to discover some imaginary *kind* of creation, fitted to his argument, and no further.

The error underlying this whole subject, as presented in such arguments as *Vestiges of Creation*, *Darwinism*, *Origin of Species*, &c., is hardly an opinion soberly entertained, but a blunder which, when pointed out, is apparent. It assumes — most strangely — that *creation* is something historic, sensible, phenomenal, effected by rational processes and in chronological periods; whereas, it is no more a subject of philosophical examination than the being, the history or the attributes of God himself. You might as well attempt to apply natural laws and scientific rules to the architecture of heaven, to the chronology of eternity, or to the anthropology of future

life, as to the creation of man. Creation is no part of nature. And if asked what it is, the proper reply would be, That is a question which no man can answer. The inquirer can only be referred to half a dozen very short sentences of purely dogmatic Scripture. There the inquiry begins, and there it ends. You may debate about the literature, but you can not debate about the phenomenon. To do so would be absurd, because it would be an attempt to discuss things inconceivable. Science has its domain. Absolute truth occupies a much larger field. If this reasoning denies a rationale to creation, be it so. That is no more than to say that some things are supernatural. Objectors must be referred to Nature's Maker.

There are two, and but two, general sources of human knowledge. The one is the external constitution of nature, and the other the verbal revelations of Scripture. It is the business of science to explore and investigate the former. Here its labors begin, and here they end. But when natural science would undertake to subject those revelations to its arbitrament, and say that a bush could not burn without being consumed, or that God could not create except under such and such limitations and restrictions, and in such time and manner, it becomes infidel in its pretensions and mischievous in its effects. The idea that geology may possibly be brought into conflict with Genesis, is the fruit of this very blunder—that science is competent to teach about the *origin* of things. Creation is purely miraculous.

It is proper, therefore, to repeat, that if we have any knowledge whatever of creation, we are in no wise indebted to human science for the information. The words of Scripture furnish us our entire stock of knowledge of this whole subject. Science knows no more about it, pro or con, about its facts, principles, chronology, history, possibilities, or seminal character and powers of procreation, than of the Christship of Jesus of Nazareth, of prophecy, of revelation itself, or of anything else purely miraculous. What is written is written; what is not written is unknown. To affirm or deny, to teach or dispute, outside the revealed Word, is but an attempt to know the unknowable.

Men of science, like all other men, can learn the mere *fact* that man was created, but cannot discuss the question whether in creation man was or was not seminally endowed with these or those powers of genealogical divergence. How do we know that *any* procreative power is conferred *at all* in creation? Perhaps all prolific seminal force is given to each individual separately at his birth, or before, or after. Then there are abnormal offshoots, as we may call them. Of these we know very little, either of their character or possible results. Who knows but that something of this kind might change the character of a genealogical, descending current very materially. Most astounding instances of this sort, entirely unaccountable, are known to genealogical history and medical jurisprudence.

When it is said 'Men were created in nations,' nothing can or need be said of it but this: that that is a fanciful construction to put upon such words as these, 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.' For the only information we can have about creation is by properly construing the language in which, and in which alone, we are informed of it. Remove these words from before us and no man can teach, or know, or learn anything at all about the *origin* of man. You might as well debate about the metre in which the morning stars sang together when the sons of God shouted for joy. There are the words, make the best of them. What you read you read.

Outside the revealed words we may reason *a posteriori*, that as things now exist they must at some time and in some way have begun to exist. But even this reasoning, though conclusive as far it goes, is quite incomplete as a rationale of creation. It amounts merely to this, that we cannot conceive of existence but by supposing a beginning of some sort. But this gives no information as to any mode or historic circumstances of creation.

It might be supposed that all existence of every kind came instantaneously into being by one single omnific act; or that each department, or each family, or even each atom of the universe, was the subject of a separate and distinct act of creation, and that these several acts were chronologically separate

from each other, according to any one's fancy. And no man, on any philosophical grounds, could deny any of these suppositions. Outside the revealed words all notions about the origin of men are mere conjecture and vapid speculation.

What — let the inquiry be made — what is the entire sum of human knowledge respecting man's creation? This is it: 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.' And, 'Male and female created he them.' These, and a very few subsidiary observations of about the same import, make up the entire sum of earthly knowledge on this whole subject. To attempt to extend it is to attempt that which is clearly impossible. If we do not read these words correctly, let the meaning be corrected. That is another matter. Bible criticism, the correctest conversion of the lean, skeleton, antique Hebrew into our rich Anglo-Saxon, with the least possible loss or addition, is one thing, and scientific explorations and deductions are another and very different thing. In the former field we have dogmatic teaching about Divine agency, angelic life, creation, etc. In the latter we get knowledge of comprehensible things *since* creation.

If any man wishes to make an argument to prove the *possibility* of genealogical divergence into all the known varieties of human kind, let him know that he is attempting to prove plenary power in the plastic hand of God. And if any one chooses to attempt an argument denying such possibility, let him know that he is marking the boundaries of omnipotence. But neither has the logical form of *even an attempt* to prove either unity or severalty.

What, then, is the real issue between those who contend for *unity* and those who contend for *severalty*? Suffice it to say that there is no difference between them as to the present condition of mankind, but only as to how his primordial progenitor or progenitors got into existence. The present constitutional oneness and family exclusiveness of man as to all other animals, with all its known and multiform variety, widespread and deeply-marked, is fully assented to by both. No man believes that some men are brutes, or that some brutes are men, or that some animals are neither men nor brutes, nor both

men and brutes. While it is conceded that the general doctrine of Darwinism would seem to result in a lack of specific identity in the two respective divisions of the animal kingdom, men and brutes, yet such a constitutional oneness is not held by any writer as a presently existing fact, but merely as a philosophical theory or logical consequence.

Then the debatable question, if it is debatable, is respecting the history and physiology of *creation*. How far such a debate is real, rational and logical, it may be well further for a moment or two to inquire. Is it about matter or substance, or mere curiosity and idle speculation?

The first practical inquiry in regard to any declarative proposition is, *What of it?* Supposing it to be admitted or proved, what does *it prove?* If it proves nothing essential, why not show its non-essential and inconclusive character, as the lawyers do in what they call *demurrer*, and thus throw it aside as of no worth? Why assist an irrelevant argument to work itself up into logical respectability by joining and debating its irrelevant and inconclusive issues? Nobody cares whether it is true or not. Here truth is often a great loser, and error an apparent gainer.

We can suppose that about seven thousand years ago, there being then no man living, God took a few pounds of earth, and in an hour or so it became an adult man, with all his extensive physiology; and that soon after, by some equally unknown process, one of the ribs of the man became a woman, and that since then all men are born of their parents.

Another might object to this history, and say that the process occupied much more time, the procedure was very slow and gradual, the material passing through various forms and shapes before it became man; moreover, there were several beginnings—men were created by nations, with five or six primordial beginnings.

‘Well,’ a third might say, ‘gentlemen, you seem to differ about the historic processes and manual work of creation. With only human faculties I am quite unable to discern anything at all of these processes, if, indeed, there were any; and of which, knowing nothing, I am compelled to say noth-

ing. So I may not be a very good judge between you. One thing, however, I can safely say, *your dispute must be referred to the Book of Genesis*. The student of nature, beginning his labors among things clearly subsequent to your matters of dispute, can give you no help whatever. You might as well ask a mariner how and where magnetic attraction was created, or the optician of what materials light was made. The only thing I can decide is, that that theory is nearest right that gives the best exegesis of Genesis.'

This is sober counsel. It may be asked, What is the practical difference between these disputants? They agree that now mankind exists in sole and exclusive unity as to all other animals, but disagree about the history and character of his *origin*. That is, the dispute is about man's history *before he became man*. What was he before he was? And if that is an absurdity, this argument is not responsible for it.

As to the actual disparity, irregularity and unlikeness of different races, nations, families, or individual persons, there is no material dispute about that. It is conceded to be about as great as is generally represented. The question, then, is, What does the disparity prove about man's creation? As if it were possible it could — even though it were ten times as great, or a tenth part as great — prove anything.

Or suppose all men were born equal, as, with some hidden meaning, some have asserted. Would that prove unity of origin? So far from it, it would not prove that man ever had any origin of any kind.

The denial of the doctrine of unity, then, we repeat, or of severalty, is not the denial of something about *man*, but about what God did or did not do with or about the material of which men were made before man was made. Suppose that material was once inert clay, and once something else, and then again something else; trace it where you will and through whatever forms it may have passed in its diuturnal history; suppose it was animal, or animalcule, of *this*, *that* or the *other* kind, what does all this prove as to the question before us? Obviously nothing. It would prove something, or it might do so, if such debaters would also prove that God was restricted



to the use of precisely such and such material for man's formation. But, in the absence of such proof, the other argument proves nothing.

Suppose science should argue, as most certainly it might, that a woman could not be made from a man's rib—that there is evident lack of physiological propinquity. Look, it might be said, at a bone, and then at the many and diversified organs, tissues, fibres and life of a woman. Science pronounces it impossible. The 'theologians' are fools. 'Science gives no countenance to such a theory,' to use the words of Prof. Huxley. And so it has been proved a very easy thing to 'prove' that man's existence at all is impossible.

Now, how will you meet that argument on scientific grounds? How can you meet *any* argument or deny any statement about creation, or any other unknown and inconceivable thing on scientific grounds? Can you prove it possible to make a woman out of a bone? And is not such an argument just the same and just as reasonable as that which attempts to prove the impossibility of giving to one man by creative endowment as wide a scope of seminal power as might be bestowed upon five or ten primordial progenitors? It is manifestly just as easy to prove that procreation at all is impossible as that one original pair could not be the common parents of the several existing races. Nay, the argument that proves the latter necessarily proves the former! This a logician would call proving too much. Mr. Darwin, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndale, and others of that class, are responsible for this blunder.

And also for the following, to which attention is called: It is held to be impossible for any one primordial pair to be the common parents of the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the Malayan, and the American Indian; and yet it is possible and perfectly natural for a monad, a mushroom or a monkey to be! 'Natural selection' is so far superior to Almighty power! This is the doctrine we are asked to believe! They may believe in their monads, their mushrooms, or their monkeys; we believe in God.

The logical fairness, if not the sincerity, of those are to be

suspected who believe in both of these systems, so opposite as Knott and Gliddon's *Types of Mankind*, and writings of that class, on the one hand, and Darwin's *Descent of Man* and *Origin of Species*, on the other. Yet, strange as it may seem, the believers in the one theory are very generally, if not uniformly, the believers in the other. Anything to trace the descent of man from a mushroom or monkey!

The *Types of Mankind* traces the different races of men back four thousand years with certainty, and several other thousands with probability amounting almost to certainty, and find not the slightest divergence—the lines are precisely parallel. The physiology now in each of these races is found to be exactly what it was four, ten or twenty thousand years ago. And so, it is argued, the posterior lines being exactly parallel the anterior lines must be parallel also, and so a oneness of origin is impossible. Genealogical descent has neither divergence nor convergence. At any former period, however remote, the races must have been just as far apart as they are now. Severalty of creation is, therefore, the certain result. This is the theory of Knott and Gliddon, and of many others.

*Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man* set forth the very opposite doctrine. Darwin holds that, by what he calls 'Natural Selection,' the descending genealogical lines are found to be always diverging. The types of physiology are always gradually changing. Development and modification—throwing off and taking on—mark its course always and everywhere. Man was formerly a hairy animal (that is, the animal from which man sprung)—he was a quadruped, with a tail—he was a quadrumanous animal—he was a reptile, a molusk, a protozoan. He never has run in a straight line, but always in diverging lines. So the anterior portions of the lines must have been united somewhere in the past. But this *unity* is a different kind of *unity* from the 'theologian's' *unity*.

This doctrine of Darwin objects to what is commonly called *unity of the human race*, so far as his objection can be seen, on the ground that it does not carry the doctrine of change and divergence far enough; while the other complains that it is entertained at all.

Christianity does not claim to be exempt from legitimate consequences resulting from investigations of natural science. But here science seems hard to please. And the thought involuntarily suggests itself, whether it would not be well for it, first, to try to please itself. As things now stand, the difficulty is to frame an argument to meet the condition of the man who can believe both these theories.

These philosophers ought to be asked to explain the possibility of science 'giving its countenance' to any theory of creation.

If there were several created progenitors, then they were all endowed, seminally, with the procreative powers and principles of both the similarity and the diversity we now see. That is, in that case they have produced the present state of man — i. e., they have performed *their* assigned agency in producing it. And if there were but one, then that one was similarly endowed and placed under the very same law of procreation. So that the capabilities of man for propagating his kind are the very same in either case. If we came from five or ten different progenitors, we came; and if from one, we came; and under the same law and with the same results in either case. But what that law is — how much and what agency progenitors perform in producing progeny — is a matter to which 'science has not given its assent.'

It belongs to the advocates of that doctrine to prove that original severalty, if proved, proves something constitutional in the procreative law now. Severalty, if proved, establishes an historic fact. But what of that? The debate is not historic for the mere sake of the history. It is not whether certain ancient men, known or unknown, lived here or lived there, or were born or created here or there. All that amounts to nothing, unless it establishes some procreative principle in man now. Why might not the descendants of our original progenitor exhibit as wide a diversity as those of two or twenty, they all being human? It might just as well be said that two ancient men lived on opposite sides of a river, and, therefore, their joint progeny could not amalgamate. Or that the progeny of two ancestors living two thousand years apart could

not amalgamate and form a common brotherhood. Why could they not? And why, if they lived or were created millions of years apart? How is human diversity any better accounted for by supposing several primordial creations than by supposing one? Manifestly, the severalty accounts for nothing. If proved, it proves nothing.

Suppose the progenitor of the Malayan race lived ten thousand years before that of the Caucasian. What of that unless it be also proved that families, anciently separate, cannot come together and amalgamate? The proof, if admitted, proves nothing. Is it any proof of essential difference and non-assimilation in the parts of the waters of a river to prove that the stream rose in different heads many miles apart? One difficulty with the doctrine of primordial severalty is, that if true, it proves nothing, amounts to nothing, and explains nothing, about unity or severalty now, even if there were such an open and debatable question among men of science — a point which is by no means conceded. If the doctrine proves anything, it proves vastly too much — viz., that the descendants of several ancestors — whether primordial or not could make no possible difference — could not mingle in a common race. How is it ascertained on scientific principles that any certain person now is not the joint product of confluent lines of five or ten original creations millions of years apart?

The question of primordial severalty is like any one of a thousand other historic questions that might be raised quite immaterial to any practical questions now. It proves just what unity proves — viz., that, in some unknown way, progenitors are used, instrumentally we suppose, in the production of progeny. Scripture, and Scripture alone, unfolds to us another fact — viz., that we have proceeded from a created progenitorship. This is a flat, naked dogma, presented without proof, or, we may presume, the possibility of proof.

If some men look and talk much alike, is that any evidence that they descended from the same original parent? And if they look and talk much unlike, is that any proof of different origins? Certainly not the least.

Take two specimens of humanity presenting the widest

known diversity. They came either from one primordial father or from several. Now, *why* is it more easy, on scientific principles, to suppose they came from two than from one? Has any man ever attempted to show a reason? Can a reason be conceived of? The *diversity* has been paraded and paraded; and we are left to infer or suppose the impossibility of a common parentage for both without a particle of proof, or attempt at proof. Can any man see that it would not be just as good evidence that two other men could not be descended from the same parents where one had black eyes and the other grey? Mere diversity — this degree or that — proves nothing, unless you show the law admitting and precisely limiting it, as fixed in creation. If some diversity does not prove original severalty, then *how much* — exactly how much — will prove it? Show the exact limit of possible divergence?

The matter of man's origin being quite beyond the reach of scientific investigation, it cannot, on the one hand, be denied that there were ten or ten thousand separate origins, nor, on the other, that there was but one. In the nature of things, knowledge on the subject must be pure revelation. Exegesis, and exegesis alone, must settle all possible points here. Impossible ones must be let alone. All the information we have on the subject is exclusively dogmatic, didactic and verbal. It does not admit of scientific reasoning.

That all *men* are now capable of universal amalgamation, in sufficient time, no man will question. Such capability is what we mean when we say, human family — *genus homo*. The universal exclusiveness is implied.

Mr. Darwin very properly distinguishes between *man* and the material, be it what it may, animal or vegetable, from which he sprung, or out of which he was produced, on this wise: 'Therefore, we may infer that some ancient member of the anthropomorphous sub-group gave birth to man.' (Descent of Man, Part. I., c. vi., Brit. Ed.) This means that something — and we may infer it was one of the lowest of the monkey tribe, on some particular occasion — '*gave birth* to man.' Man did not exist before this period, nor otherwise then than by

this *birth*. Now, at that time, and in that place, *man* began to live. That, in other and interchangeable terms, is to say, God did not use mere ordinary clay, or loam — i. e., plastic alumina, silica, magnesia, oxide of iron, &c., solely in making man, but made use of another animal which had probably been previously made out of those ingredients in the process of creation. The question Mr. Darwin presents, then, is, whether the piece or pieces of clay of which God made man was strictly pure, primitive ‘clay,’ or earthy substance in some secondary form, with some of its exact chemical ingredients absent, or with some foreign particles intermixed, the whole entering into the composition of a then living animal. This is substantially the question, in plain English, put by Mr. Darwin! Perhaps it might be answered by saying that the only account we have of the ‘birth’ is quite brief, and does not give a very exact chemical analysis of the clay. Indeed, it does not so much as state whether it possessed animal life or not.

This is the grave and ‘philosophic’ teaching of Mr. Darwin. And so, he and his opponents are debating about the chemical properties of the ingredients, and the mode of moulding them, by which ‘birth’ or *origin* was given to man!

The Scripture tells us that man was made of *dust*, and, again, in *clay*, and, in part at least, of a *rib*, as the words are in our English version. From this it might be safe to conclude that in the *creation* or *formation* of man — which ever it was, for both words are used — in some way utterly unknown and unknowable, some kind of preëxisting material was used. But as we know little or nothing about primary material substance, what it is, or whether there are more kinds than one, it would be strange to undertake to argue *what kind* of substance it was, or to contend that it was used as an ingredient at all. We may conjecture or surmise, but cannot argue about that of which the account does not inform us. Do we suppose that man was *constructed* out of suitable material, as a workman would construct a house or a machine? We are not informed, either in the Bible or out of it, that man was constructed or fabricated in the beginning, or

*what* was then done toward bringing successive generations into being.

The theory that 'all organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed,' as was also long since announced by Mr. Darwin, necessarily involves other considerations besides those which lie in the past history. If the theory be the true one, then it follows, necessarily, that 'all organic beings' which now live, as they descend the chronological current, are continually ascending in the general scale of being. And so the mouse of to-day is destined to become the mammoth of the future; and so the 'man of destiny' in coming time. This law of biology is, we must suppose, a general law. It could hardly be designed to bring the world down to the Darwinian period and there leave it. It will, therefore, continue to be the law. And so 'all organic beings' are still rising higher and higher — traveling farther and farther from the 'primordial form,' and so, in sufficient time, men will be angels, and then archangels. The monkeys of the nineteenth century will be mermaids, and then men in the future; and so 'all organic beings' will, in sufficient time, become archangels. But the great law of 'natural selection' continuing in force, what is to be the ultimate result? Why, of course, there can be no ultimate result. We are still in the early morning of time. Deity, *at least*, is the heritage of 'all organic beings!' And how much farther we are to go in this direction of improvement Mr. Darwin will answer! This is another of our lessons in biological science!

Then why keep up this debate about things not debatable? What right have men of science and literature to call public attention to, and keep the popular gaze upon, false and fictitious issues quite irrelevant to the questions they raise. Anthropology as a science, new as it is, when viewed in its various branches, is of great and acknowledged importance among the natural sciences, and is destined to unfold much from the great storehouse of facts it has so successfully entered. But its very name, ambiguous as it is, seems to forbid the



unlawful use of it so often attempted. If men wish to question or underrate the plain dogmatic Scriptures, let them not violate the simple rules of logic and argumentation in doing so. There are other and less disingenuous modes.

If the language of Scripture admits a greater antiquity to the earth or to its human inhabitant than some suppose, then let its words be so understood. And if it be naturally impossible and contradictory to suppose a verbal rationale of inconceivable or preternatural things, then let that, like other impossibilities, be submitted to. But that God has spoken one way in words and a contrary way in nature is an impossibility about which there ought to be no debate.

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## ART. XII.—*THE FUNERAL OF LEE.*

### I.

Through yonder shaded, silent streets see slowly wind along,  
With drooping head and softened tread, a melancholly throng;  
No bugle sounds its warlike note, they raise no battle-cry,  
No cannon from its brazen throat now bids them on to die;  
The fierce delight that warriors feel amid the deadly fray,  
Nor hissing ball, nor clashing steel, shall thrill their hearts to-day.  
Full oft they rushed upon the foe, oft flashed their swords on high,  
With battle light in mad'ning flight oft gleamed each glowing eye.  
Their useless swords are rusted now, doffed is the martial gray,  
Nor aught of war's proud pageantry appears in their array;  
But oft-recurring waves of grief sweep, like a moaning sea,  
O'er each brave breast that erst has pressed to victory with Lee;  
And every face in sorrow clad, each heart attuned to woe,  
To lay the hero-saint to rest with solemn step they go.

### II.

With rustling as of thousand wings o'er mount and vale, and sea,  
The spirits of the fallen come who fought and fell with Lee;  
From mad Missouri's turbid flood to Rio Grande's wave,  
From many a quiet churchyard, many a nameless grave,

From where they fell in brake or dell a nation's flag to save,  
From noisome swamp and mountain side, arise the fallen brave;  
From Mississippi's darksome tide to sparkling Tennessee,  
From swiftly-rolling Rapidan and Chickahominy,  
From Eastern hill and valley fair, from Southern marsh and plain,  
From Western wood and prairie wide, come forth the noble slain;  
From treach'rous Erie's limpid wave unto the Mexic' sea,  
They come, the shadowy warriors, to where they bury Lee.  
A disembodied host they rise, the morning air they throng,  
From twice two hundred battle-fields, five hundred thousand strong.  
A mighty sob of sorrow floats along the autumn air;  
'Tis not a burst of anguish nor the wailing of despair.  
As breathes the spirit of the winds, some olden wood confines,  
Its plaintive song of sadness through the sighing of the pines,  
So come their sympathetic sighs borne on the Southern wind—  
No dirge for *him*, but sobs for them, the reaved ones, left behind.

## III.

A PEOPLE weeps, not *burning* tears, as when great Jackson fell,  
Nor's when, above the victor's cheers, was heard a nation's knell.

## IV.

This was no orb that, comet-like, rushed flaming through the skies,  
A wondering world with awe to strike, then sank, no more to rise;  
But rather this, a nation's sun that rose with golden ray,  
And, rising still, that beamed and burned up to a glorious day;  
And when the tempest, gathering long, now furious and fast,  
In iron bolts and leaden rain, burst like the Cyclone's blast,  
With beams refulgent, full-orbed still, to guide and cheer and warm,  
Undimmed by clouds he soared throughout the devastating storm.  
And though his morning beams were bright, and glorious his prime,  
His steady, calm, majestic light at evening shone sublime.

## V.

More mighty chief than thou, great Lee! this world hath never seen,  
And purer in his greatness, still, there never yet hath been.  
How sink, compared with thy fair name, who Homer's pen employ,  
The chiefs who led the Grecian hosts against the walls of Troy;  
And, greater still on storied page, the scourge of half his race,  
Whose star in Persian night went down, to purer fame gives place.  
The names of ancient heroes pale before thy nobler name,  
And feats of fabled demigods beside thy deathless fame.  
Not name of prince, nor Paladin, nor hero of romance,  
Nor even thy heroic son, oh, fair but fallen France!  
Nor he who carved a brighter name than this, than those, than all,

Who with his dauntless legions swept the plains of ancient Gaul ;  
Within Fame's temple blazoned high more brilliantly doth shine,  
Nor *one* of all their race can show escutcheon *pure* as thine.

## VI.

Oh, fails my ineffectual pen, oh, weak are words to paint  
Thy glories and thy virtues rare, thou hero, sage, and saint !  
Long as their primal law controls the swift-revolving spheres,  
And still returning seasons mark the cycles of the years,  
Thy deeds, in classic numbers, linked with never-dying fame,  
Shall sound wherever virtue dwells or honor has a name.  
Columbia shall proudly claim thee as her noblest son,  
And twine thy honored name with that of cherished Washington.

## VII.

A giant rampart frowning dun, defying foes to win,  
The mountains rise o'er Lexington and close the valley in,  
While on their crest the Chestnuts rest, their hoary heads in air,  
And stern and silent sentries stand forever watching there.  
Watch on, thou silent guardians ! protect the sacred dust !  
A gallant people's richest gems are given to your trust.  
Let icy winter's boreal blasts blow here in gentle breath,  
Where rest a nation's heroes low in quiet sleep of death ;  
And doubly honored, Lexington, shall thou forever be,  
That thou dost hold the hallowed mold of JACKSON and of LEE.

## ART. XIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. The Greek Text, revised and corrected; with an Introduction, and Critical and Explanatory Notes; for the use of Academies and Colleges. By M. J. Smead, Ph. D., Professor in the University of Georgia. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

The character of *Antigone* has been well called 'the gem of the Athenian stage,' and the play itself, though not the masterpiece of the Grecian drama—that honor belongs to the *Œdipus Tyrannus*—nor the easiest of interpretation, is, we think, all things considered, best suited to *introduce* the student to the 'high actions and high passions' of the Ancient Tragedy; and for this use of it the present edition is altogether the best adapted of any that we have seen. In a well-written Introduction, of seventy pages—Anthon would have made them a hundred and seventy, without adding anything but words (some men are born diffuse and some concise)—are 'grouped together,' to use the words of the editor, 'such notices as I could collect from ancient writers and modern authorities, to show that the Greek Theatre was essentially a religious institution, and, besides, that there is good ground to conclude that the national belief and worship constituted the basis of all pure literary and art culture in Greece; consequently, that all sound criticism of a Greek tragedy, which is the highest work of art, must proceed from that stand-point, and that the distinctive excellences and peculiarities of Æschylus and Sophocles cannot be judged by any modern literary standard, nor, indeed, by any standard outside of themselves. With this conviction, and in this view, I have treated the *Antigone* as mainly a religious poem. To the end of bringing out the religious motive and tendency more clearly, I have presented the fate-legend, of which it is a part, both in its primitive epic and later tragic form. Lastly, by a careful analysis of the drama and its characters, I have sought to show how consistently and logically the idea is carried out by the artist, and how, in this

ancient life-picture of contending forces, the political element is but secondary, and only serves to heighten the splendor of the dominant religious one by placing the latter in a stronger light. This ruling thought has been made duly prominent, also, in the notes, in which, while aiming to explain all the difficulties of syntax and poetical diction, I have endeavored to supply that aid to the *cognitio rerum* which is requisite for the full appreciation of the argument, and which, as I conceive, deserves to be considered the true aim of classical study.'

Such is the design of the editor, as given in the preface, and the carrying out has been in accordance with it. The *Introduction* is not a mere 'grouping together,' as he modestly terms it, of the remarks of others — though to do that successfully requires the hand of a master; it is rather a condensed statement of the results of extended reading and of his own reflections. Under the two heads of, first, the *Cultus*, or worship of Dionysos the vine-god (Bacchus), in which the Greek drama had both its origin and its full development; and, secondly, the *Mythus*, on which are founded the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, *Ædipus Coloneus*, and *Antigone*, of Sophocles (as well as nine tragedies of Æschylus and three of Euripides, of which only the *Septem contra Thebas* of the former, and the *Phœnissæ* of the latter, have come down to us), is given all that is needed by the student in order to enter understandingly upon the study of the play. In the *Notes* he will find all the help he can ask for; more, we should say, than (except as a beginner) he ought to ask for, or to accept. We have examined carefully about one-third of these notes, and have found that in all the instances (and they are not few) in which the interpretation given in them differs from that of the 'Oxford Translation,' it differs for the better. We append a note or two as a specimen:

231. ἤνυστον, *I made my way, I came* — σχολῇ ταχύς is the reading preserved by the Scholiast, and generally adopted in place of βραδύς, found in the MSS. The phrase, however, does not mean, as Woolsey has it, 'leisurely fast,' and Brunck, '*cum tarditate celer*;' for σχολῇ, in the tragic writers, means

*hardly*, or *scarcely*. Comp. inf., 388; CEd. Tyr., 434. See Hermann's Vig., p. 57. It has the force of a negation, and *σχολῇ ταχύς*, in keeping with v. 223 f., means *by no means swift*, that is, *βραδύς*. This is evidently the view taken by Erfurdt, cited by Hermann: '*Vulgo βραδύς, quo vocabulo verba σχολῇ ταχύς exposita fuisse videntur.*'

233. *ἐνίκησεν*, in the absolute sense of *potius fuit, prevailed*, takes the words *δενρ' μολεῖν σοί* for its subject. The verb denotes the decision of the mental struggle. See Nitsch ad Odyss., x., 46; Comp., 274; Demosth., Phil., i., § 51. The sense is: the counsel *to come hither to thee prevailed*.

The frequent citations from, and references to, parallel passages and standard authorities give great value to the work. We commend it to the attention of *scholars*, and trust the editor may receive from them a solid recognition of his services.

### 2. DESCENT OF MAN. By Darwin.

Darwin's 'Descent of Man' at the present time has acquired a reputation and a consideration such as are only due to literary productions of great importance and merit. His work is the centre 'around which minds now gravitate—the pole which affects everybody, either attractively or repulsively. There may be much said against the theory of the writer and his method—against the consequences which he draws from actual and scrutinizing investigation of the structure of animal bodies and organs. But he displays particular ingenuity in his inquiring search, and proves himself a man of superior talent, education and purity of thought. He speaks too gravely to justify derision. His language is too unassuming to incite envy or to admit of satire. All his ingenuity is bent on this one point—the *descent of man*; and, according to himself, the result of his investigations is, firstly, the evidence of the development of man from some lowly-organized form. Hence his concluding remark: 'We must acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities—with sympathy, which feels for the most debased; with benevolence, which extends, not only to other men, but to the humblest living creature; with his god-like intellect, which has penetrated into

the movement and constitution of the solar system; with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.' This lowly organized form is with our writer an hypothetical aquarian animal, 'with the two sexes united in one individual!' This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing ascidians than any other known form! Secondly, he aims to establish the general principle of evolution. 'The great principle of evolution,' he says, 'stands up clear and firm when these groups of facts are considered in connection with others, such as mutual affinities of the members of the same group, their geographical distribution in past and present times, and their geological succession;' and again, 'He who is not content to look like a savage at the phenomena of nature as disconnected, cannot any longer believe that man is the work of a separate act of creation. He will be forced to admit that the close resemblance of a dog, &c. — and a crowd of analogous facts — all point in the plainest manner to the conclusion, that man is the co-descendant with other mammals of a common progenitor.' Mentality, he seems to make begin with separation of the sexes, and 'the sexual selection evolves the highest mental qualities.' The first foundation or origin of the moral sense lies in the social instincts, including sympathy, and these instincts, no doubt, were primarily gained, as in the case of the lower animals, through sexual selection. As to God, his words are: 'The idea of a universal and beneficent creator of the universe does not seem to arise in the mind of man until he has been elevated by long-continued culture.' To the question, How does this bear on the belief in the immortality of the soul (?), he answers: 'Few persons feel any anxiety from the impossibility of determining at what precise period in the development of the individual, from the first trace of the minute germinal vesicle to the child, either before or after birth, man becomes an immortal being!' One decision, in our opinion the most important, he makes is this, 'In each member of the vertebrate series the nerve and cells of the brain are the direct offspring of those possessed by the common progenitor of the whole group.' It is most important, because it is



true, and because, in connection with his other details, it illustrates the stand-point of our author — viz., ‘*Man is a material body like all other bodies, and is in close material connection with the very first of his race ; and man is nothing but body.*’ Taken by itself, this simply asserts the consanguinity of mankind, which we do not hesitate to accept as proved. He also shows satisfactorily, at least to us, the homologous structure of brute and human bodies, and the existence of a progressive scale of forms. Beyond this he shows or proves nothing ; and all this has been shown by Owen and other great comparative anatomists without the inferences of Mr. Darwin.

Now, what does he not prove ? what does he not show ? He fails to give a proper definition of evolution ; he does not even attempt it. He gives facts, and professes to allow his readers to combine them ; but while they are combining them, he himself draws the consequences. The idea of evolution remains vague with him. He does not imprint on the mind the idea that evolution is development from form to form. He merely shows the anterior and posterior forms. He has no name for the secret passage, which, indeed, is not conceivable. The English language hardly has a name for it, though the German has *werden*, and the Greek *φύειν*. He cannot speak of it, because it would throw him from his platform of materialism or empiricism. But does he ever speak of matter ? Contrarily, he wisely omits to speak of the evolving *quid*, of the material which his evolving has evolved. He does not arrive at the idea of matter ; indeed, he does not start for it. He takes a ready-hypothesized prototype for man. He omits to prove the reality of it and its cause — its essentiality. Then, if he does not make it its own cause — i. e., the absolute, we are compelled to go beyond it to its cause, and beyond that, too, and so on, until we arrive at the true and real FIRST CAUSE. But he must avoid the word *First Cause* or *Mover*, because his method of sensuous observation would make it an impossible conceit and imposture. He, therefore, leaves *man's descent* unproved, because based on something unproved. All his subtle observations evolve only surfaces, outsides, external shapes of bodies and organs. As empiricist he only

regards the limiting surface, because it alone is tangible. All the differences which he sees are between singular individuals — are differences of the *measurable*, the *material*. He only acknowledges quantity, determining limits, shapes; and he does not rise above the quantitative world. As he omits to name the invisible process, the passage from form to form, and as he omits to name that which proceeds from form to form, so he abstains from general ideas, and fails to show the *Immortal* to be the absolutely qualitative other to the *mortal*. He is silent on mind, and evades the answer to the question of *immortality* in a rather ingenious manner. This subject is lightly touched, to satisfy a pressure from the public without. Now, with the silent acknowledgment of an *invisible* development, he practically acknowledges invisible qualifying agency generally. And we see no reason why we should not admit the mind, whose workings we know, and the matter, whose shapes we see, as well as the development, whose wondrous consequences we stare at. His method makes him superficial, because it allows him only to touch the objects, where they are sensuously tangible, at the outside. Scientific method should be development from *principle* as *self-aim*. The principle of man ought to have been demonstrated to be THINKING, and not an aquarian prototype. And thinking itself should have been developed from a principle which is beyond a doubt. The distinguished writer calls occasionally upon the dead, upon far past ages and races; and by that he surely proves that he is a mental being, able to go beyond actual and sensuously conceivable limits of space and time. The real working of the mind is such as to destroy the singular quantitative entities — that is, to relieve them of their natural limitedness, and to take them up in the general, qualifying form without regard to space or time. We, too, may go back as far as history leads us, and, further, as far as written language guides us. And if we do so, step by step, and listen to man's speech of old and of all times, then we shall hear quite audibly from every mouth and from all ages: 'We and this world are formed of some material.'

The philosopher, abstracting from the world of singular all

the singular differences, holds as last product of his abstraction *matter* — shapeless, formless matter. The Brahmins of Hindostan declared this shapeless, hence infinite matter (*fines faciunt formam*) to be the ABSOLUTE. What is formless, shapeless, infinite, is incomprehensible; and *matter* as such — i. e., unformed matter, cannot properly be understood or comprehended. The last act of abstraction drags the abstracting mind into the matter, equalizing it with matter, and removes all differences between the two. By this process the abstracting mind becomes absolutely identical with matter; and where there are no differences, no distinguishing marks, there can be no discerning, no distinguishing, no comprehending. Matter is not the *κατ' ἡμῶς πρῶτον* of this process, but it is, nevertheless, the *κατὰ φύσιν πρῶτον*; and, though the last product of abstraction, *matter*, is the foundation and broad base, the true substance from which we, that is, *men*, must rise and take shape together with the surrounding world. *Matter*, as the material of the world, shapeless matter, as such, has no certainty, because it has no limits. It is, therefore, a Nihility. And the Buddhists, with logical necessity, pronounced Nihility 'Deity.' But as general matter of the world, matter must be that matter which bears within itself all and every capability of form. It must be able to move into all possible forms and shapes, and must in reality move into them; for only that is possible which is realized; what never is realized never was possible. But how can nihilistic matter realize itself? That alone is real which is definite, which is limited. Limitation can only be effected by another. The difference between two characterizes the reality of either. Matter, therefore, must be limited to become a definite reality. But, limited, it must yet be the totality of forms in itself; and, since there is no other, it must be limited by itself — it must differentiate itself. Matter, as totality of forms, can realize itself: firstly, by developing all singular forms separately; secondly, by developing all singular forms collectively, generally. In other words, matter must be understood as totality of forms, including potentially all singular forms, and as totality of forms, including potentially all general forms. If, then, matter has to limit itself

by itself, and within itself, it can only do it by realizing itself at the same time as the totality of all singular forms, and as the *qualitatively other to itself*—as totality of all general forms, by constituting itself as totality in the sensuous and mental world. And as it cannot realize itself in any other way, it must realize itself in this way. Thus the world becomes a reality, which it were not, if it were not and could not be thought. And this is the only way in which mind can be understood as an evolution from and of matter. *Qualitative differentiation* is the first step in the development of matter, *i. e.*, in the development of the world. Qualitative differentiation is the power to which the Greek bowed in reverence; hence his innumerable and immortal personal Deities.

Since matter, qualified as thinking substance, is capable of assuming and developing all and every general form which is possible, its development in every individual is infinite, *i. e.*, neither bound by space nor time. Practically, this is proved by man's ability to travel in mind beyond the stars, beyond the years that are coming, and to crawl back to his early ancestors.

The modern man, then, seeing that this world is matter thrown into motion, cannot but strive, with all his thoughts and aspirations, after the Absolute, the Rational, the great Unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth, and Him he adores as the father of the word, the only true and living God.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is quite unnecessary to inform the intelligent reader that this admirable notice of Darwin's work was written by a learned German, inasmuch as his speech, in some places at least, so clearly 'bewrayeth him.' In one or two places, indeed, we are not sure that we understand him, and if we do, we are sure that we do not agree with him; as, for example, when he speaks of '*matter* qualified as thinking substance.' Now, as we believe, the 'thinking substance' is mind and not matter, whether qualified or not. Again, when he says, 'only that is possible which is realized; what is never realized never was possible.' We either do not understand his language, or we are bound to dissent from it. It smells of Spinozism.—EDITOR.

8. WORDS: THEIR HISTORY AND DERIVATION. ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. By Dr. F. Ebener and E. M. Greenway, Jr. Baltimore: Sold by Turnbull & Brothers, No. 8 N. Charles Street.

‘Have you seen the elephant?’ This is a question everybody asks, and which nobody understands. Even we ourselves, with all our *supposed* knowledge, knew just exactly nothing of its origin, and very little of its real signification, until we read the above-named publication. We there learn that it is, or should be, ‘alefant’ and not ‘elephant,’ this last being the vulgar corruption of a learned word. ‘Have you seen the alefant?’ that is to say, a showman ‘who cheats and deceives.’ Or, again (to leave all the learned etymology out of the question), ‘An *alefant* is, therefore, a fellow that travels all over the world for the purpose of exhibiting his dexterity in playing all kinds of tricks — a traveling showman who leaves his modesty and honesty at home, and has brought with him an empty purse, to fill which he even undergoes the ridicule of the world.’ And to *see the alefant* means ‘to see a show, and to manage to leave one’s purse behind.’

Such is a specimen of the kind of information to be derived from the learned work before us. It is a monthly publication, and as yet only four numbers have been issued. The specimen above given is, perhaps, more pleasant than important. We might, however, have selected many important specimens or proofs of the great value of the work, such as that which occurs under the head of ‘Belief,’ and other fundamental words of our mother tongue. What, indeed (if only sufficient encouragement were given), might not be expected of an author who, to an elaborate *history and derivation of words*, brings a knowledge of Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, as well as of many other languages?

The work, as we have said, is issued in monthly publications, each number consisting of thirty-two large *quarto* pages, in two columns, printed on handsome paper and in beautiful type. Only four numbers have as yet been issued; and, unless the enterprise should meet with far greater encouragement, it will be discontinued after the publication of a few more num-

bers. It is 'Published monthly, at \$5.00 per annum, or 50 cents for a single number.' It is, we fear, a century in advance of the age we live in, at least in this country.

4. A GREEK GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.
5. A LATIN GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

These books are designed, as their titles import, for *beginners*, and not for advanced students. They are prepared by a practical teacher. The author states that he has studiously avoided the insertion of a solitary word not absolutely essential. 'The grammar,' he says, 'is designed to be committed to memory, from cover to cover, the first time the pupil goes over it. . . . It is a school-boy's book, and intended for a school-boy's use.' Those teachers who adopt the method of requiring their pupils first to commit to memory the *forms* of words as established in the declensions of the nouns and adjectives, and the inflections of verbs, will find the elementary grammars of Professor Waddell exactly adapted to their use. Words which in their case — endings or inflections — are exceptions to the usual or so-called regular forms, are omitted. This is admirable, for it is certainly a correct principle in teaching that a pupil should first be made familiar with the common or usual forms of words or sentences. After this he is prepared to appreciate exceptional methods as exceptions to the normal rule. The regular forms and exceptions should never be presented to the youthful mind simultaneously. We congratulate the University of Georgia that her Professors are beginning to make books for schools and colleges.

6. A COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS. By Thomas O. Summers, D. D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. 1870.

These volumes, by the learned and accomplished editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, have been in our hands, or rather on our table, for two months or more, but during that time we have had no opportunity to examine them. Hence we

can infer their character only from the character of their author, which entitles them to very great consideration. As we cannot, at present, speak from our own personal knowledge, we shall permit the learned author—the walking encyclopædia—to speak for himself. His Commentary on the Gospel of St. John has not yet appeared, and, consequently, we can give only what he says in the *Preface* to the three Synoptic Gospels. ‘For several years,’ he there says, ‘the author has been employed, as far as other engagements would permit, in writing a Commentary on the Gospels, based on a Harmony different from any that he has seen in print, and presenting synopses of the views of leading expositors of the sacred text, ancient and modern. But this work having grown on his hands to such an extent as to be altogether too elaborate for general students, such as members of Bible-classes, Sunday-schools, and many ministers, he has postponed its publication, yielding to the importunities of judicious friends, and prepared a condensed Commentary on the Gospels, in which results are given, for the most part, without the processes by which they were reached, and without noticing conflicting opinions of other authors. Though the original text has been kept constantly in view, he has refrained from citing it, in conformity with his main design. The author could not farther condense the work without making it too elementary and superficial to meet the wants of those who may seek its aid in studying the inspired records. He has prepared Questions on the Gospels, based upon this Commentary, which he hopes will prove available to both teachers and students.’

When his Commentary on the fourth Gospel appears we shall be happy to notice, *in extenso*, the result of his labors.

#### 7. WHITEFIELD AND THE MAN AT A DISTANCE.

‘Much has been said and written about the noble voice of Whitefield, and the immense distance it could be heard. No wonder it was said that “Whitefield had a voice like a lion.” It is stated that one clear day while preaching in Philadelphia he was heard at Gloucester Point, two miles below the city, and on the other side of the Delaware. He was preaching in



England one calm summer evening, in a meadow on the bank of a river. His voice was in perfect order, and it thrilled like a trumpet; and as he repeated his text, ever and anon his voice was wafted along the stream, and the words were heard by a man working in a field a mile or two distant, who knew nothing of Whitefield's preaching, but concluded it was the voice of God speaking to him from heaven. He responded to it, and, falling on his knees, prayed for the forgiveness of his sins and for a change of heart. Heaven, in mercy, answered his prayer, and he arose a new creature in Christ Jesus.'

8. **THE SERVICE OF SONG: A Treatise on Singing in Private Devotion, in the Family and in the School, and in the Worshipping Congregation.** By Rev. A. G. Stacy, A. M. St. Louis: Southwestern Book and Publishing Company, 510 and 512 Washington Avenue. 1871.

With this volume, consisting of 340 pages, we are delighted. No one can look on the table of contents without a desire to devour it just as soon as possible. Tempting, however, as is the bill of fare, it is not followed by any disappointment on the part of those by whom the feast is devoured. If we had the time and the talent to do so, we could not give a better notice of this volume, or of its great value, than is truthfully presented in the preface by 'the author.' Hence, we simply lay his words before our readers, with the assurance that the promise is amply fulfilled by the performance:

'The author of this unpretending volume has long looked in sadness upon the indifference manifested by many in the service of song. Thousands who have the ability to sing maintain a careless silence in the church; and of those who sing, many are evidently destitute, to a very great extent, of the spirit of worship. Even ministers are but too frequently seen burying their own talent for song, while they allow habitual remissness in others without uttering a word of instruction, encouragement or warning. Observation of this inattention to a matter of prime importance convinced the writer, several years ago, that something should be done to bring up the practice of the Church to the Scriptural rule.

'Supposing that there were already extant books and tracts

on the subject of Praise in Song, we searched many private libraries, but could find no works of the kind. Special inquiry was then made at sundry book-stores and publishing houses, but with little success. From Columbia and Charleston, S. C., Nashville, Tenn., and 200 Mulberry street, New York, and other cities, nothing could be obtained but a few books on Psalm-singing, Hymnology, and Musical history. A few other valuable publication of the same character were procured from the private library of David Creamer, Esq., of Baltimore, most of them imported by him from England about twenty-five years ago.

‘None of these volumes are in general circulation in this country; and in none of them is the general subject of singing so fully discussed as to meet the desideratum. Hence, we reached the conclusion that *one more book* was greatly needed. Friends were consulted, and among them the Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Nashville. Their views coincided with our own, and we were encouraged to undertake the work. Urged by a sense of duty, we took up our pen, determined to publish or suppress what should be written, as judicious advisers might suggest. The present volume is the result.

‘We have paid due respect to the productions of both ancient and modern writers; but have steadily kept in view our own plan, and have fearlessly expressed our own views. Above all, we have made the Bible “the man of our counsel.”

‘To have written in the absence of all books save the Holy Scriptures would have cost us only about a tithe of the time and labor devoted to the work, but we thought conclusions reached after free discussion preferable to dogmatism.

‘It is hoped that the book will be found to be Christianly liberal. There is here no doctrinal controversy to offend those whose creeds differ from that of the author. In what is said of Church usage we have written freely, but kindly. Our aim has been to prepare a manual for the edification and comfort of Christians generally, and which may interest and profit those who are without the pale of the Church.

‘ At every step we have desired that a theme so transcendently important should be treated with an abler hand ; and, without the kind words and favorable opinion of those upon whose judgment we could rely, the work had never been finished. In this connection we take pleasure in mentioning the names of the Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., and the Rev. W. A. Gamewell. The latter now sings in heaven.

‘ Being especially solicitous to reach the heart, we converse with the reader as friend would talk to friend.

‘ The preparation of the work has been a blessing to us, and if its perusal shall be alike beneficial to the reader, we shall be a thousand times compensated for the time and effort expended.

‘ May we meet in the land of light and love. There we shall forever behold and worship “the King in His beauty.” But “who can show forth all His praise?”

‘ (Our offering, humble though it be, is laid upon the altar of Him “who is above all blessing and praise.” May it be graciously accepted.’

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